

RADIO MIRROR

August

25¢

NANCY
GATES



A New Ma Perkins Story - In Pictures



Helen
Neushaefer

WHY I DO NOT CHARGE 60¢ for my nail polish

*Even though it is the only
nail polish in the world containing
the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient
... PLASTEEN*

A year ago I faced a serious decision!

I was ready to introduce the first nail polish to bear my own name. Everything was arranged except one thing ... the price I would charge for it.

It was in a beautiful pyramid bottle. The shades were up to the minute in fashion. The brush was of superfine quality. And, *in addition* ... the polish contained an amazing ingredient found in no other nail polish at any price ... the miracle discovery of my cosmetic chemists ... PLASTEEN.

PLASTEEN was the answer to every woman's greatest nail-do problem ... *chipping*. PLASTEEN not only helps to shockproof nails against chipping but also makes my polish go on easier, quicker, without "bubbles," and adds a new, starlike brilliance.

This Was the Problem I Faced

Most every woman in the U. S. pays either 10 CENTS or sixty cents for her nail polish.

Which price should I charge?

On the one hand, I felt that, if ever there was

a nail polish worth sixty cents, it was mine ... particularly on account of PLASTEEN.

At sixty cents my profits would be tremendous. At 10 CENTS they would merely be modest.

BUT...I also knew that if I charged sixty cents, my market ... and the benefits of PLASTEEN ... would be limited to comparatively few women who could afford that price. If I charged 10 CENTS, millions of women could afford it and PLASTEEN would be available to all.

I made my decision ... 10 CENTS was the price.

Helen Neushaefer nail polish, I sincerely believe, is the greatest value ever offered in this country. Won't you try it and write me about it?

It is now available in 12 gorgeous shades ... each containing PLASTEEN ... at chain and drug store cosmetic counters everywhere.

Sincerely,

Helen Neushaefer



You're sugar-sweet... but will you keep?

Guard your after-bath freshness—
stay nice to be near with Mum



Of course you're sweet and fragrant after that refreshing shower. But, Honey, don't expect *too much* of your bath. Remember, it can't protect you against risk of *future* underarm odor.



So play safe. Be sure. *Complete* your bath with Mum. After you wash away *past* perspiration, let Mum guard your charm all day or all evening.



Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

checks perspiration odor

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.
2. **Safe for skin.** Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin . . . forms no irritating crystals.
3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

Coming
Next
Month



Have you had your vacation yet? You'll want to read what Helen Trent has to say about them, and about a girl who worked at International who expected too much of her vacation. There's a full-page full-color picture of Helen with this.

Young Dr. Malone, his wife, and his small daughter, Jill, find themselves in the midst of a delicate and perplexing problem in a brand new Young Dr. Malone story, written especially for Radio Mirror.

Romance? Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary. (Full-color picture with this story, too.) Mystery? A four-page Suspense story-in-pictures. Home life? Come and Visit Jack Berch and his family. Living Portraits? Pepper Young and his whole Family in four pages of color and black-and-white pictures you'll want to cut out and keep.

AUGUST, 1947

RADIO MIRROR

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ON THE COVER: Nancy Gates, radio actress; color portrait by John Engstead. Playclothes are Lois-Paul Originals.

Fred R. Sammis
Editorial Director

Evelyn L. Fiore
Associate Editor

Doris McFerran
Editor

Marjorie Wallace
Assistant Editor

Jack Zazorin
Art Director

Frances Maly
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SUPER!

FLEERS

Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT

Candy Coated
means More Flavor!

SERVES ONE-AT-A-TIME

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.



NILA MACK

whose name has long been identified with CBS Let's Pretend.

NILA MACK, actress, writer and director, who stages the CBS Saturday morning show, Let's Pretend (11:00 A.M. EDT), says her current hobby is trying to understand 50,000,000 kids. Not a bad hobby and one she's grown expert at in her many years on the show.

Blonde, blue-eyed and small—five feet two and a half inches—Miss Mack was born in Arkansas City, Kansas. Her father was a civil engineer and she remembers that her childhood hero, was not her father, but the boy who lived next door. Even then, she was interested in kids. She was also interested in adventure at a very young age. When she was three she ran away from home with a cigar box packed with necessities. She returned home very shortly after lunch time, hungry, scared and very glad to be back.

She doesn't remember when her career started. She always had one. She was a fixture in every home talent affair that came along, as a singer, dancer or actress. She recalls with charming glee that she won 208 cakes as a grade-A cake-walker. Her family encouraged her, as she says, "—beyond endurance. In brief, spoiled me."

She was educated at Farry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill., and at Arkansas City. For her extra-curricular studies, she earned her tuition by playing the piano for dancing classes. Her first really professional appearance was made as leading lady with a repertory company.

Shortly after that, Miss Mack went into vaudeville, writing the lyrics she used in the act. Then, for six years she worked with the famous actress, Nazimova, in pictures, on the stage and in vaudeville. She has appeared in many Broadway plays, including "Fair and Warmer" and Nazimova's great starring play, "The Doll's House."

In 1936, Miss Mack made her radio debut on a CBS feature, Night Club Romances and has been working with that studio ever since.

Nila Mack loves all kids, genuinely. She thinks they all need a bit of the kind of spoiling that she got as a child.

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y. General Business, Editorial and Advertising Offices: 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward F. Lethen, Advertising Director. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., Leslie R. Gage, Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street; Hollywood, 321 So. Beverly Dr., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as Second Class matter March 15, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, \$2.50 per year. All other countries \$5.00 per year. Price per copy: 25c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

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Are you in the know?



What brings out a suntan best?

- ☐ A smart beret-beach-bag
- ☐ A white bask-ground
- ☐ A hot bath

Beauty and the Beach can go together. Consider the sharp new beret shown above — that shakes into a beach-bag! (Neat?)

You can wear it with confidence. On "calendar days" you can wear any beach togs without a shadow of a doubt — thanks to Kotex. Because Kotex has flat pressed ends that prevent "outlines" from tattling. And while you're sunning, remember this: Bask on a white sheet or towel. It's shadowless . . . brings out a suntan best.



How would you discourage this?

- ☐ Keep a cool head
- ☐ Tell him off
- ☐ Let your hair down

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and they're under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you are sure of extra protection with that exclusive safety center. And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No binding!



If you're a budgeteen, would you buy—

- ☐ A good mink
- ☐ A "bargain" beaver
- ☐ A magnificent mouton

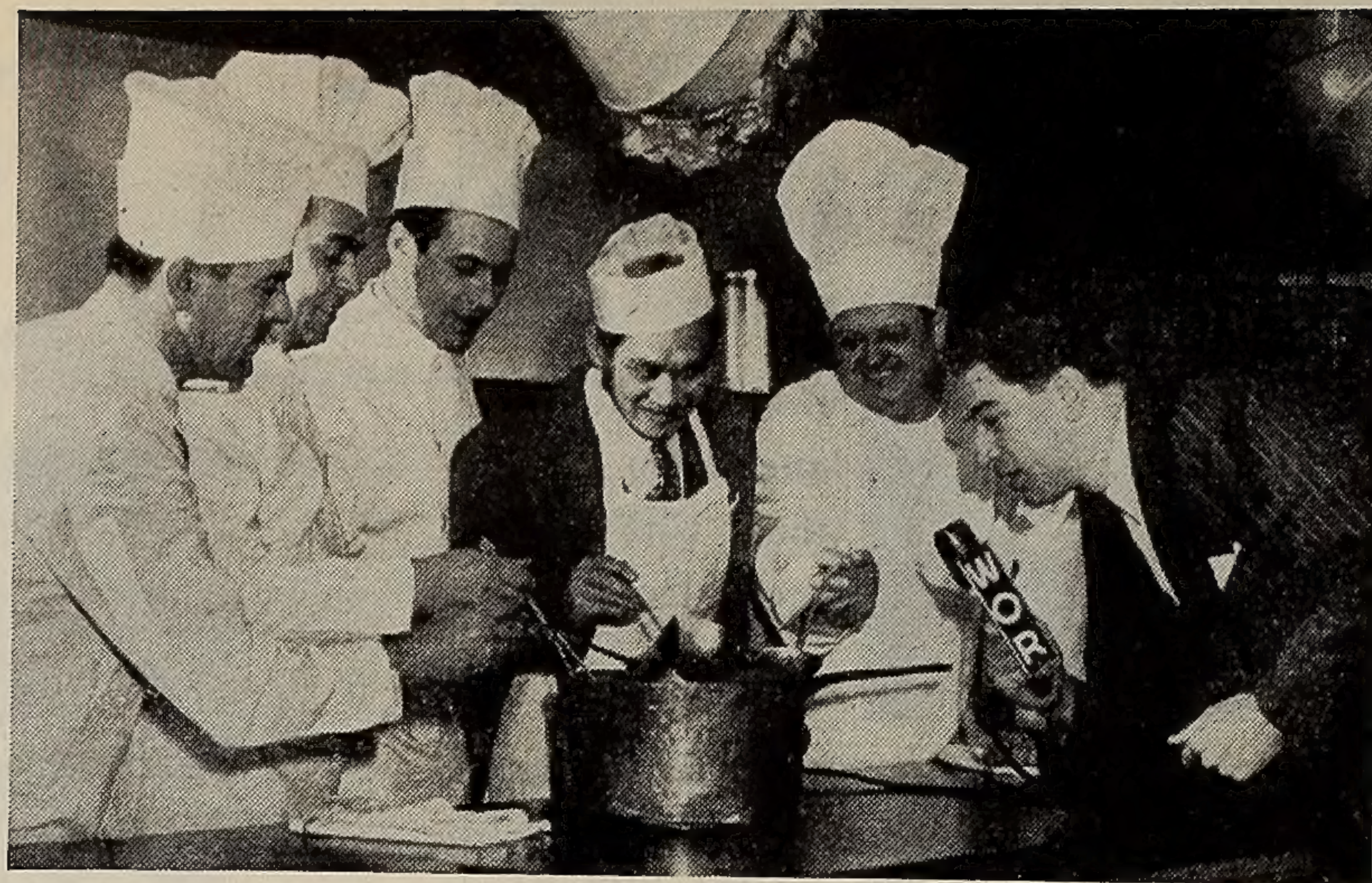
You drool for a mink, but it's too rich for your budget? It's smart to select the coat best suited to your problem. Just as on problem days, it's smart to select Kotex — for only Kotex offers you 3 sizes to help you find the napkin that exactly meets your needs: Regular, Junior or Super Kotex — each made to stay soft while you wear it. So too, in buying furs, choose what's best for you. The very finest mouton, rather than a third-rate beaver.



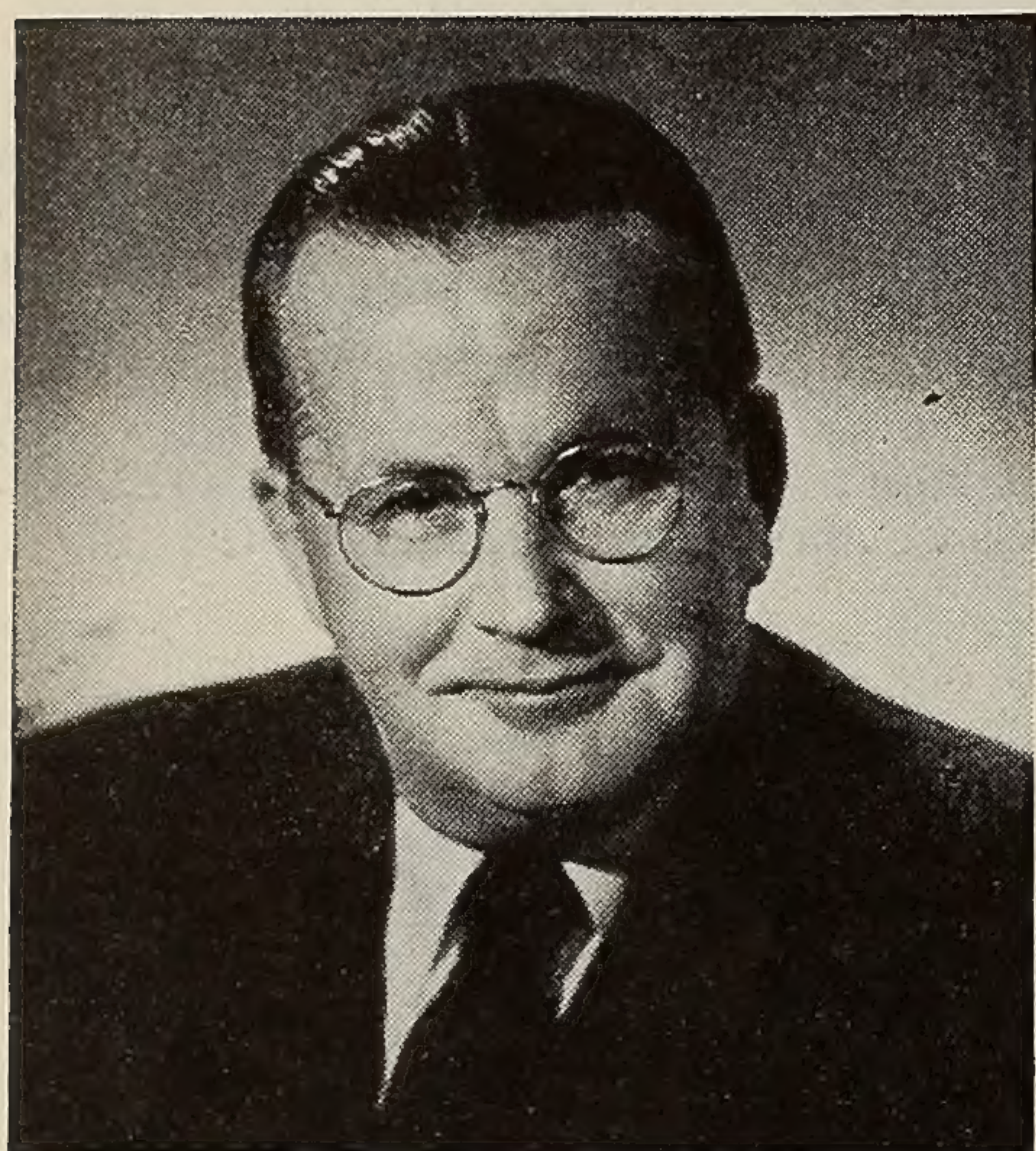
*T. M. REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose
KOTEX * than all other
sanitary napkins

AMERICA'S know it all



"Do too many cooks spoil the broth?" "No", say a group of chefs from many lands as they brew something exotic.



Albert Mitchell, the band-leader who started it all.



Bruce Chapman, the producer who saw a future for the Answer Man, presides over the daily gathering of expert assistants.

WOR's ANSWER MAN, who is heard every afternoon and evening, Monday through Saturday, and who answers by mail every query sent in, has answered more than 300,000 questions to date. More than a thousand flood his offices every day.

To answer them requires a staff of fifty workers, who do research, answer mail and prepare scripts. Questions come from as far away as China and Bulgaria. One Spanish farmer wrote to ask the Answer Man whether he could help locate his long lost brother. He was put in touch with the proper authorities.

The Answer Man actually is two men. It was Albert Mitchell, a band leader who spent his free time poring over factual books, who conceived the idea for the program. Mitchell led orchestras in Paramount Publix theaters. In his spare time he'd memorize bits of information from reference books, such as the World Almanac. The men in the orchestra would fire questions at him, and he'd fire back the correct answers—ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

In fact, the men in his band had so much confidence in him that they'd bet on Mitchell. Once there was a large bet—a week's salaries—between two bands on the question, "Did Adam have a wife before Eve?" and Mitchell was called on to decide. The well-informed baton wielder pointed out that the Talmud speaks of Lileth as Eve's predecessor—and so one band had to pawn its instruments for a few days.

Mitchell brought his plan to Bruce Chapman, a radio producer who saw its great possibilities. They spent half a year compiling information, perfecting the format and finally sold the show to WOR. Today it is heard on a dozen

stations, and the mail is enormous.

Chapman is the author of "Why Do We Say Such Things?", which was published in May. Origins of words are his specialty. Ask him "Who is the Reilly in *the life of Reilly*?" and he'll tell you that Reilly was the hero of a song popular in the 1880's.

Several famous writers use the Answer Man's facilities. Kenneth Roberts, who wrote "Northwest Passage," needed to know how much military gold braid cost in 1802 for his novel, "Lydia Bailey." The meticulous author tried several libraries—even the Library of Congress—but no one could give him the answer.

Finally he tried "The Answer Man," who hunted up a military uniform firm that was in business 150 years ago and found the information—braid cost \$2 an inch and was imported from Europe. Grateful Roberts thanked the Answer Man in his foreword to "Lydia."

One listener asked whether the old saying, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," is true. So the "Answer Man" got together five cooks from swank New York eating places—Ruby Foo's, Hotel Roosevelt, Hapsburg House, Sardi's and the Stockholm. Each chef added an ingredient from his native country. Unusual concoction was pronounced by jury of experts to be "exotically wonderful."

Reluctant scholars try to escape from college and high school burdens by using this right-at-hand source of information. For the most part, their efforts are unsuccessful. The Answer Man will suggest a research source or the method of solving a mathematical problem, but he won't work it out. By the same token, anyone seeking legal or medical advice from the program is always advised to see a lawyer or physician.



There Sure was a Hex on Helen!



Frank

me

Here's a snap of me and Frank on the "Dorinda". Isn't he something? We're going out again tomorrow... and every day, he says.

Helen



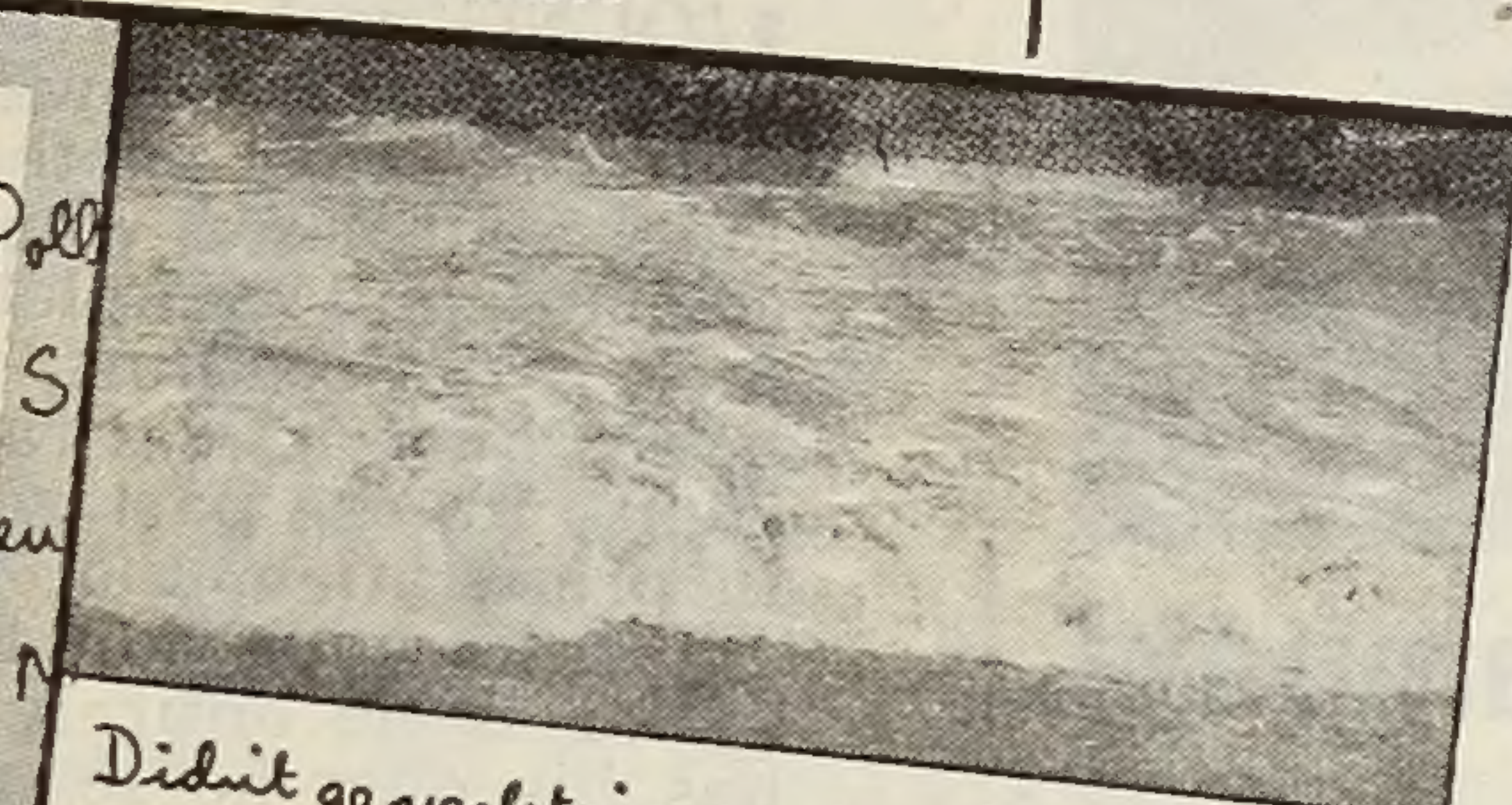
Frank's yacht

Polly dear - I've met the man on my very first day here and he owns a yacht! Nautical but nice - Ita! Ita!

Helen



Miss Polly Jones
210 S. 59 Street
New York
N. Y.

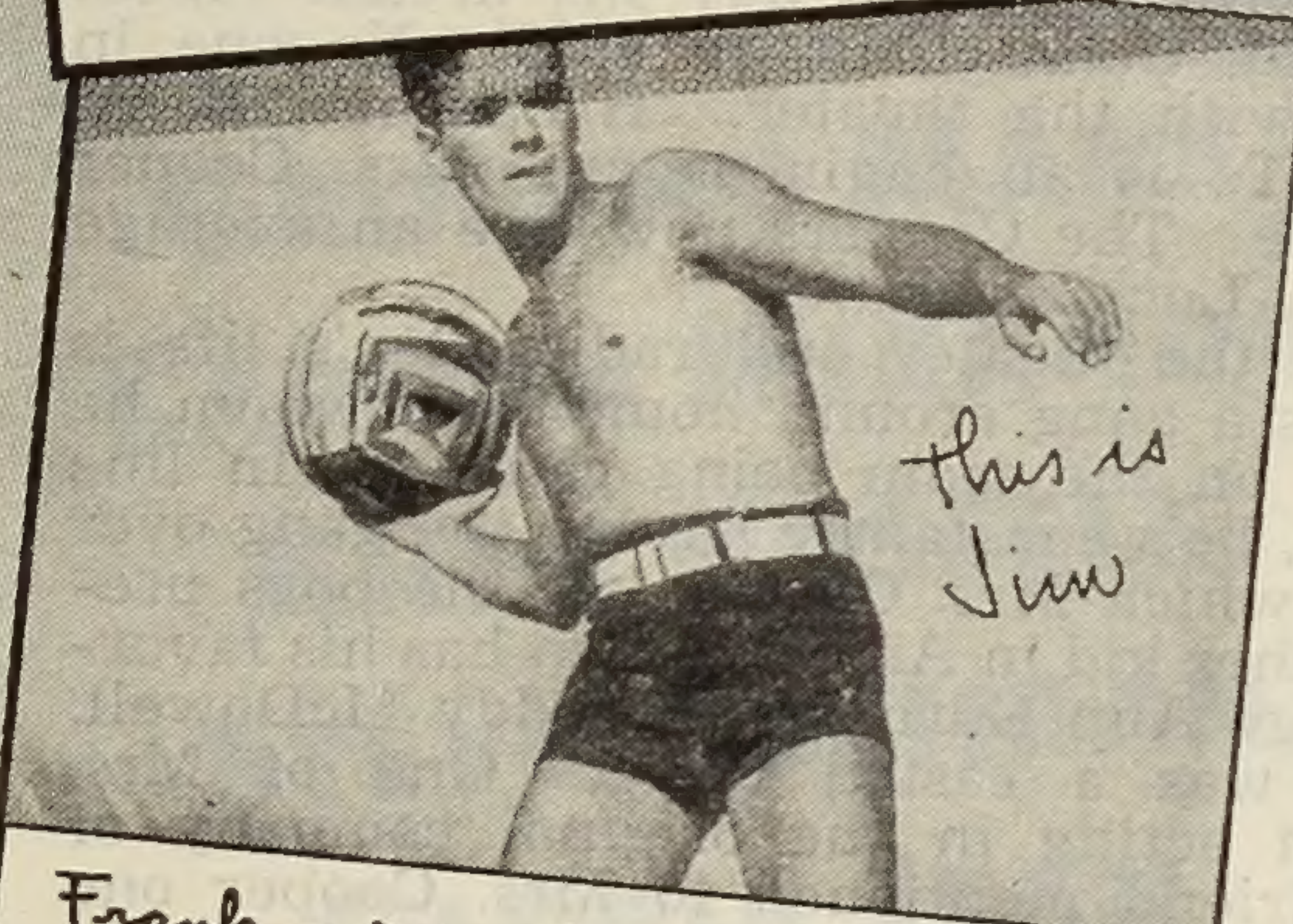


Didn't go yachting, and am I wild! Just like the waves. Frank said the rudder broke. Besides, his sister came out. They don't look a bit alike.

Helen

Miss Polly
210 S
New
N.

Miss Polly Jones
210 S. 59 Street
New York
N. Y.

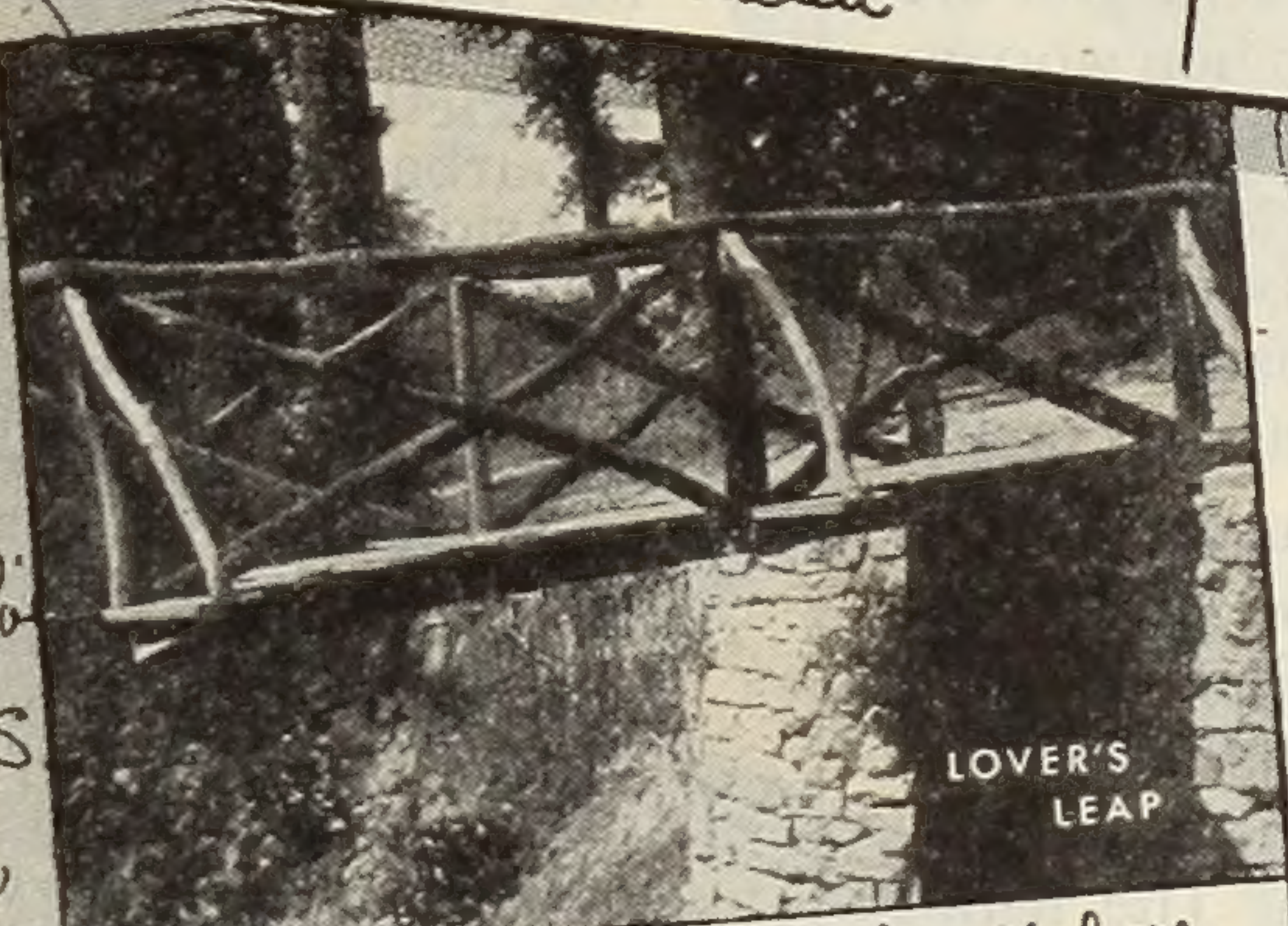


this is Jim

Frank acts awfully distant, but I should worry! Jim is just as nice - Took me to the dance last night.

Helen

Miss Polly
210 S
New
N.



I kind of feel like jumping off here myself. The men are a bunch of sticks including Jim. They never ask me to dance - You'd think I was poison ivy or something. Helen P.S. Please send hot-water bottle. Nights getting chill.

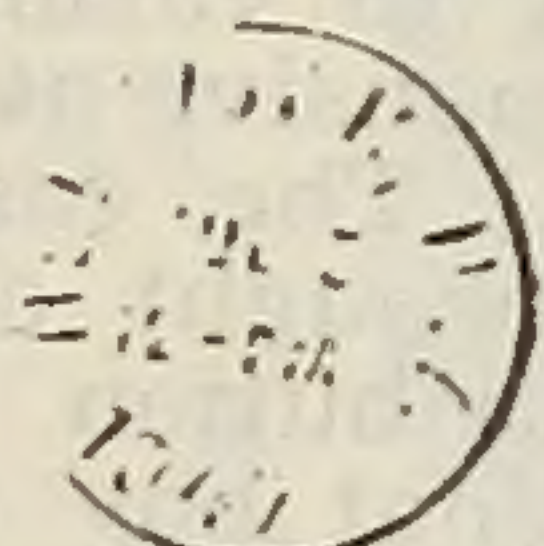
Miss Polly Jones
210 S. 59 Street
New York
N. Y.

...and now a postcard

somebody should have sent to Helen

Well, frankly, maybe you are poison ivy. Maybe the Franks and the Jims wouldn't drop you so soon if you'd be a little more careful about your breath and a little more friendly with Listerine Antiseptic

Polly



Miss Helen Randolph
Oceanside Inn
Shelter Island, N. Y.

Don't take chances with your breath. Before any date use Listerine Antiseptic. It's a quick, easy, delightful precaution against simple, non-systemic cases of halitosis (unpleasant breath). LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Before every date let
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
look after your breath

P. S. Your money buys less today, so spend it wisely. You must try the new Listerine Tooth Paste.



Of course you can . .



go in swimming . .

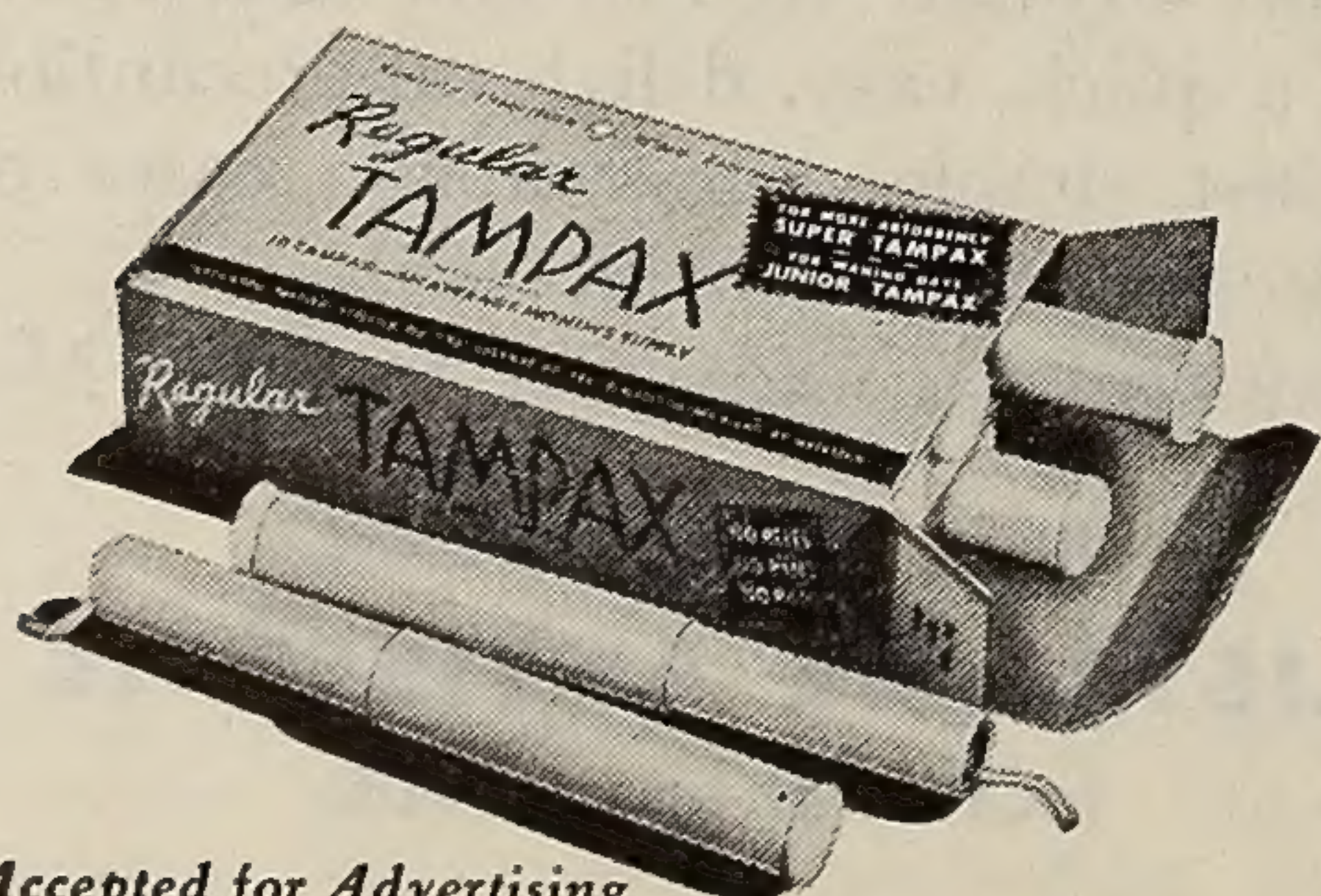


with Tampax!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



*Ben
Cooper*

YOUNG as he is, Ben Cooper, who plays Brad on the Second Mrs. Burton show (CBS, Monday through Friday, 2 PM, EST), has his eyes on the future. The cast of the radio show is no longer surprised when Ben turns up for a rehearsal dressed in a colorful and complete cowboy outfit. He's merely getting the feel of the costume, because his idea of The Thing To Be when he's grown up is a ranch owner and he wants to be ready to step right into the part when it comes along. He goes the whole way in preparation, too. He's up on what the average rancher eats and is learning how to cook scrambled eggs and flapjacks.

Nor is he entirely impractical about his dream. He already has his own horse, named Gypsy. He rides very well and he hopes that someday soon he'll meet the owner of Republic Pictures and get a chance to work in western movies. That's a two-edged plan. Get the idea? Ben will be practicing more, while earning the money with which to buy his dream ranch.

Ben was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1933. No one in his family was connected with the theater. His father, B. A. Cooper, a graduate of M.I.T., is an engineer and Mrs. Cooper is strictly a mother and wife. The Coopers now live an average suburban life in Beachurst, Long Island.

Aside from his forays in the theater and radio, Ben's life is rather average, too. He has a gang around home with whom he plays baseball, his position on the team being catcher. In line with his ranching ambitions, he's constantly having the gang over to his house for barbecues, which Mrs. Cooper lets the boys prepare themselves. Like any other kid in America, Ben has his favorite movie stars; they're Peggy Ann Garner and Roddy McDowell.

His becoming an actor was a casual thing. One of Mrs. Cooper's friends had a son acting in the original company of "Life With Father." The friend mentioned to Mrs. Cooper one afternoon that the boy playing one of the Day children in the Broadway success was outgrowing his part. Almost as an aside, she remarked that Ben looked just right for the role. And Ben decided it would be fun to try for a job, even though he had had no training and had never thought of acting before. On their way to the theater for an interview, Mrs. Cooper was very nervous. Ben wasn't. He soothed his mother, saying, "What difference does it make? If I get it fine. If I don't, it won't matter." But he got the part.

At first, Mrs. Cooper did worry that his being an actor might change him in the wrong ways. It didn't. He's still perfectly natural. Maybe some of his smaller habits are a little mature for his age, like his always bringing Mrs. Cooper flowers if he happens to be late for dinner, or spending his whole first check for a gown for his mother. But, in the main, he's still responding like a normal boy to various things. For instance, he's usually very alert and responsive at rehearsals, except when he's involved in eating dessert. The cast has lunch during rehearsals and, whenever Ben's brought chocolate cake or chocolate pie from home as his contribution to the meal, he gets "lost," as the musicians say. What boy wouldn't? He also has a special girl in his neighborhood, whose name he won't divulge and, again like every other boy, he has an idol. Ben's crush is Basil Rathbone, with whom he has worked on the air and, every once in awhile, Ben breaks forth in a very creditable English accent.

Having started his theatrical career at eight and worked steadily ever since, Ben's radio appearances are a staggering list, including Dr. Christian, Aunt Jenny, Listening Post, Land Is Bright, Bright Horizon, Arthur Hopkins Presents, Joyce Jordan, Portia Faces Life, as well as The Second Mrs. Burton.

What's more, all the kids he knows like him—on account of that darn good game of baseball.

There's a *New* Word in Entertainment...



IT'S *Lavish...Lilting
Laugh-laden!*

Hollywood's topmost talent...in
Broadway's brightest nightspot!

GROUCHO MARX
CARMEN MIRANDA
ANDY RUSSELL
STEVE COCHRAN
GLORIA JEAN

in a *Sam Coslow* MUSICAL PRODUCTION

"COPACABANA"

with the **COPA GIRLS**—the 14 Most Beautiful Girls in America—and the Nation's
Top Nightspot Reporters... **LOUIS SOBOL**—**ABEL GREEN**—**EARL WILSON**
Directed by **ALFRED E. GREEN**

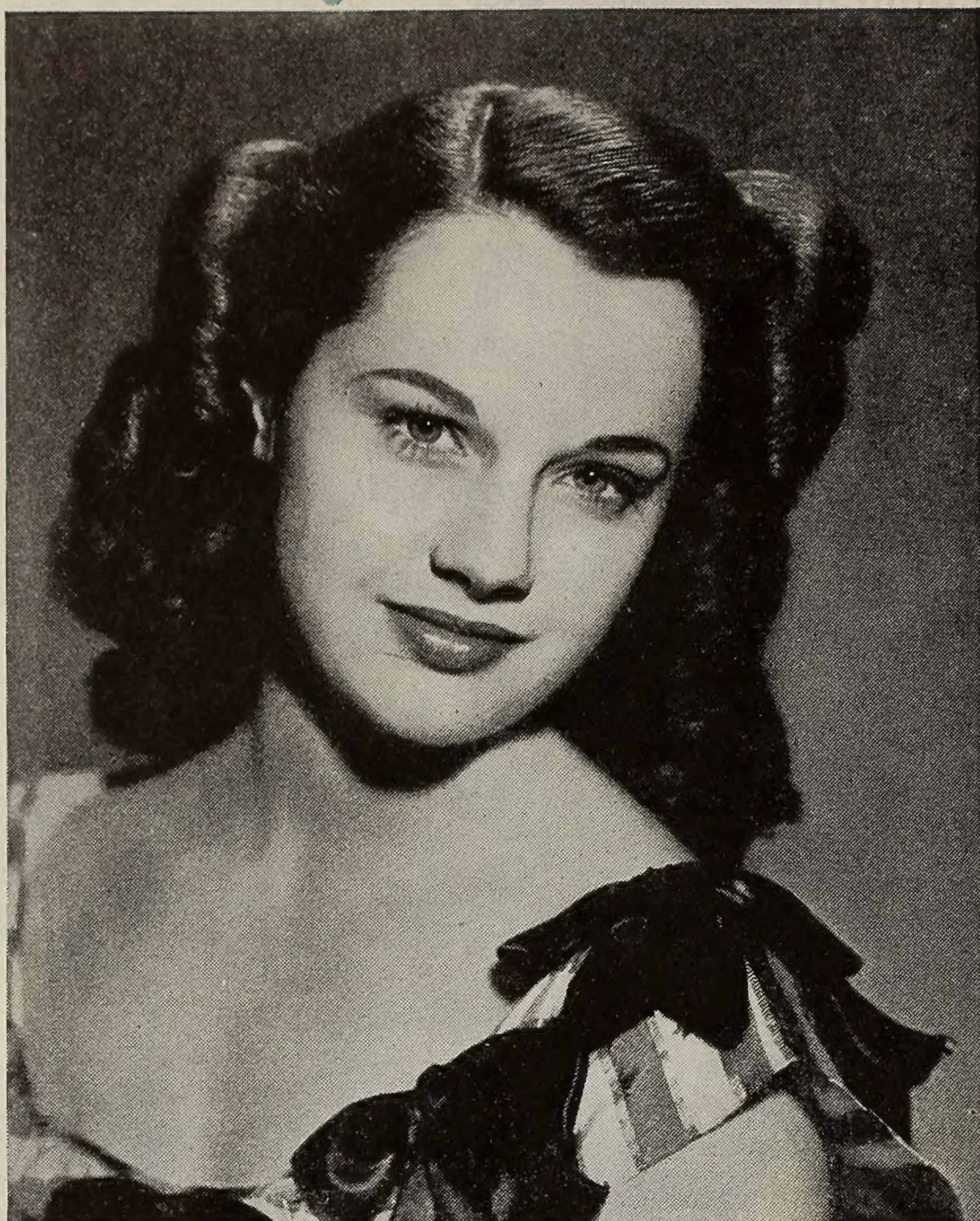
Screenplay by Laslo Vadnay, Alan Boretz
and Howard Harris

Additional dialogue by
Sydney R. Zelinka

Words and Music by
Sam Coslow

Released
thru
UNITED
ARTISTS

ON ITS WAY TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



ANITA GORDON, who looked like (and was) a youngster when she first started singing on the Bergen-McCarthy program, has grown up a little—just enough.

FACING

BUDDY CLARK, no swoon-hero, is what musicians call a "singers' singer". Which means, in a word, a good one.



THERE are two kinds of popular singers, those who, by good fortune, win a publicity barrage and widespread public adulation and those who, equally talented, carry on year in, year out, without benefit of fanfare. They miss stardom by inches. They don't make the super-sensational record seller. They don't punch a cafe columnist. The bobby sockers don't swoon en masse in the aisles. In the first group are the Crosbys, the Sinatras, and the Comos. In the second group are the singers' singers, like Buddy Clark.

Recently, Al Jolson was asked his opinion of the current crop of radio singing stylists.

"You know the guy who I think has the best natural voice of all those new singers?" the jazz singer said, "It's not Crosby or Sinatra or Como or Haymes but a fellow named Buddy Clark. That ring he has in his voice is really a thrilling thing to hear. I love the way he sings."

Buddy stars with Percy Faith on NBC's *Contented Hour*, he's one of Columbia Records' most reliable discers, and any time Hollywood needs a singing voice dubbed in for one of their male stars, Buddy is usually summoned.

"Maybe I'm not colorful," he admitted at lunch recently. "But I'll tell you that I tried that once with disastrous results. You know, I like it better this way. I may not get those pari-mutuel figures for a salary but we eat regularly."

"When I first hit the big time I would rather have been found dead than miss a night club or hotel room opening. I showed up everywhere. The waiters knew an opening wasn't official unless I was there. I had a press agent whose imagination knew no bounds. I figured being seen around would make me colorful."

Buddy kept this pace for a year or so. But in the arduous process something more important was lost.

"I was married at the time to Louise Hitz. We were a couple of kids. We didn't build anything solid, a home, a family life. We were divorced. After that happened I realized it wasn't worth it."

Buddy has been singing ever since childhood back in the Hub. After high school, Buddy attended Northeastern Law School. After three years, the decision to pursue the law or the microphone was decided for him when a Boston professional musician heard Buddy sing at a college prom, and got him a job singing over WNAC.

"It came too easy," Buddy recalled. "Our family never knew how money could come without hard work and sweat. I knew that making the grade as a lawyer took many years. So I persuaded my father to let me make the most of this over-night opportunity."

His work on the Boston air came to the attention of Benny Goodman and in 1934 Buddy joined up

the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN



CHARLES BOYER, OSCAR LEVANT, AND MAURICE CHEVALIER around a Stork Club table during Chevalier's first post-war visit to New York. Levant's French may (or may not) have been equal to the occasion.

with the clarinet star for the NBC Let's Dance network show. After that came one successful engagement after another, The Hit Parade in 1937, Ben Bernie, and Wayne King. Around that time Buddy was called to the coast to become the off-screen "phantom voice" of Jack Haley in the film, "Wake Up and Live," which co-starred Bernie and Walter Winchell. Incidentally, it will be Buddy's voice you'll be hearing in the forthcoming film, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" although it will be mouthed by film star Mark Stevens.

Buddy's second marriage is built on a firmer foundation, sans publicity and night club carousing.

The Clarks now live a quiet suburban life, with their three children, Tommy, 10, Katherine, 8 and Penny, 3. They have their own home in Kensington, Long Island, seldom come to town.

"Our idea of a big night is inviting some friends we have in show business out to the house for barbecued spare ribs and a hot round of bridge."

In 1942, Buddy joined up, served three years and two months and got out with three stripes.

The 34-year-old Clark keeps in good trim shape by strenuous gym workouts and spirited golf matches with his brother, Mark, a song publisher.

"If I lose the match it means I have to plug one of his songs. If I win Mark has to listen to some lyrics I have just knocked off."

UNLESS there's a last minute change, Frank Sinatra will be back on the Hit Parade on NBC next season, returning to the radio program that helped give him his first major air importance. Strangely enough, Frankie is switching from one cigarette sponsor to another, a custom rarely acceptable to advertisers.

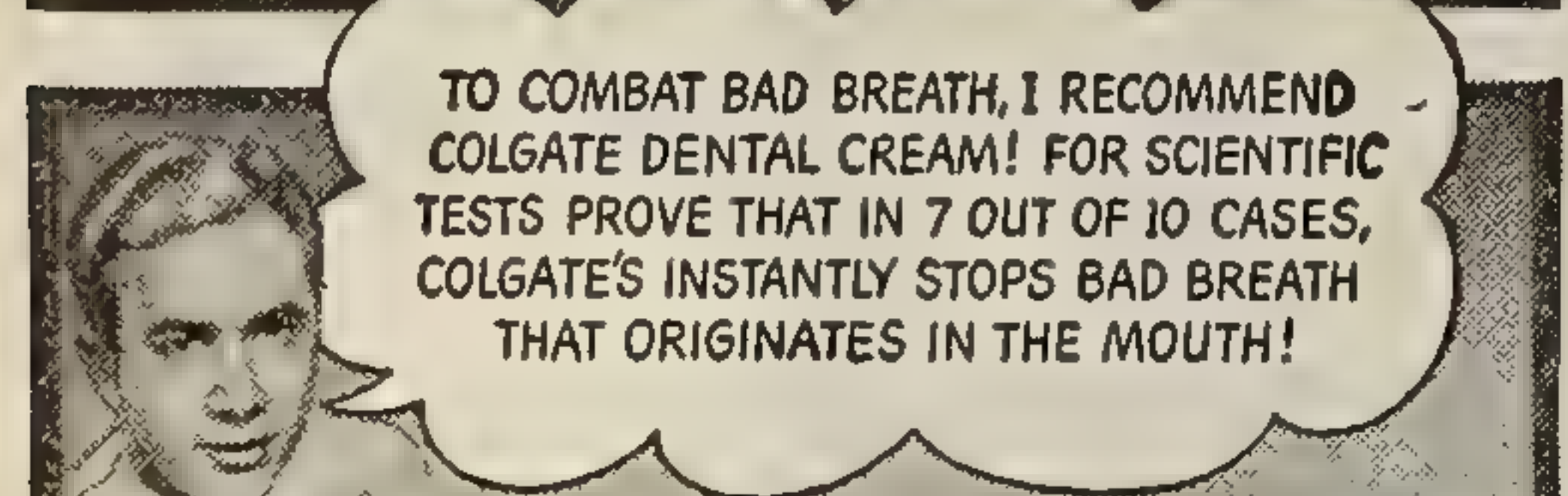
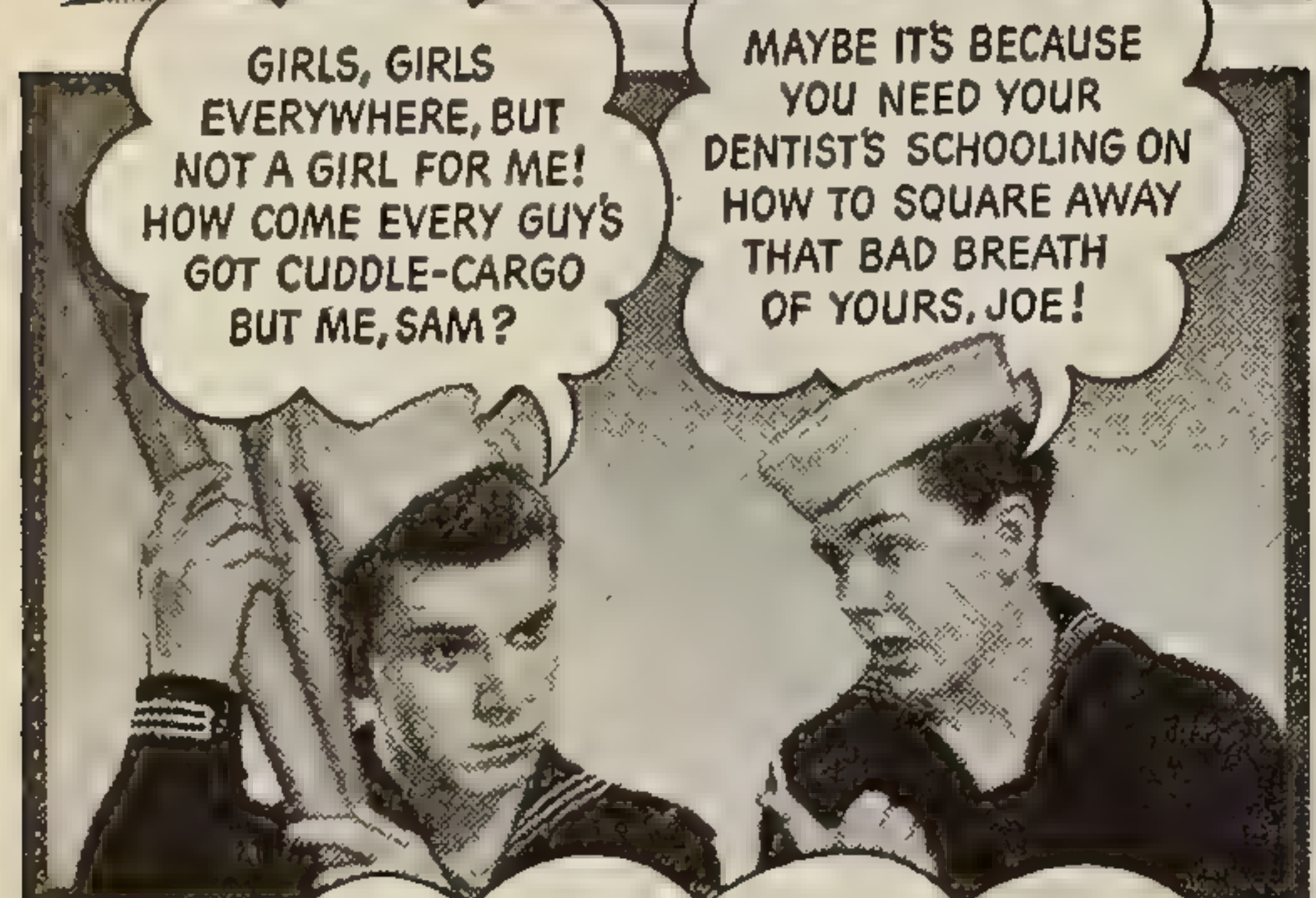
* * *

The greatest blow the fast fading jazzists received was the announcement that Stan Kenton was forced to break up his band. Stan collapsed recently on the bandstand, victim of too much work. The Kenton band had withstood the changing moods of dance band fans quite successfully although other swing merchants were finding sales very tough. With this dissolution following on the heels of the band breakup of Woody Herman, etc., swing bands have reached a new low.

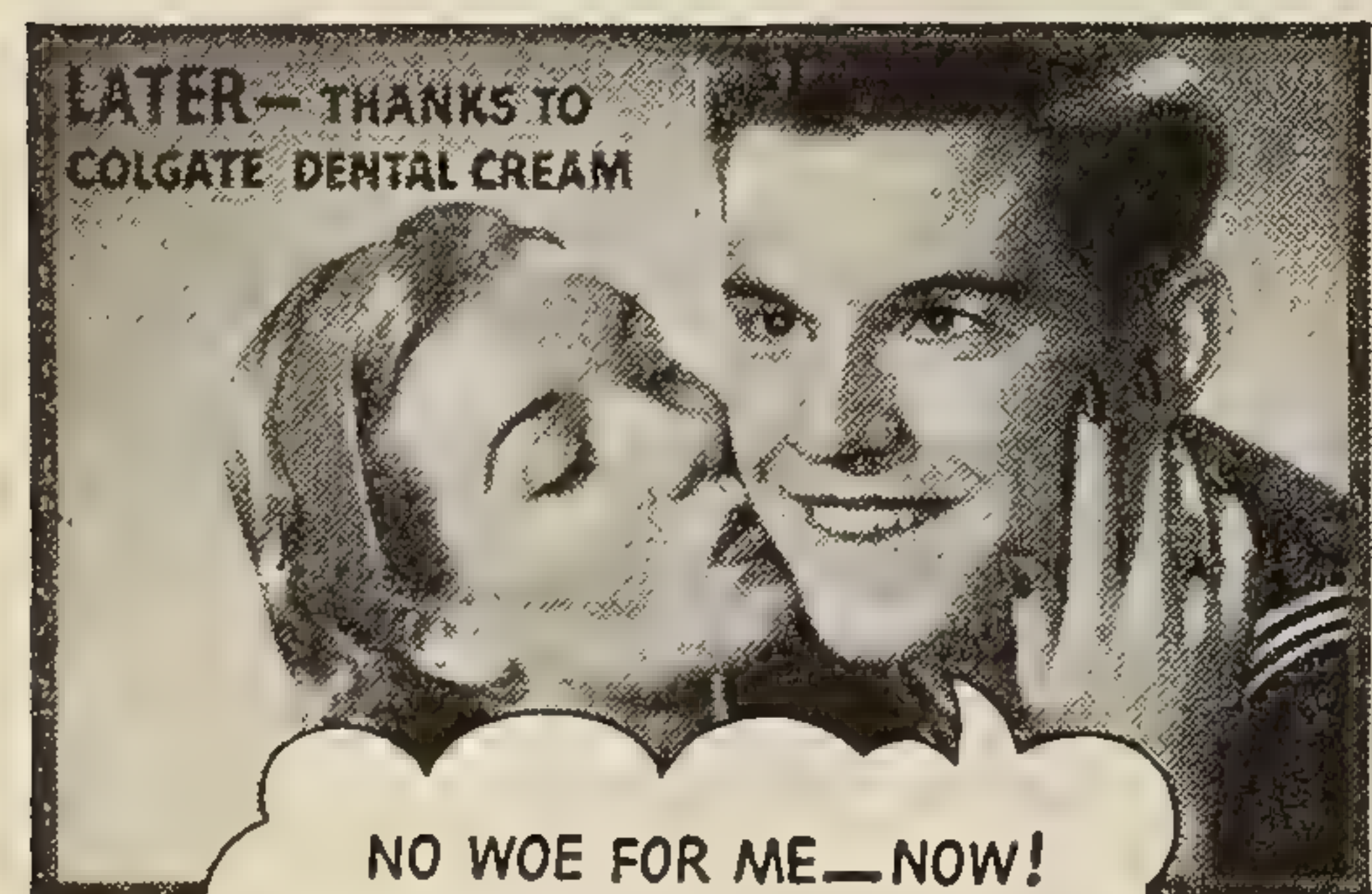
* * *

With only Jo Stafford left as the star of her own show—and that one more or less shared on alternate nights with Perry Como—radio's canary crop has certainly dwindled. Both Ginny Simms and Dinah Shore lost their sponsors and at press time Kate Smith Sings was still unsigned. It seems these fine singers cannot successfully star in their own radio shows although each one of them can do well as a part of someone (Continued on page 11)

Woe is Me!
I've Got No She!



"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"



NO WOE FOR ME—NOW!
JUST HUBBA! HUBBA! HUBBA!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date

NEW RECORDS



RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN

PERRY COMO:

The easy going baritone has a new disc winner in "Chi-Baba," the Mexican lullaby song. For good measure he does the oldie, "When You Were Sweet 16" on the reverse. (Victor)

TONY MARTIN:

Another top-flight radio singer mates the French ballad, "Passing By" and "Oh! My Achin' Heart." (Victor.) The bouncy Jack Smith hits the latter tune on his new Capitol platter but his disc companion is the samba, "Cu-Tu-Gu-Ru."

ART MOONEY:

A good solid band shows off its rhythmic wares with the good luck song, "Mahzel" and the hopeful "That's My Desire." (MGM)

KATE SMITH:

Does a fine job with the campus tune, "After Graduation Day" and the more spirited "Dreams Are A Dime A Dozen." Jack Miller's competent musical background helps this MGM platter.

JO STAFFORD:

Cuts her own air theme song, "Smoke Dreams" and melds it with the hit tune from "Brigadoon," called "Almost Like Being In Love." (Capitol)

FATS WALLER:

The late great singing pianist is paid tribute by Victor with a new re-issue of some of his best records, including "Darktown Strutters' Ball" and "Squeeze Me."

WOODY HERMAN:

Makes Hoagy Carmichael's newest, "Ivy," a melody to remember. Slick support by the Four Chips. The satisfactory "That's My Desire" wraps up this Columbia spin.

KORN KOBBLERS:

Slapstick stuff suitable for parties as this wacky group do "I Wish I Could Shimmy" and "Let's Go Back And Kiss The Girls Good-night Again." (MGM)

HELEN FORREST:

One of the better balladeers is back on wax for MGM and turns out "All of Me" and "S'posin'."

JOHNNY MERCER:

What won't this Mercer guy do next. Here he tries two Western tunes, "The Covered Wagon" and "Little Too Fer" and does right well with them.

JIMMY DORSEY

One of the veteran music masters sounds as slick as ever with "Sunday Kind of Love" and "Pots and Pans" for a good musical mixture. (MGM)

DAVE ROSE:

For good listening and creative arrangements try this new MGM wedding of "How High The Moon," a much neglected tune, and "Gay Spirits," Rose's own tune.

HARRY JAMES:

The month's best waxwork merging James' great trumpet, the haunting "Stella By Starlight" and the equally lovely ballad from the new Crosby film, "Welcome Stranger," called "As Long As I'm Dreaming." (Columbia.) Frank Sinatra comes through beautifully with the former tune for Columbia and Tex Beneke has a fine Victor version of the latter song.

STAN KENTON:

This band has just temporarily folded but they did get in one final fling with "Machito" and "Collaboration." (Capitol)

KING COLE TRIO:

Still turning out consistently fine platters. This latest Capitol grooving of "Come In Out of The Rain" and "Can You Look Me In The Eyes" helps keep up the group's batting average.

COUNT BASIE:

"One O'Clock Boogie" and "Meet Me At No Special Place" get the Count's personal and talented attention. (Victor)

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 9)

else's radio series.

Don't be surprised if Artie Shaw and his current frau, Kathleen "Forever Amber" Winsor, team up as a radio Mr. and Mrs. couple.

Evelyn Knight, Tony Martin's CBS singing partner, sang in her home town of Washington, D. C. for four years, never saw the President. Since leaving the Nation's Capital, she has been in-performed three times for "Command Per-formances" at the White House.

Ted Weems isn't taking any chance of losing out on another "Heart-aches" revival. He has just insured his musical library for \$100,000. Among the more than 1,000 arrangements in his archives, Ted feels there might be another "oldie" that can be revived suc-cessfully. In the meantime, his next attempt is a re-dubbing of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" with vocal by Perry Como which Decca is about to release.

Hoagy Carmichael's delightful CBS Sunday stanzas have been renewed. Now CBS, heartened by this event, is building a similar type show with com-poser Harold Arlen who wrote such hits as "Over the Rainbow" and "Stormy Weather."

In a very wise decision, Al Jolson has turned down all offers for his own radio series, in preference for a series of 10 guest shots with Bing Crosby.

Germaine Sablon, sister of Jean, has arrived in this country and is singing in smart eastern cafes. Germaine was recently cited by the French govern-ment for her heroic work in the French Resistance Underground, penned one of the organization's marching songs.

At a testimonial dinner to one of show business' greatest singing person-alities, Sophie Tucker, song writer Irving Berlin was called upon to make a speech. Instead, the great composer whipped out an original song, "Sophie" written for the guest of honor, complete with three choruses.

Advance reports tout the new "Alle-gro" score by Rodgers and Hammer-stein as their finest work to date. Con-sidering the team did "State Fair," "Oklahoma," and "Carousel," it ought to really be something.

Don't be surprised if Hollywood does a re-make of "The Jazz Singer" with Jolson's voice and Larry Parks' face.



Songs by Larry Carr (WINS, 6:30 Monday-Friday) and his Signature rec-ords are arous-ing much inter-est in his attrac-tive voice and smart styling.



Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

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It gives you the exclusive extra protec- tion of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

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WHAT'S NEW FROM



At Penny Singleton's party for S. Bayard Colgate, he shared a joke with Penny and Arthur (Dagwood) Lake, stars of the Blondie show he sponsors.

ONE star who doesn't mind taking a summer vacation is Jack Benny. While Jack is by no means like the pennypincher he's made out to be on the air, he's no fool when it comes to a dollar. Jack Benny controls his NBC air time and he gets a commission from his summer replacement show.

* * *

You think quiz shows—or radio shows in general—don't have much effect on people's lives? Wrong again. A few minutes on the air can change a person, as witness the evidence gathered by Mutual's producer of the Queen for a Day program.

There are the purely practical effects—for example, a New Brunswick, Canada, woman, who was an overseas nurse with the Canadian Army, was able to get married because of her one day's sovereignty. She wrote that there were sufficient funds for a honeymoon, but no money for a permanent home—until the "Queen" show came through with some basic household equipment.

Then, a Los Angeles woman reported that the publicity she received made her husband's new business venture, a pastry shop, a complete success.

A woman in Long Beach, California, wrote in saying that she was changed from a "—timid, shy person to an enthusiastic public speaker." And a woman in Twin Falls, Idaho, reported that she had been handicapped all her life by a parental home "broken by divorce," and that she had always suffered from inferiority and insecurity as a result. "Now," she says, "I can meet anyone, look them in the eye, and feel equal."

Best of all, 73 former Queens, who have organized a "Queen for a Day Club," have gone in for philanthropic activities, assigning eight of their members to provide fruit, candy, cake, cigarettes, magazines and books to boys invalided in the "No Family" ward at Los Altos Hospital in Los Angeles.

* * *

It's very nice to have Lassie starring on his own show. But we can't help wondering what has become of the human actors who specialize in making animal sounds—and always on cue, because they can read their lines.

* * *

Now that the Kate Smith Speaks show has moved over to the Mutual network, Kate enjoys the unique honor of having 600 sponsors in one city. When the program was put up for co-operative sale in Burlington, N. C., bidding by local merchants got so heated that it took Solomon-like wisdom to solve the problem. The Burlington Merchants' Association is sponsoring the show, with its 600 members sharing the program.

* * *

Robert Merrill told us a cute story about the time he auditioned for Arturo Toscanini. As every singer who has ever opened a mouth to sing for the maestro knows, Toscanini has an aversion to singers who tap out time. And Signor Toscanini is by no means silent when he has an aversion. Bob wanted everything to be just right for his audition, so he was very careful about tapping out time. He kept 4/4 time with his hands behind his back. As soon as he'd finished his song, Bob relaxed and turned to Toscanini, awaiting his

COAST to COAST

By DALE BANKS

opinion. With great relief he saw Toscanini smile. "I know you were nervous," Toscanini said, "so I'll forgive the error. But next time," he added with acidity, "please tap that aria in ½ time!"

* * *
Burl Ives' newest student is Van Johnson, the freckle-faced bobby-sox king. Ives is teaching Johnson how to plunk the guitar and sing a folk song in preparation for his next movie.

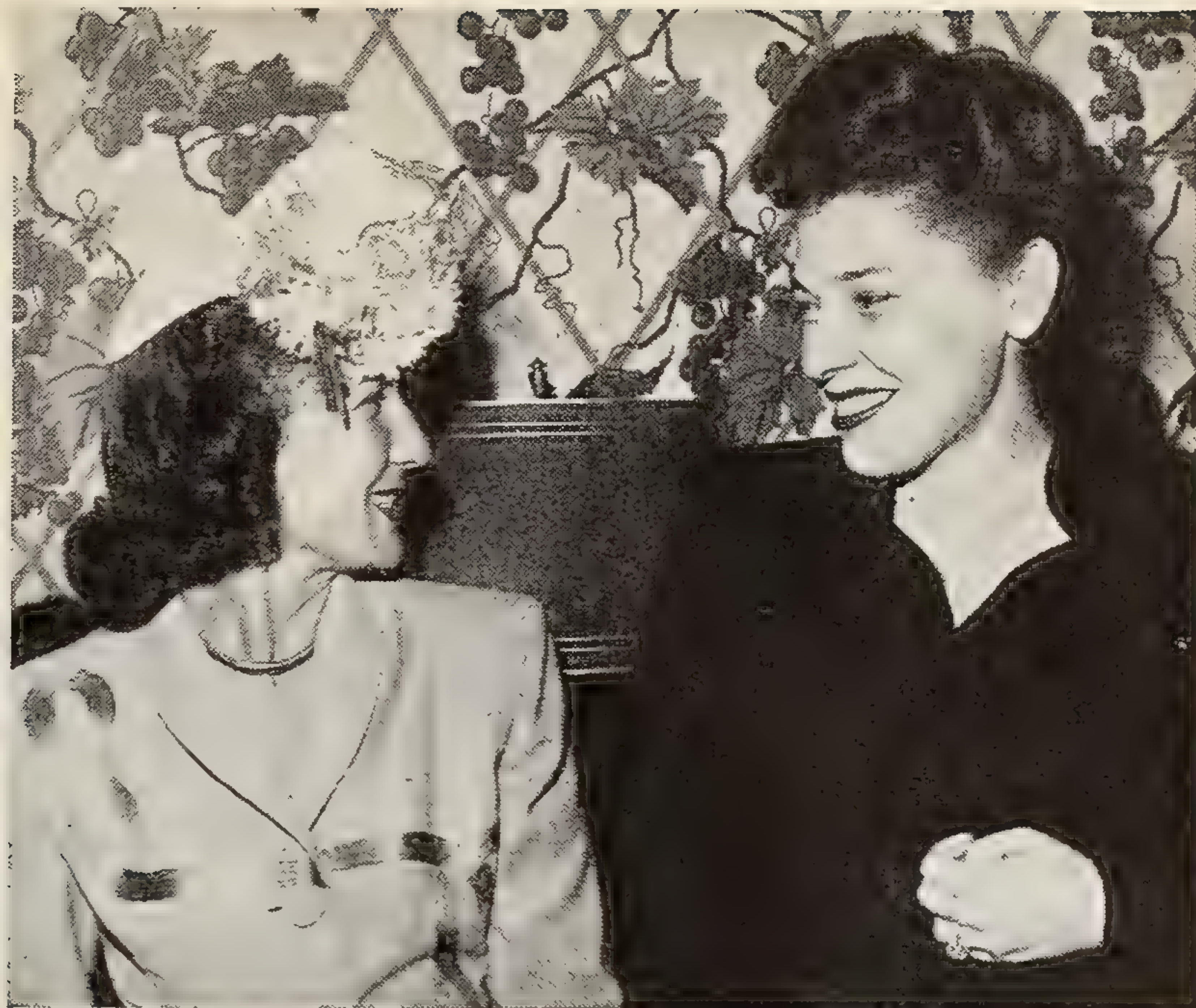
* * *
Add to the coincidence department . . . The Life of Riley show, on which Bill Bendix plays a lovable character named Chester Riley, has a new sound effects man. His name is Chester Riley.

* * *
When Neil O'Brien, former baseball writer, got out of the Navy and landed his present job as a co-writer on The Mighty Casey, he had a little trouble with the dialogue. In the Navy, he hadn't had much chance to hear many ladies talking as fast as the character, Mrs. Gladys Breen, the girl friend of Casey's girl friend, is supposed to talk. But Neil has overcome his handicap, by doing plenty of leg work on the streets of New York City. He's not only picked up the vernacular that he needed, but he comes back from his wanderings with actual bits of dialogue.

* * *
Another realist is scripter Ray Buffum, who authors The Casebook of Gregory Hood. He always uses his own phone number, when such things are called for in the plot. Then—he stays away from home all night after the broadcast.

* * *
Mutual is really going in for children's programs. Now it's a juvenile disc jockey show m.c'd by a five year old.

* * *
GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Fredric March and Florence Eldridge may do a Mr. and Mrs. show via television . . . The life of Glenn Miller is ready in scenario form and Republic Pictures is rumored to be interested in producing it . . . Lum and Abner in its seventeenth year on the air . . . Jackie Kelk is being lured by a record company to make an album of children's stories in his "Homer" voice . . . At this writing, Superman has received 24 awards from civic and educational groups for its splendid campaign against prejudice and bigotry . . . Carmen Miranda is being sought for a featured comedy and singing role on a new variety show being planned for the Fall . . . West Point's "Doc" Blanchard and Glenn Davis in Hollywood to star in a movie . . . Garry Moore's spot on next season's Jimmy Durante stanza may be filled by a guest star each week . . . Everything but the final signing is set for Ronald Colman to star in a transcribed dramatic series . . . Nancy Walker, stage and screen comedienne, is deciding between a comedy air show or a return Hollywood engagement. Why can't she do both? . . . Nice, the way we can think up extra chores for people right in the middle of dog days of summer.



Clothes, music, radio—a busy conversation between Mrs. Colgate, wife of the guest of honor, and Judy Canova.



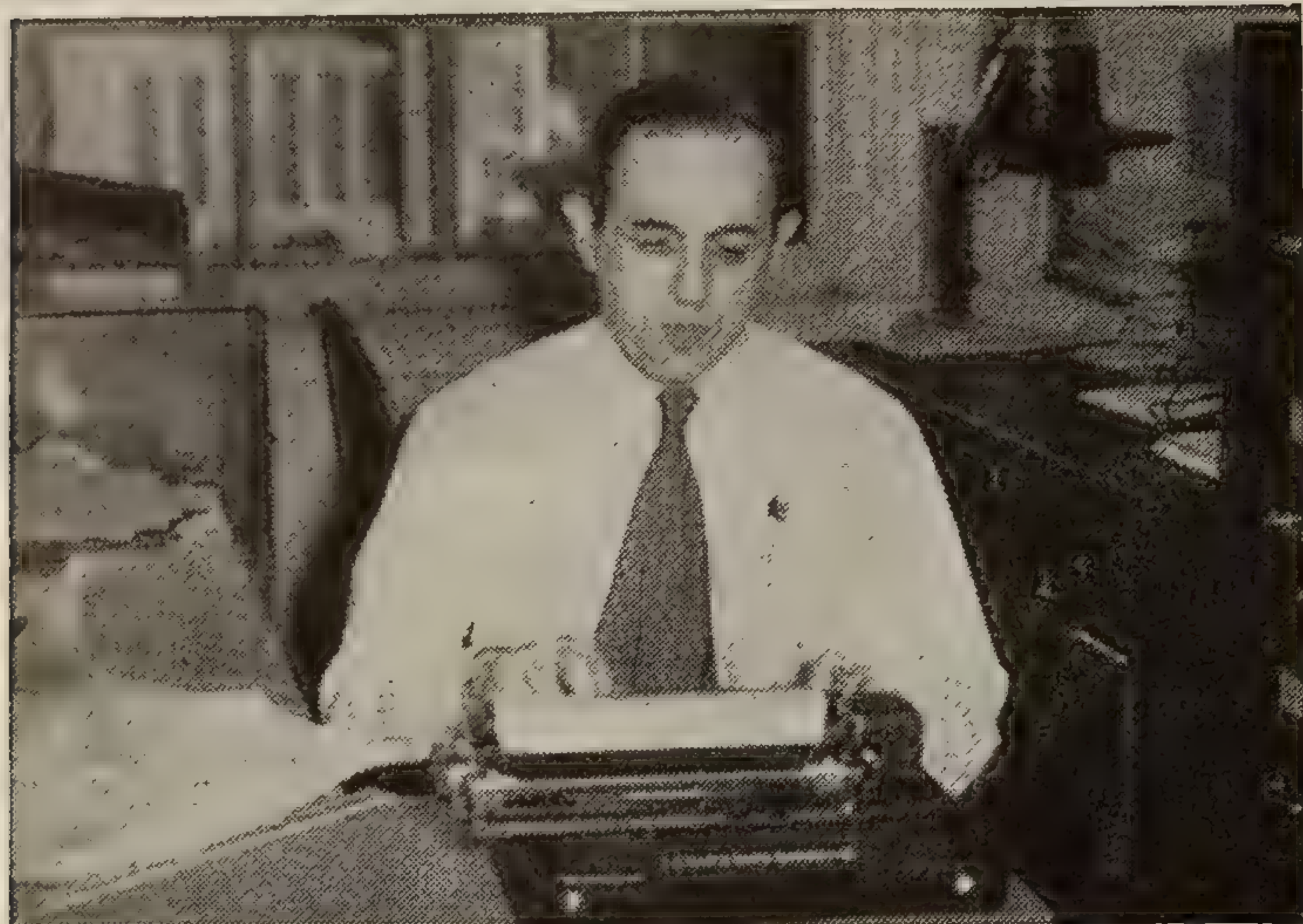
With Don Bernard and Hanley Stafford, Mr. Colgate had the wonderful time that's the guest of honor's right.



Judy circulated; here she greets Howard Petrie, of the Blondie cast. (Program time is Sundays, 7:30 EDT, CBS.)

Busy as a

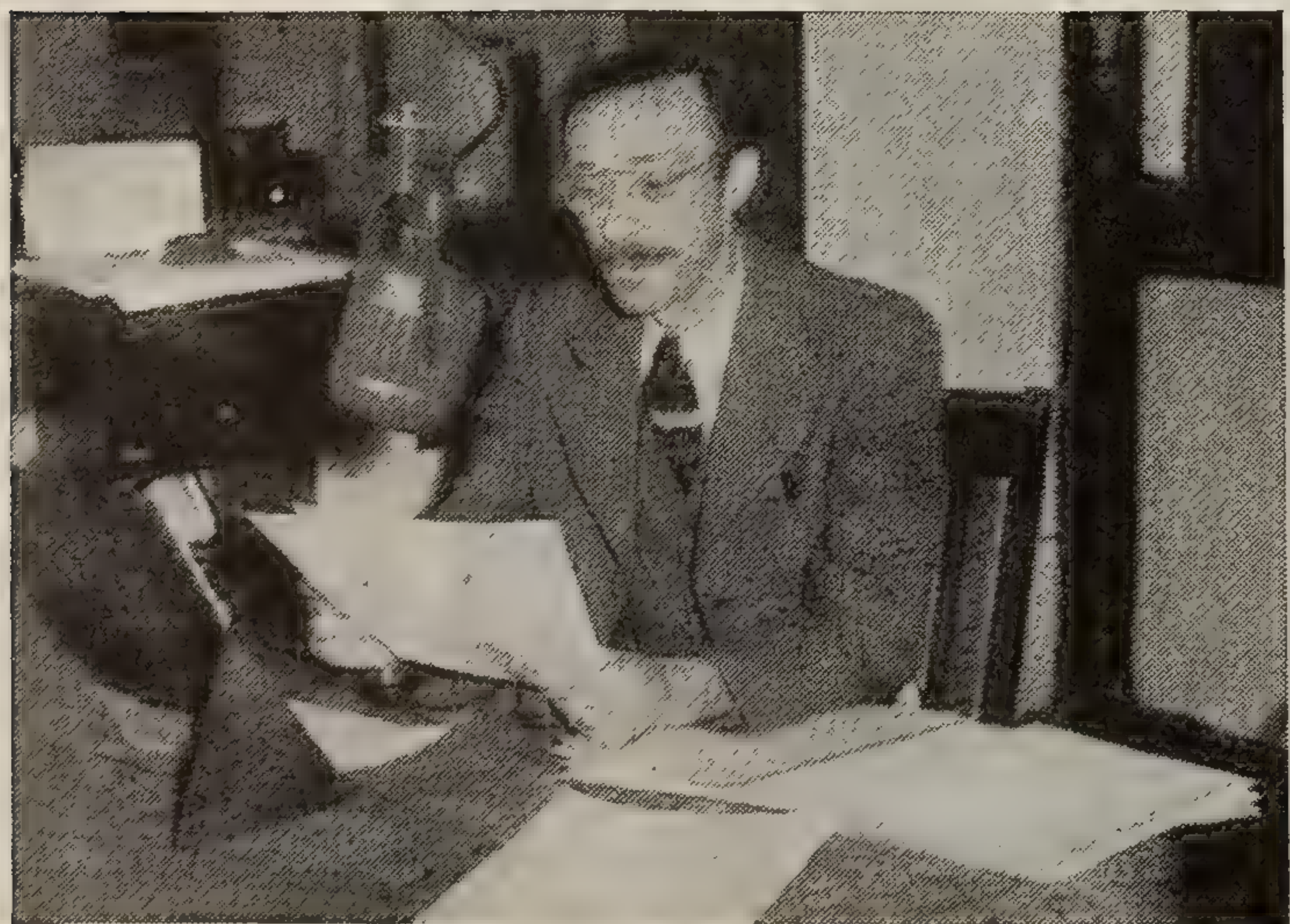
NEWS ROOM



David E. Kessler is Chief of the News Bureau at WHAM.



Pat Fallon, the Bureau's United Press representative.



Jack Ross, Chief News Broadcaster, gives 7 A.M. news.

IT'S a long way in time and space from the smoke signals and drumbeats of primitive man to the busy News Department of a radio station but the news still comes in over the air from all directions. At WHAM the early riser is fed his first news at 6 A.M. while the night owl hears the day's last summary at 11:15 P.M. To give that type of news coverage it is necessary to maintain an active news gathering organization, staffed with capable writers, reporters, editors and newscasters.

David E. Kessler, veteran newspaper man, is Chief of WHAM's News Bureau. His experience in the news field ranges from copy boy to city editor and makes him the mainspring of the Bureau's activity. He not only finds time to keep his News Bureau moving in high gear, but also has a program of his own, *Today and Yesterday*. Dave was born in Central Pennsylvania; educated in public schools and at Penn State; is a veteran of World War I and began his journalism career on a country weekly at the age of fifteen. He has worked on the staff of the Rochester Evening Journal, the Pittsburgh Leader, the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle, the Rochester Evening News, and been everything from police reporter to music critic, columnist, sports editor and managing editor. He joined the regular staff at WHAM to organize the News Bureau in 1946. Dave is married, has two children. At sports events he is always the interested spectator.

Another highly important member of the Bureau is Jack Ross. Jack serves as Chief of the News Broadcasters and in addition is heard daily at 7 A.M. and at twelve, noon, as one of WHAM'S Esso Reporters. Born in Russia in the late days of the Czar, he moved to Canada with his family as a boy and began his elementary education in Canadian schools; moved to the United States and while attending Cornell University met the girl he was later to marry. The Rosses now have a son, David, and a daughter, Eleanor. Jack joined the staff of WHAM in 1937, after some sixteen years as a teacher in Rochester high schools and at summer sessions at Cornell and Bryn Mawr. He specialized in adult education; conducted a course in radio technique for the University of Rochester and has been an instructor in the Rochester School of the Air.

The United Press representative at WHAM is Pat Fallon, who was born in New York City and moved to Clyde, New York, about fifteen years ago. She is a graduate of Clyde High School and the University of Rochester and joined the United Press on V-E Day, two weeks before graduation from the University. In college she was editor of the yearbook, the *Frosh Bible* and did editorial work on the *Tower Times*. Pat's hobbies are reading, tennis, swimming and music and she is very much interested in summer theater work.

At 6 and 11 P.M., WHAM listeners know their reporter is Homer Bliss, who also does a late local round-up at 11:15 P.M. and gets a great thrill when the voice of WHAM ranges not only over the United States but on out over the oceans.

Aiding these are the "leg men" and reporters and a string of selected area correspondents in key towns and villages in WHAM's primary listening area—but the real smoke signals and drumbeats are furnished by residents of the city and surrounding areas who have a standing invitation to telephone or write story tips to the Bureau, with a cash reward for accuracy.

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This Side of Innocence

by Taylor Caldwell

A MALIE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing minx—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. And when these two, the wanton and the wastrel, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor, their world threatened to crumble about them. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* called this best-seller "a masterful piece of story-telling!" Soon to be seen as a \$2,000,000 movie!

Gentleman's Agreement

by Laura Z. Hobson

A MERICA'S new best-seller! Phil had a new assignment from his editor—a series of articles on anti-Semitism. Determined to tackle his subject from the inside out, Phil undertook an amazing masquerade. What he learned about the unsuspected prejudices of "nice" people—what befell his family—how he was forced to choose between his conscience and the woman who meant so much to him—make one of the most gripping and sensational stories you have ever read. "One of the most discussed novels of the year!"—*New York Times*

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Then, every other month, you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, or neither. Or, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each. The bargains are there—but only if you want them!

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DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York

In the SURREY ROOM



Audience meets Cast and Characters after breakfast as Miss Surrey Room (Dorothy Ramlose) moves among them in her vivid period dress.



Hal Newell begins Breakfast in the Surrey Room with his 9 A.M. greeting to guests and WEEI listeners.

Breakfast in the Surrey Room is broadcast from Boston's Hotel Touraine over WEEI, Monday through Saturday, from 9:00 to 9:30 A.M., EDST.

The m. c. of the Breakfast is Hal Newell. Hal long has been a radio favorite in New England. For years he was master-of-ceremonies of the Coffee Club, when WEEI fed it to the CBS network but before coming to New England he was Mutual network's Southern sports director. Among the major games he has described in the football field are Alabama, Notre Dame, Holy Cross, Navy, and the Big Nine games for all four networks.

Newell has been an active radio fan ever since childhood. His grandmother bought him the makings of a tiny radio set when he was the age most youngsters are playing with trains. He put it together . . . and it worked. With whetted appetite he carried his interest with him all through his growing years, and by the time he reached Penn State, he and three other young men, took over the idle equipment of the college's station, adapted it to amateur operation, and set up a schedule of interesting contacts with foreign countries. His correspondence with foreign countries led to his secondary hobby . . . philately. He has some very unusual and valuable stamps, including one from the Island of Mauritius, triangular in shape with the giraffe printed upside down.

He has maintained his amateur standing all along. The night before the Pearl Harbor bombing, he was talking with Honolulu, and before the OWI was organized, Hal was one of the faithful hams monitoring foreign stations, and policing domestic frequencies for possible spy stations. When the war got under way he served in the Coast Guard Reserve, with a rating of Signalman 2/c.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., he spent his entire school life there, only leaving to go to Penn State near Altoona. He met his wife, the former Ruth Kennedy, while on a vacation trip to Cape Cod. Mrs. Newell has been a nurse in the Goddard Hospital in Brockton, Mass. They have a pretty seven-year-old daughter, who is the point about which their attractive home in Braintree, a suburb of Boston, oscillates, and who is well on the way to being as interested in ham radio as her father.

Dorothy Ramlose is a native born New Englander . . . of Brookline, to be precise. On completing the public school courses there, she went to Colby Junior College in New London, New Hampshire. She has studied ballet since she was three years old, and dabbled in all the courses given to turn out an attractive and accomplished young lady. English Literature and Drama have been subjects of keenest interest to her, though French runs closely on their heels.



Senator Ford

THE "Senator" tacked in front of Ed Ford's name has the same authenticity as the "Colonel" that used to precede the names of so many Southern gentlemen. (He's on Can You Top This? NBC, Saturdays at 9:30 P.M.)

Edward Ford, as he was christened by his perfectly normal parents, made his initial appearance in Brooklyn, N. Y., a long time ago. He won't tell how long ago. After a couple of years of high school, he decided he wasn't getting educated in the way he liked and quit. Then he went ahead getting educated by hard knocks. He held numerous jobs, none of them very long. Enough of this convinced him that he was cut out for an artistic career.

That decision led him to the Academy of Fine Arts, where he studied a few months, and then tried commercial illustrating. Pickings were lean in that field and there was some heavy competition like James Montgomery Flagg, for instance. So Ford shifted his tactics slightly to doing cartoon acts in night clubs and what small commissions he could dig up in the illustrating field. Soon, however, he decided the artists' materials he had to carry about for his act were too heavy.

Then he fell into an after-dinner speaking job at the Republican Club in New York. It was at one of the Club's dinners that Ford got his tag. The toastmaster, after leading off the applause after Warren G. Harding (then a Senator) sat down, introduced Ford with his idea of a gag, "This man is a substitute. I don't know how good he is, but time was short and we had to take what we could get. I introduce you to Senator Ed Ford." And the title stuck.

Vaudeville fans are, of course, familiar with Senator Ford. When radio was invented, he wrote, cast, directed and played in a domestic comedy. When talking pictures came in, he made one of the first movie shorts for Warner Brothers.

On the serious side, dropping the Senator, Edward Ford helped the artist Dwight Franklin on the famous sculpture groups "South Street" and "Inauguration of Washington." Independently, he also made a figure of John McGraw, the Napoleon of the Giants, which now occupies a prominent spot in the Cooperstown Baseball Museum.

The Can You Top This? program was his idea, thought up while after-dinner speaking and commuting between New York and his home in Southold, Long Island, where he's lived for twenty years with his charming wife.

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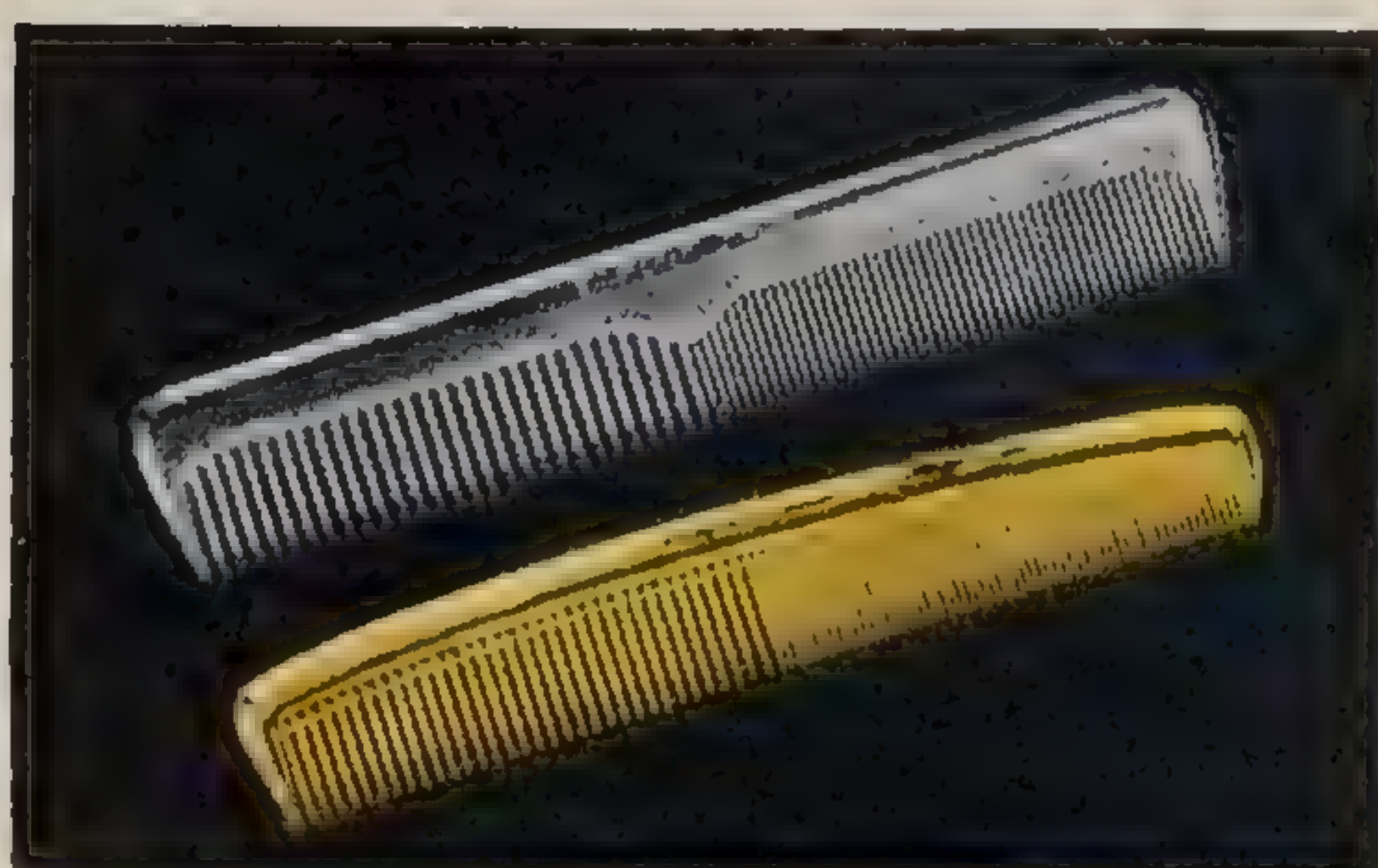
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J E W E L I T E B Y P R O - P H Y - L A C - T I C

TIME for REASON

- About Radio



BBROADCASTING can do immense good because it can bring men together and make a country greater, but it can do that only if it is rightly used. That makes it a public problem."

That is Lyman Bryson speaking. He is Counselor on Public Affairs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and the speaker you hear each Sunday afternoon on CBS's unprecedented series, *Time For Reason—About Radio*.

Time For Reason was instituted to let us who listen to the radio, and who constitute that public, into the inner workings of the big business of broadcasting. If you have never wondered about the various phases, the intricacies, of radio, you are one in a million. The questions concerning it are limited only by the number of people who listen.

Lyman Bryson is the man with the answers. Some of the topics already discussed include: the money radio networks and stations make, where they make it, where it goes; degrees and kinds of control over material heard on the air; a program's structure from original idea to broadcast; public tastes in humor, drama and music; audience preferences and ways for measuring them; control over taste and content and kind of advertising; labor relations in radio; broadcasting as an instrument of enlightenment, and its use to serve good causes and the general good.

Take this last. Mr. Bryson points out that the four national networks in the United States offer programs for broadcast by the stations affiliated with them, among these, the programs of information and enlightenment in question. "But," says Mr. Bryson, "the networks cannot do more than offer these programs to their affiliated stations. The local stations decide what it will broadcast to its own local audience." Thus, a network can offer its microphone and

time to a great leader, a spokesman for a great cause, but that speaker can be brought to radio listeners only if station managers, each in his own town, think the event is really of importance to the local people listening.

So, the network cannot assure a national audience. Second, even when such an event is broadcast nation-wide, there is nothing that will make people listen. It would be reassuring, Mr. Bryson says, to think that people would pay attention to things because they are important, but that is not so. "Duty listening" makes very little appeal.

The first complication, therefore, in presenting national events is to get the stations to carry them; the second is getting anybody to listen when they are on the air. It is a fact that most people, most evenings of their lives, want to be entertained. And public service programs as such do not fall into the entertainment category.

What, then, can radio do in its effort toward informing and enlightening the public?

It can dress up its information in a form so gripping, so fascinating, that it will hold attention. CBS has done this in its now-famous documentary programs, *The Eagle's Brood*, on juvenile delinquency, or *Open Letter*, on race riots, for example. It can cast the information, as these two programs did, into dramatic form, dress it with music, provide it with a cast of first-class actors, bring in writers of power.

Again, radio can put such informative programs in the place of a regular one. As an example, CBS's *Eagle Brood* appeared in place of the regularly scheduled *Information Please*, and the audience tuned to that program heard *The Eagle's Brood*, instead—and, incidentally, listened to it with attention. But the success of (Continued on page 95)

Luck *is* HARD

Acting is a merry-go-round: the music is gay, the

By
LURENE
TUTTLE

I WONDER if the first "split-personality" a psychologist ever discovered wasn't an actress? And if you're a *radio* actress as well, believe me—my personality isn't just split, it's all in little pieces.

In the morning I wake up, peer at myself in the mirror and—yes—I can recognize the red hair and the grey eyes that belong to Lurene Tuttle; but an hour later I'm standing in front of a microphone, sneering my way through a broadcast as a blackhearted murderess . . . or as an eighty-year-old grandmother . . . or as a brat . . . or as a queen . . . or a barmaid.

And that goes on all day long.

Is it any wonder I sometimes wonder just who Lurene Tuttle is? Not only are there all these make-believe characters I slip in and out of during broadcasting hours—but there's the *me* that is mother to my teen-age Barbara. And the *me* that likes to prowling around in dusty antique shops for the little porcelain dogs I collect. And likes to play crazy word games with friends or settle weighty problems over a midnight pot of coffee.

And there's the *me* that's known around the studios as "The Rock." (It doesn't apply, they tell me, to the way I look; I can't gain an ounce over my hundred and two pounds and I stopped growing at five feet three.) It's short for the Rock of Gibraltar, that symbol of stability and dependability. Maybe it's not glamorous, but I'd rather be known as "The Rock" than as almost anything else, because it indicates that I've been at least a little successful in being where I'm supposed to be *when* I'm supposed to be there, and in giving the best performance I know how no matter what the part.

I say *almost* anything else. That



WORK

rings are bright—but sometimes you do get dizzy

means that, above all, I want to be the me that's Barbara's mother.

I don't understand actresses who are ashamed to admit they have grown-up daughters. Barbara is in High School, and I see no point in talking about her as "my little girl," trying to disguise my age, as I've heard some do. I'm a lot more apt to brag about her! She's bright and she's pretty and some day I think she'll be showing *me* how to act.

Barbara's father, Mel Ruick, and I were divorced a few years ago. We're still good friends. Though his radio announcing keeps him in New York, Mel was able to spend Christmas here with Barbara and they are still a close father-and-daughter team. But, for most of the year, it's just the two of us, and Miss Johnson, who looks after us both. And, of course, all of Barbara's friends. . . . I'll never forget, for instance, last New Year's Eve. It's seldom I go to a party, but this one I was looking forward to. Yet—promptly at twelve midnight I had to excuse myself, explain hastily to my escort, and drive home and then taxi an assorted bunch of some twenty-five kids from Barbara's party to their respective homes which were scattered all over the San Fernando Valley! I got back to my own party and date at two-thirty in the morning, just as all the other guests were yawning their way out the front door.

But I'm no Big Sister, only, to Babs. I'm her mother. She comes to me with help with her problems as well as for her fun. Whether it's boy-friends or clothes or our endless discussions of what she will do when she's "grown-up," I try my honest best to help her. We have our rules, too. When it comes to schoolwork—my share is helping in research, but she's the one to actually do the job.

And there's one opening night I'm looking forward to as intensely as if it were my own premiere of the movie "Heaven Only Knows."

Babs and her gang of friends have made a movie of their own, with themselves as actors, and they tell me its showing is to have an audience of one. The kids have decided that only Mother Tuttle is to be permitted to peek at it, because it seems they feel I'll take a professional attitude and not a parental one . . . and they're afraid of shocking their own families!

I do understand— (Continued on page 81)



★ "Once, for a rehearsal with Dick Haymes, I tried to save time—I wore my scrublady outfit straight from the Heaven Only Knows set. I'll never do that again!"



★ "No matter how many personalities I'm split into during the day, the most important remains intact: I'm a mother and homemaker for my daughter Barbara."

Red Letter Day for

SKIPPY

As Carolyn and Dick watched, Skippy gave them a cherubic smile and went off to sleep.



On the air, as in this story, written especially for Radio Mirror, Carolyn Kramer is played by Claudia Morgan, Dr. Campbell by Les Damon.



Love for her child is part of every
woman's Right to Happiness. Your heart,
with Carolyn's, will skip a beat as
you hear her cry, "My little boy is lost!"

IT WAS a perfect Sunday scene on a perfect summer morning. The children filing out the side door of the church looked like children in a painting—a little stiff in the fresh, brightly colored dresses, in the neat Sunday suits. The sun shone upon the curls, the braids, the short Dutch bobs of the little girls, upon the sleekly combed heads of the little boys. They fanned out as they neared the sidewalk, raced to join the parents who waited at the front entrance. My son Skippy was one of those who took the forbidden short-cut across the lawn.

"Mommie!" he shouted. "Look what I got—"

It was a shame to dim the brightness of his face, but the lawn had recently been resodded, and only last Sunday the minister had made a special, parenthetical request for its preservation.

"Skippy," I said, "you crossed the lawn."

"I was in a hurry," he said, as if that explained everything. "Look, Mommie—"

"It wouldn't have taken a minute longer to come by the walk. And, Skippy, the gardener has to work hard to keep the lawn looking nice—"

"The other kids crossed it, too. Mom, look—"

I gave up. I stooped to admire the small silver star he exhibited in his lapel.

"That's very handsome," I said. "What's it for?"

Skippy's eyes shone proudly.

"Attendance," he said. "Because I haven't missed once. Next time I get a gold one."

"A gold one will be wonderful." I rose, held out my hand. "It's time for church."

He pulled back. "Do we have to go?"

I was surprised—although I suppose I should have been surprised that objection hadn't come sooner. You can't blame a young child for rebelling at an hour and a half of very adult ceremony.

But up until now, he'd enjoyed church, for his own reasons. He liked the music, especially when the full-throated organ went all stops out in a triumphant passage. He liked the stately (*Continued on page 77*)

*The touch of a fingertip
can grant a heartfelt wish.
It won two young people
a wedding ring*



It was at fiancée Dodee's suggestion that Philip Ramirez wrote for tickets to MBS's Quick as a Flash (5:30 Sunday afternoons). They went for a half hour of fun, came away with a lot more!



For the big money, Producer Dick Lewis collected the highest winner

BEING on Quick as a Flash happened to me so effortlessly—and turned out to be so helpful to my courtship and marriage—that I still can't believe it. What's more, it's the only radio show I was ever on. It goes like this:

I was first on the program away back in November, 1945. I remember it well. I'd come back from three solid years in the Pacific, and I was still a Chief Pharmacist's Mate in the U. S. Navy. But now I was stationed in New York City, and back living with my family in the Bronx. Also, I was going out a lot with another Chief Pharmacist's Mate (a very pretty one)—who was a Wave. We worked at adjoining desks down at Third Naval District Headquarters in New York City, you see.

Well, one Sunday afternoon I turned on the family radio. It was 5:30, and for the next half-hour I listened, fascinated, to Mutual Broadcasting Company's Quick as a Flash quiz show. I might add that I also listened in complete frustration—because I guessed every answer 'way ahead of the radio contestants, and the suffering it caused me was plenty!

From then on I listened to it, Sunday after Sunday—and always gnashing my teeth because I always knew the answers. Finally one Sunday Dodee (that's my Wave) was listening to the program with me. She said briskly, "Listen, Phil, why don't you stop agonizing and write in for tickets to the show? Then you can be a contestant yourself, maybe!"

This had never occurred to me. But at her insistence, I sat down and wrote in to Mutual for tickets—and got two back for the next Sunday's show. I asked Dodee to go with



By
Philip
Ramirez

As told to
ELEANOR HARRIS

of the previous two years to compete against each other. Philip (right) came out top man.

me to the broadcasting studio, and all the way there I told her that I was just being silly to go—because how did I know I'd be one of those chosen?

But I needn't have worried. We got inside, sat down, and producer Dick Lewis' opening words were, "Is there anyone here from the medical corps of the Army or Navy?" Duck soup. I just spoke up, and in no time I was sitting at a long table on the stage with the five other chosen contestants, waiting for the program to start.

The idea of Quick as a Flash, as you doubtless know, is that it's a quiz show, with several dramatic skits acted out in charades by a cast of actors. One skit might enact a current movie; the next might be a musical quiz; in any case, the contestant needn't speak up at all if he doesn't want to. But if you think you know the answer, you press a buzzer that shoots out a streak of lightning—and you get a chance to guess. If you're correct, you win varying amounts of money. If you're wrong, you simply sit out that question, waiting your turn for the following skit.

Well, the first skit I saw acted out was a current movie. I knew the answer before they were half through—it was "Wilson." I won! The next problem was to identify music (played by Ray Bloch's band) with outstanding personalities . . . the band played "Piccolino" and I buzzed, and then said, "Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire." Right again! Then came the mystery skit, which they have on every show, with a guest detective from another radio program. This time the guest detective was Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons. He told a brief murder mystery, and in the story were all the (Continued on page 85)



Dodee's still 'a Wave, as Philip forges ahead toward that all-important M.D.

Ma Perkins OFFERS



1. Junior, Ma Perkins' grandson, has come to the lumberyard on an errand for his mother. Ma tells him that she has heard of a stranger in town, and Junior reluctantly admits that he has seen and talked with the young man. Not liking the frightened look on her grandson's face, Ma suggests that he invite his new friend to tea at her home that afternoon—he must be lonesome, a stranger in town and all, and no doubt would like to make friends. Junior mumbles that he doesn't know whether he'll come, but he will ask him. And bit by bit, Ma gets the whole story of Junior's meeting with the young man, Rufus Miller.

A HELPING HAND



2. Junior, it seems, met Rufus on a corner in Rushville Center and fell into conversation with him. Rufus is in need of money, Junior thinks, but doesn't seem to want to work for it.

RUSHVILLE CENTER, where Ma Perkins lives, has a bank, a motion picture house, a shady Main Street. It is a warm, friendly, sleepy place—except for Ma, herself. She has been running the lumberyard since her husband's death and is a friend to everyone.

In this new Ma Perkins picture story, written especially for Radio Mirror, are Ma's daughters: Faye, who lives with Ma; Evey, who is married to Willy Fitz, an amiable good fellow who will never set the world afire; the Fitz's son, Junior; Shuffle Shober, Ma's assistant and her very good friend.

Ma Perkins is heard twice daily, Monday through Friday: 1:15 P.M., EDT, CBS, and 3:15, EDT, NBC.



3. Discussions like this one are often overheard by Junior. His parents, Evey and Willy Fitz, talk about money—or the lack of it. Evey wants to “keep up with the Joneses”—but can't on Willy's salary.

4. Shuffle Shober, too, has something to add to Ma's store of information about Junior and the stranger. It seems that Shuffle overheard the two talking in the local ice cream parlor—talking about “easy money” and ways to make it in Rushville Center. Shuffle is worried.





5. Shuffle, Ma, and Faye, her daughter, consult. "You say he looks respectable," says Ma to Shuffle. "Let's see why he'd rather steal than work." And so the decision to ask Junior to invite Rufus to tea is made.



6. Ma Perkins has a way with people. They'll talk to her if to no one else—and Rufus is no exception. He tells Ma that he is a veteran, returned to find his wife faithless. Now he needs money—enough to get him to his mother's home.



9. And so Rufus wins the battle with himself. Banker Pendleton, not one to judge people on sight, is annoyed with Ma for entrusting her money to a stranger. And isn't this man's face familiar, he thinks. Hasn't he seen it—yes, on a notice sent out by police of a nearby town! He asks Rufus to wait, then sends for Ma and Constable Tookey.



10. Junior listens, too, as Tookey arrests Rufus. It's only right, says Ma, that he pay the penalty for the crime bad luck drove him to—but she still has faith in him.



7. As Rufus is about to go, Ma recalls that she has forgotten to deposit the lumberyard receipts in the bank today. Will Rufus do her a favor and leave the money at Banker Pendleton's home for her? After a moment's hesitation, Rufus takes the box and leaves.

8. It is in his hands—the money Rufus determined to get “by hook or crook.” All he has to do is leave town and it's his. But it has been such a long time since anyone had faith in Rufus, since anyone has trusted him!



11. Ma tells Evey and Willy the story. Rufus, she tells them, will work in the lumberyard when he's served his sentence. “I think,” she hints in conclusion, “boys like Rufus—like Junior, too—hear and think too much about the importance of money!”



Nancy IS A

Covering Cover Girl Nancy Gates—

whose days have more activities

than hours to accomplish them!



Brother Pete makes very clear his opinion of Nancy's talent when it comes to the guitar.

TEXAS has been called the state of Tall Tales and Beautiful Women—and, just in case there are any doubters in the other forty-seven states, comes along a young radio actress by the name of Nancy Gates as living proof of *both claims*. Native daughter of the Lone Star land, Nancy is as pretty a girl as ever stood up in front of a microphone . . . and the story of how she got there measures up well against those drawling campfire tales Texans love to spin about jackrabbits who can hop from one end of the state to another, or hoop-rolling rattlesnakes.

The only difference between Nancy's story and a real Tall Tale is—*hers is true*.

She was a bona-fide elected College Sweetheart when she was still just a baby of three. At eleven, she was an established career woman in radio. At thirteen, she was a motion picture star in Hollywood. And now—but let's go back and start at the beginning—

Denton, Texas, where Nancy lived as a child, was a college town and the life and pulse of its activities centered around the campus and the students of North Texas State College. But it was still quite an event when the college stage band chose Miss Nancy Gates, age three years and two months, as their official Sweetheart.

Stepping practically from bassinet to Big-Time, Nancy's first appearance be-

Nancy Gates is heard regularly on Masquerade, Adventures of Richard Davis, Radio Theatre, Stars Over Hollywood.

WORKING GIRL

By

IRIS NOBLE

fore the footlights was in the college yearly operetta where she appeared, cherub-fashion, in long white nightgown and carrying a candle and singing "Sleepytown Express."

At the time where other little girls are dreaming idly of what-they-were-going-to-be-when-they-grow-up, Nancy was already a career woman in radio. At twelve, she was playing in radio shows over Station WFAA, in Denton, under the sponsorship of the college voice and drama department; at thirteen she had her own program, starring Nancy Gates, singer. And at that same year and tender age, she was spotted by RKO talent scouts and brought to Hollywood on a signed contract for motion pictures. Of course, it was wonderful to be a featured starlet in RKO's "Master Race"; to have the opportunity of acting in "This Land is Mine" with a great man like Charles Laughton; to see her name in lights on theater marquees in "Spanish Main."

But what cinches her story for the Tall Tale department is that all this business of being a child radio prodigy and a child star has left Nancy singularly unimpressed, both with herself and her good fortune. *Nancy wants, most in the world, to go to school!*

Back there in Denton, as she wended her way in and out of WFAA's radio station doors, Nancy was always conscious of the college life going on around



She comes from Texas, state of Tall Tales and Beautiful Women, measures up to both claims. The Tale is even true!



A bona-fide College Sweetheart at the age of three, at eleven Nancy was established as a career woman in radio and the movies.

her. She was much too young, then, of course, but she vowed that someday it would be hers.

You'd think it would be easy, now that Nancy is old enough, for her to stop work and go to college. Financially, yes—there's nothing to stop her.

But with the years, something happened. The dream didn't fade, but it changed. She is still determined to go to college and next year will see her enrolled as a freshman at UCLA. (She says this with her fingers crossed, hopefully.) But neither will she give up her radio career.

Coming from those wide-open spaces of Texas, Nancy finds the life she lives nowadays in a tiny Hollywood apartment a bit on the cramped side, especially since she shares said apartment with her big brother Pete. Whom she adores. A favorite evening pastime is their Castle-in-Spain dreaming of the really big apartment they are going to find someday or the really big house they might build—next year.

Big enough, anyway, to hold a piano.

Nancy sings. Brother Pete is a song composer for Eagle-Lion Studios. Could anything be more frustrating to a couple of musicians than to live in a place where pianos are forbidden—out of consideration for thin walls and neighbors' sensitive ears—and nothing larger (or louder) than a guitar is permitted?

So Pete sweats out his composing by plucking the notes from the guitar, balancing it on his knees as he writes. And if he forcibly refrains from hurling it at the walls, sometimes, and if somehow the songs do get written and written well—it is a measure of that young man's talents. When it's Nancy's turn to strum, Pete makes his feelings audible and—she says, indignantly—even holds his nose as she tortures the instrument with inexpert fingers. And he does wish she would sing something—*anything!*—other than her night-after-night favorite rendition of "Foggy Foggy Dew."

But for all the discomforts, life in the Gates home is

Nancy IS A WORKING GIRL



Home, for the Gates girl, is a place where she does the exercises which keep that very elegant size-twelve figure of hers at par.

an energetic one. It's an eye-on-the-future life.

It might make for good reading to say that Nancy had transformed those three-rooms-and-a-bath into a bower of loveliness. But it just isn't so. Right now she's just too busy to be bothered with many of those well-known "womanly touches" that are supposed to bring out the Dorothy Draper in any girl. Beyond a few flounces and frills she's dashed around and a little sprinkling of heart-shaped porcelain mottoes on walls and desk to brighten things up, Nancy has preferred to let well-enough alone. And washed her hands of the whole thing . . . satisfied to let her interior decorating urges wait for that bigger apartment or that big dream house.

HOME to Nancy is a place to change her hat between radio programs. It's a place to eat and sleep and do those exercises necessary to keep her shapely size twelve in perfect trim. It's a place to read a little now and then—and once in a while to have the gang over for cokes and for one of those excellent supper snacks she turns out.

Because she is a super cook. She never took a



Home, too, is a place where the mail keeps piling up. Family, friends and listeners—she loves them all and answers them all.

lesson in her life and she's never opened a cookbook. But a pinch of this and a dab of that and Nancy has a meal any chef would be proud of. She's a natural—but she doesn't pretend to like it.

Most of her friends are professional people. That would be only natural since almost all of her years have been spent in theatrical circles. A good friend in Hollywood is screen star Maureen O'Hara with whom she lived for a while when brother Pete was Lieutenant Peter Gates during the war and Maureen's husband, Will Price, was overseas with the Marine Corps.

That doesn't mean she's lost track of the folks in Denton. Mother and Father Gates are still there, and Nancy still corresponds and visits with her "best" girl friend and with all the other kids she knew back there.

Mail is becoming quite a problem to Nancy. She likes people and she attracts people so that, day by day, her correspondence grows. Now that fan mail from her radio listeners has been added to the list, the basket on her desk that holds unanswered letters is never empty—and usually is crammed full to bursting.

With Nancy, radio and the life that revolves around a broadcasting studio—its challenges and its successes, its disappointments and its hard, hard work—has become as natural to her as her own breathing. To her, the people in radio are a closed group and she is only happy when she is a member of that group. When she is being Vicki, in *Masquerade*, or playing her frequent parts on *Radio Theatre*, the *Adventures of Richard Davis*, or *Stars Over Hollywood*.

Oddly enough—when you remember she started her career as a cherub-singer—Nancy prefers acting to singing. There are only two songs, "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' that Man" that she loves to and will sing anywhere, at the drop of a hat. And there's a story behind those songs.

It happened like this. It (Continued on page 93)



The present apartment is too small for a piano, but Nancy practices anyway, while dreaming of the house she wants to build.

Find beauty
here to add to the
warm contentment of
half-past summer days

Between the

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Changed Plan

Exultant to be leaving it at last;
All packed and ready now to go, she looks
Around the rented room where, long months past,
She's sat, companioned only by her books.
Too deaf to listen to the radio,
Unless she turned it high, which might annoy
The other roomers, she has had to know,
In unshared silence, what she could of joy.
But now a thrilling journey lies ahead—
Two days, one night on a swift, streamlined train;
Soon, Nan's dear babies coming to her bed
To waken her with—"Gran! Gran!"—shrill refrain.
A knock that is a telegram—"Changed plan.
Can't have you now. So sorry. Writing—Nan."

—Violet Alleyn Storey.

SONNET

I loved but once but wisdom never came
Until it was too late. I loved too much
The steady glow of love a fire became
Until it was too dangerous to touch.
We have learned well who learn in time
the art
Of love without possession, that we can
Not own a person, only warm his heart
And love him. Ah, too late I knew the plan;
The love I sought to own has broken free
And only loneliness is left for me.

—Bill Ford

A radio comic of wealth
Enjoyed the best of good health,
But, you'll be saddened to hear it,
He's been broken in spirit
Since he found he stole gags
from himself.

—John L. O'Toole

TRAVEL LOG

It makes no difference what resort
I travel to for rest or sport,
Or what the season of the year,
Or whether it is cheap or dear,
Or even whether the cuisine
Is plentiful or very lean,
At least a thousand people know
The time and place I choose to go,
And be it cold or be it hot
All travel to the *selfsame* spot!

—Addison H. Hallock

From RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor
be afraid!"

—Robert Browning

Return

A heart returns to places it has known
And loved a while, with no more provocation
Than these: some haunting fragrance which is
blown
Across a field, the sight of V-formation
Of wild geese, music drifting through a door
As it came through another, long ago,
Or just the way a river laps its shore,
Or turning of a street, or sun on snow.
A heart will not forget a place, nor name
Of it, nor any loveliness about
It, nor the highway back, although it came
Away decades ago, perhaps, without
A map. And if one ever try to keep
The heart bound, it will seek its own, in sleep.

—Elaine V. Emans



Bookends



By **TED MALONE**

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC

HALF-PAST SUMMER

O warm was the day with a green wind blowing,
As we raced hand in hand through the butter-cup-leas.
And your hair was like sunshine, flickering and flowing,
And your laughter was muted as pollen-brushed bees.

O we sat by the brookside and set us to weaving
A maple-leaf bonnet from stem and from leaf.
With the hat on your gold hair, we kissed,
both believing
That this was forever . . . but summer is brief!

Yes, summer is brief! And the road we would follow
Was strewn with transient daisies and vows.
Young love lasts as long as the flight of a swallow,
And fades like the petals on pink-and-white boughs.

—Eunice Mildred LonCoske

Reminder

Love finds her own
Though the days seem
Lost in the lonely
Stillness of dream.

Though the rose tremble,
Though bud and leaf
Through the long silence
Whisper their grief.

Though the heart falter
Weary and lone,
Through storm and shadow
Love finds her own.

—Sydney King Russell

LOVE IN AN ORCHARD

Timothy Thomas has fallen in love
But what is the darling enamored of?

Not you, not me, but an orange tree;
For Timothy Thomas, not yet three

Is up and out at the crack of dawn
With only his skin and his slippers on.

To snatch at oranges and pry them loose
From the leaning tree; and it's not the juice

Nor the pithy sections that seem to please,
But the hard cold fact that they grow on trees

And not, as Timothy thought before,
In a slatted crate in a grocery store.

—LoVerne Wilson Brown

RADIO MIRROR

will pay \$50 each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.





Ted Malone's story of a girl whose

HERE'S the fascinating thing to me about radio—you literally never know what effect you're going to have when you go on the air.

Oh, you know how your program is going to affect the general run of listeners—the ones who hear you each day, the ones for whom today is not a particular date, not one which should be circled in red on their private calendar. But what of the others—the girl whose wedding day this is, the mother for whom this day marks the anniversary of her son's death, the woman who will always remember today as the one on which a gossiping neighbor told her a long, and probably untrue, story about her husband? What of them? How can I know that in choosing the story I am going to tell, the poem I am going to read, I may be adding another drop to a cup of joy, or another draught to a cup of bitterness?

And, of course, the answer is that I can't know. I can't know all the people who may listen today, and plan a program for each individual. Nor can I know, in most cases, how what I have said or read has affected a life. I can't know, unless the person writes to me, and tells me about it—unless we, the girls and I here in my office, are told the answers upon which we so often speculate.

Yes, we very often play our game of "suppose." Suppose, for instance, that a boy and a girl are out riding in a car on Sunday afternoon. Suppose they have reached a critical point in their relationship; they know a decision must be made, and neither is willing to make it. Suppose they turn on the radio, giving themselves a little more time, delaying the decision a little longer. And suppose that on the radio they hear a voice . . .

This girl—we'll call her Elaine Carter—was a city girl, as modern and streamlined as the offices of the large corporation which employed her. When her boss was sent west to open a branch office in Bison City, she went with him. There was nothing to keep her in New York. She had no immediate family, no friends who were especially close.

Frank Weber was a farmer, a big young man, good-



heart warned her to

looking in a clean masculine way. Mr. Gail, Elaine's boss, said that he was one of the most progressive and best-liked men in the district, and a great help to the company in the cooperative crop-insurance plan they were trying to sponsor. He lived with his parents on their farm some ten miles out of Bison

City, but he came often to the office to see Mr. Gail. And from the very beginning, each time he came, he found some excuse to stop and talk with Elaine.

Once or twice he had dinner with Mr. Gail and Elaine at the local hotel. Gradually he fell into the habit of calling late at the office, so that he could walk Elaine to the boarding house where she was staying. Then he began stopping by the boarding house in the evenings, to spend an hour or two with her. A few times he took her to the movies, and to the dances at the town hall. All through the summer months Elaine was spending several evenings a week with him—and yet each meeting, even the movies and dances, came about so casually that they hardly seemed dates at all.

Mr. Gail watched the romance with amusement, and then interest, and finally, with concern.

"How is it going?" he asked Elaine one morning.

"I don't know," she answered flatly. She didn't want to talk about it, not when the very thought of Frank roused in her a mixture of joy and longing and hurt and bewilderment. She knew that he was with her every minute he could spare from his work. He talked to her freely—about crops and insurance and his farm and his animals, and about Elaine, and about himself. But he never talked about Frank-and-Elaine. He never said "we" as if they were—or might ever be—together.

And yet she was sure that he loved her. He'd never suggested it by word or by gesture, but his eyes, and the tones of his voice, betrayed him sometimes.



Ted Malone's program is heard each Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EDT, ABC stations.

put honor before love

She left the office late one afternoon. As she came down the steep stairs of the old-fashioned building, she saw Frank's car at the curb, and Frank getting out of it. Her own response was uncontrollable—the quickening of her heart, the tingling sense of anticipation. He lifted his hand, hailing her. And there

it was again—the quick betraying gladness in his eyes, as quickly veiled. She knew right then that she was through. She couldn't stand any more of it . . . no more "accidental" meetings, no more evenings that lacked the one important ingredient for perfection.

"I'm in luck," he said. "I was wishing you'd have dinner with me."

She swallowed, and found her voice. "No," she said. "I can't."

He started. "You can't! Why not?" Then he flushed. "I'm sorry. I—I just—"

She turned away, with no heart for polite excuses. Let him be hurt, let him be the bewildered one for a change.

"Elaine—" His hand closed over her arm. She whirled on him.

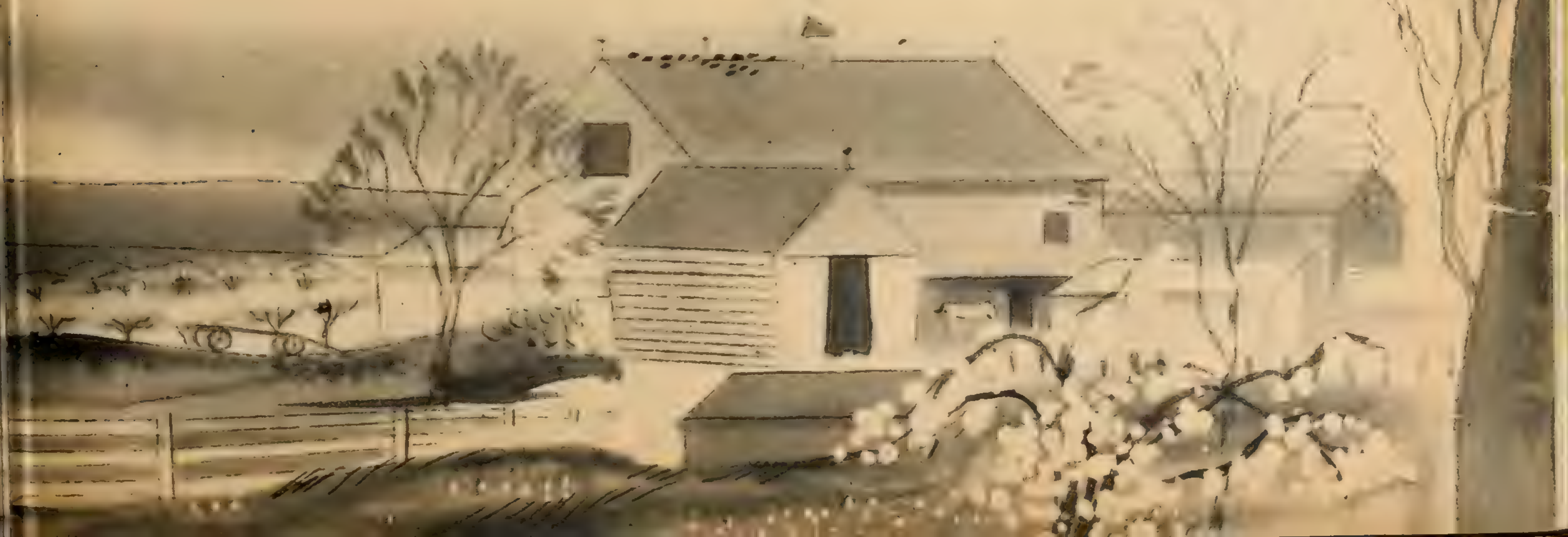
"Let me go!" she cried. "I'm not going to have dinner with you. I—just don't want to see you any more. Let go—"

"Not until you tell me—" He saw her eyes, and everything she felt was there, plain to read. His voice altered; the grip on her arm relaxed.

"At least let's get off the street," he said quietly. "We can't talk here."

She let herself be led to the car. She leaned back and closed her eyes, drew deep, steady breaths. When she looked up again, they were out of town, moving slowly down the highway. Frank talked as he drove, his eyes on the road.

"You know how I feel (Continued on page 95)



MIR. and MRS. MUSIC



Young Wayne's parents won't let him find it out—but he's the absolute center of the Baruch household.

Check your local stations for the recorded Frank Parker show, with vocals by Bea Wain. (WNBC in New York.)

Bea Wain and Andre Baruch believe

that some marriages are made in

heaven—but from there on success

is up to the couple themselves

By IRA KNASTER

THE Busy B's—songstress Bea Wain and her husband, announcer Andre Baruch—are a couple of contented cliff-dwellers with 840 acres of nice land at their doorstep.

No, this isn't the saga of the planning and building, brick by brick, of that dream house on a hilltop. This report is strictly from Manhattan and the "cliff" dwelling in question happens to be six sumptuous rooms 'way up on the sixteenth floor of a fashionable apartment house. The 840 acres of land is better known as Central Park.

"Be it ever so elegant, there's no place like home," Bea often chants while wending her weary way there with Andre after they've finished a grueling day at the studio. That's Bea's typically waggish way of expressing it but the parody sums up everything that really matters to this famous radio couple.

For them home is a haven from relentless schedules and split-second-accurate clocks that tyrannize their time. Home is a place where the rooms are large and graciously soothing to the senses. It's a place where no telephone calls come from squeaky-voiced adolescents who vow immediate self-destruction unless Bea casts off Andre and marries them. It is a place with wide windows that look out on a fantastically beautiful panorama of park and skyline.



The one mutual hobby that might have caused trouble has been brought under control and used to advantage: both love to talk, so they do—on their Mr. and Mrs. disc program.

Most important, home is where they can share precious hours with their chubby, bright-eyed, year-old son Wayne Edward.

Their combined at-the-microphone activity adds up to an average of 100 man-hours of work each week. Bea has her special radio commitments and her recording engagements. Andre has his Pathe Newsreel narrating assignments and his regular announcing chores on shows like *The Frank Parker Show* and *Exploring The Unknown*. All these activities consume seemingly endless hours away from home—cooped up in various sound-proof studios. But it's the doings in WMCA's Studio 3 that account for most of their staggering schedule. There, from noon until two and from four until five-thirty every afternoon, six days each week, Bea Wain and Andre Baruch are on the air as "Mr. and Mrs. Music." With a mike between them they sit talking about records, about vocalists and orchestras, talking the commercials, talking with their guest-celebrities and talking sense and nonsense with and at each other.

After such day-long gabbing on a professional basis you'd naturally conclude that, in their off-duty time, they'd clam up. But not so. During the fifteen-minute drive uptown in their cream-colored convertible Bea and Andre will begin chattering like

two high school kids in the first throes of romance. They'll swap appraising comments on how the show went that day. They'll lock verbal horns—in the best of humor, of course—on the pros and cons of some current political issue or the worth of some new Broadway opening.

But it's only a brief drive up Central Park West and in a matter of minutes the Baruchs are home. On floor sixteen they step from the elevator directly into their own foyer.

"Mr. and Mrs. Music" do not tarry in the spacious living room with its fireplace framed in huge mirrors, its deep, inviting chairs and its oyster gray, thick-napped carpeting. Instead, Mr. and Mrs. B make a beeline for another, smaller room—one whose linoleum floor and walls are done in bright, cheerful buttercup yellow. For Wayne will be in the nursery or the bathtub.

After the ablutions come calisthenics. Then after Wayne gets bored with this, Bea holds on to his tiny hands while Andre makes music (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) on a two-bit mouth organ, for Wayne's version of the conga-cancan.

Visitors to the Baruch menage—especially female visitors—often throw up their hands in horror at the sight of Wayne romping (*Continued on page 76*)

It's a

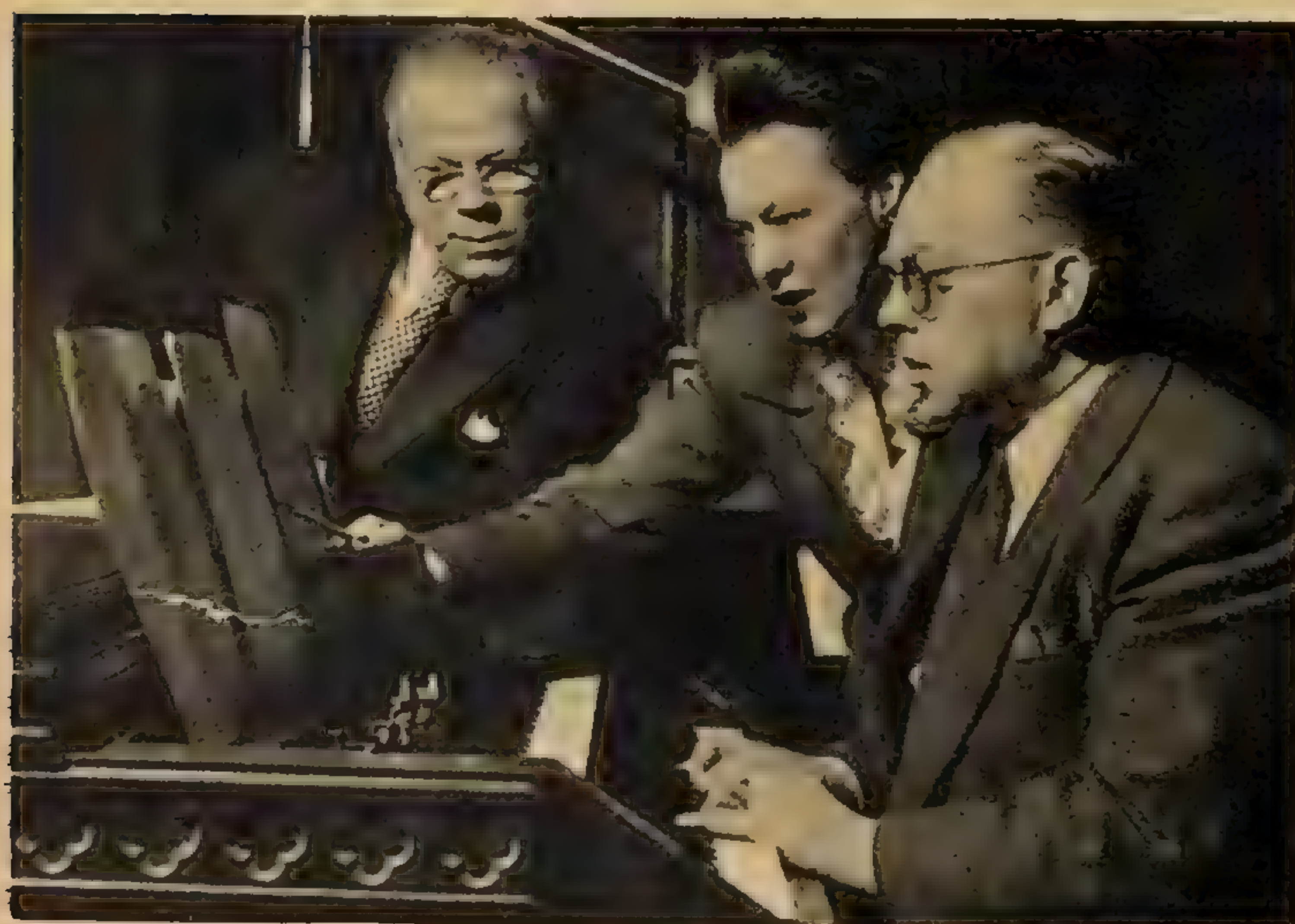
Most tricks go
to the music-wise, but
no one loses on
CBS's quiz-with-songs



Radio-wise Irene Beasley owns, produces, m.c.'s Grand Slam; only a few months old, it attracts huge listener-mail, large studio audience.



Listener-mail is the program's backbone: from these letters come the questions Irene puts to contestants.



Questions, always musical, are worked out with pianist Bob Downey and organist Abe Goldman.

GRAND SLAM is one radio program where the listener and the radio contestants are competing briskly against each other—with prizes flying in all directions, including to the listener. You can tune in Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M., EDT, over CBS. It's a fifteen-minute musical quiz headed by cheerful Irene Beasley. And, although it is only a few months old, it's gluing millions of ears to loudspeakers these days.

It goes like this: You, the listener, send in a popular song suggestion, and five questions which apply to the song. Then Irene sings it to a contestant, asks him the five questions—and he can win five prizes (Grand Slam) plus a \$100 savings bond. He can also lose them all to you, the listener!

Sometimes the type of quiz varies, but always it's musical. And always Irene Beasley acts as mistress of ceremonies—she's also the owner and producer of the show.

"Bease," Tennessee-born, was musical from her earliest days, when her grandmother didn't have to force her to practice her piano pieces—she did it willingly. The musical bent survived some years of schoolteaching, until she couldn't keep, finally, from writing a song. It sold, and not only that—her voice on the vocal sold her as an entertainer. In 1929 she was signed by CBS, and hasn't stopped singing since. She's tall, sparkling, and always surrounded by visiting relations.

Other Grand Slam regulars are announcer Dwight Weist, director Victor Sack, pianist Bob Downey, organist Abe Goldman, and stage director Roger Strouse. All those chef's caps and aprons are supplied by the sponsor, and the prizes are ninety per week. That's Grand Slam!

GRAND SLAM!



1. Stage director Roger Strouse and Irene check Marie Kennebeck's number; it's lucky, and she's a contestant.



2. "Song meaning 'Nestle With Greater Proximity'? 'Snuggle Up a Little Closer'," says Marie. Weist says: "Right!"



3. But Marie misses the other four of her five questions, so four prizes go to listener who sent them in.



4. Marie's one correct answer wins a glittering picnic kit. "Come again," Irene urges, "and make a Grand Slam!"



LIFE CAN BE

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, can be heard

"THEY'VE COME HOME"

Radio Mirror's \$100 Letter

Dear Papa David:

Like so many other young couples reunited after the war, my husband and I thought all our problems had been solved the day his ship came in. Bill got a big kick out of meeting his nine-month-old son, and he had little difficulty in landing a good job. No re-adjustment worries for us; life looked very beautiful indeed.

Then we were transferred from New York to San Francisco, and began the almost hopeless search for a place to live. For three months we moved from one hotel to another, just keeping one jump ahead of the five-day limit. My husband set off to work each day leaving me with a list of rent ads to answer by phone. He spent his lunch hour knocking on doors, trying to get a lead. In the evening we packed Billy in his basket and went out to track down all the clues we'd had during the day. Always the answer was the same: "Sorry, no vacancies." "Sorry, no children allowed."

Hotel life is expensive, and the savings account, which had been built up with carefully hoarded allotment checks, was all but gone. After eighteen months apart, we didn't look forward to another separation. But Bill was desperate, and ready to send me and young Bill back to New York to live with my parents until the housing shortage let up. With mixed emotions we learned that a new baby was on the way. It was then that we read the tiny ad in an obscure section of the evening news: *Attic apartment to let—*

only veteran with family need apply. It took us all of five minutes to reach the address.

A kindly-faced woman answered our knock, and smiled as if she recognized us. "They're here, Will," she called to the elderly man in the next room. And almost before we knew it, she was holding the baby and leading us up the stairs. The apartment was perfect with its tiny kitchen and bath, its large, masculine bedroom, and the small sitting-room overlooking the wide, shady street. Forty dollars a month—we could scarcely believe our good fortune.

As we left to go back to the hotel to pack, Bill, Jr. was seated happily on Mrs. Neale's lap. "No, leave him here," she had said, "it's like having our own boy home again. They were his rooms, you know, but he was lost on the beach at Anzio, and he won't be coming back." Bill held my hand tightly as we walked to the car, and I know we were both marveling at the wisdom and courage of these people who could find beauty in their lives again by making a home for another boy.

Mrs. B. B.

A WILL AND A WAY

Dear Papa David:

I am paralyzed from the shoulders down and my hands are completely paralyzed, due to a spinal injury sustained in 1943. In spite of the fact that I am unable to use my hands, legs, or lower trunk, I still find that life can be beautiful. I am not so helpless as you might expect me to

New shoes for a little girl, new hope for a stricken man, a new





BEAUTIFUL

Monday through Friday on your local NBC station, at 12 Noon, PDT; 1 P.M., MDT; 2 P.M., CDT; 3 P.M., EDT

be for in spite of the fact that I am unable to use my hands, or lower trunk, I am able to type over forty words a minute, write fairly well, feed myself, shave and bathe myself, dress myself, get out of bed and into my wheel-chair alone, propel my specially designed wheel-chair all over, walk in braces in a specially designed walker and many other things.

How do I manage to do all these things in my condition? Well, I have typing sticks that fit on my hands that I hit the keys of the typewriter with, I have a specially designed handle on my spoon, fork, razor, pen and pencils, I have loops sewed on the sides of my trousers that I can put my hands through and thereby pull the trousers on, I have pencils taped crosswise on my radio knobs so that I can turn them just by pushing on the pencils even though I can't grasp the knobs with my fingers. These and many other gadgets and contrivances enable me to be quite independent of help.

It wasn't easy to learn to use all of these gadgets nor was it easy to design them and make them. But my friends were wonderful to help me out, they made gadget after gadget for me until they got something that seemed suitable. At first it took me over an hour to feed myself, I had to rest between bites. My family said they would rather feed me than have me working so hard in order to feed myself, but I wouldn't let them. The first few times I put my own trousers on it took me almost an hour of struggling to accomplish the feat, but now I can put them on in less than five minutes.

At present, I run a little mail order business, handle sales of stationery, greeting cards, magazine subscriptions, books and several other small articles. I spend about eight hours a day working here at my desk. I also do a little writing and make out income tax reports and I'm trying to get started writing insurance. With all of this to keep me busy I haven't time for destructive self pity.

I correspond with many shut-ins and handicapped people. A movie was made of me and my gadgets recently at Wisconsin General Hospital. This movie is being shown at veterans' hospitals and to other paralyzed victims all over the U. S. and Canada. I hope that it will be of some help to them.

I used to listen to the (Continued on page 68)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

laky — these are the stuff of which life's beauty is fashioned



MEL, the LION- HEARTED



"Touch nothing but the handle," the stranger warned, in a

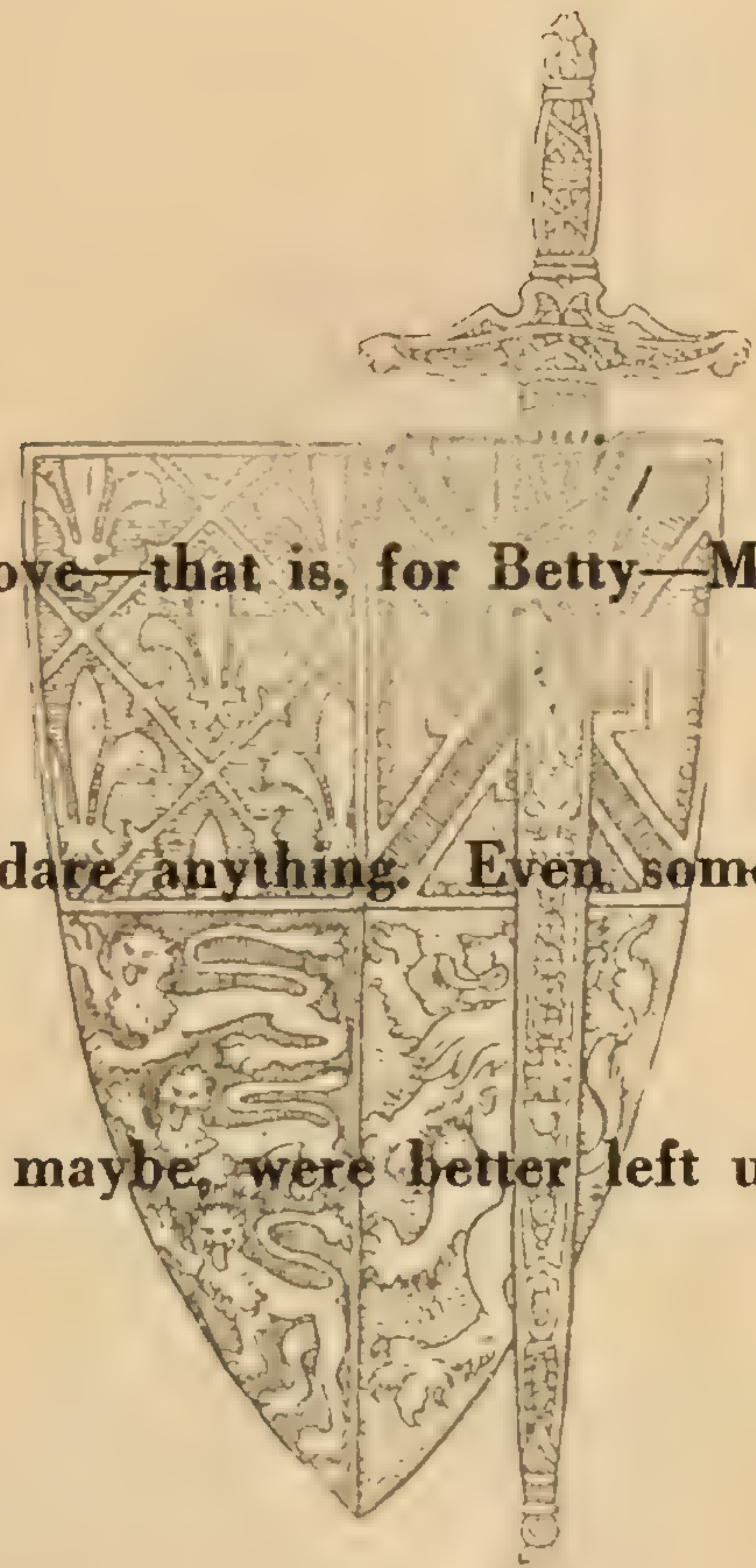
"—And—furthermore—Mel Blanc—you're a good-for-nothing! Look at you! Tinkering around in this silly Fix-It shop while other young men your age are getting ahead in the world. They'll be Captains of Industry while you're still swabbing decks—and you have the nerve to want to marry my daughter! Let me tell you—"

Mr. Colby was warming up well to his favorite subject and he shook a heavy finger at the young man across the store counter from him. The young man, in turn, tried to keep his face dutifully respectful and properly chastened—but it was difficult with the dazzling vision of Betty Colby winking at him behind her father's back. The best he could manage was a sickly grin.

In this story, written for Radio Mirror, you meet Mel Blanc just as he's heard in his Fix-It Shop program, Tuesday night



For love—that is, for Betty—Mel Blanc
will dare anything. Even some things
that, maybe, were better left un-dared



By IRIS NOBLE

voice so menacing that it scared Betty and Mel into panic.

"—and you'd better start amounting to something pretty soon, Mel Blanc, or I'll put a stop to your seeing Betty. We Colbys have a social standing to maintain in this town, remember. Why—" now Mr. Colby drew himself up proudly—"our family have been the pinnacle of respectability here for generations. My greatgrandfather, Hezekiah Colby, was one of the first settlers, and his son—"

"Wasn't that old 'Cokey Colby,' the one who—"

"Never mind!" Mr. Colby glared at him and slapped his hat on his head and then turned to his daughter. "Betty—remember—you're not to have any date with Mel tonight. You're going with me to Banker Grimes' party. They're the richest peo-

ple in town and this is the biggest social affair—and it's one place where Mel Blanc will never be invited!" He strode out the door, turning, as he left, to snarl over his shoulder—"The town's tinker!" at Mel.

The door slammed behind him.

"What did he call me?" Mel asked, apprehensively.

"The town's tinker." Betty perched herself up on the counter beside him.

He sighed. "That's what I thought—it sounds the same even when you say it."

"Gee, Mel. What are we going to do? Daddy's getting so angry with you."

"Don't worry, Betty," (Continued on page 90)

Come and Visit PHIL BAKER

It's California-style living with a difference, 'at the Bakers'

By PAULINE SWANSON



Pigeon-feeding helps counteract the waistline-broadening effect of Irmgard's Danish cooking.

WHEN Phil's programs originate in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Baker live in high style in a handsome and formal four story house in Ninety-first Street, where they manage with the full time services of a cook, a butler, a waitress, a second maid, a laundress and a gardener.

When the programs are in Hollywood—where Phil brought a show last fall for an anticipated four or five weeks and it remained for almost a year—they hide away in a woodsy canyon in a compact little five-room bungalow where Irmgard does all of the cooking and Phil helps out with the dishes. And they have the time of their lives.

"Buying the little house was one of those emergency things," Phil explains. "We were losing our lease on the place we were renting in Beverly Hills. There was no place to go—no hotel vacancies, no apartments for rent. We didn't want to buy a big house on the inflated market.

"Irmgard set out alone to find a roof to cover our



One of Phil's programs was to have originated in California for only a few weeks. But Phil kept it there a year!



Come and Visit

PHIL BAKER



What's different about the Baker house is that everybody helps, all the time.

heads—a *small* roof, we had decided, since we were such impermanent westerners. She saw this little shoe-box, fell in love with the garden which sprawls for half an acre up the side of a mountain in back and bought it without so much as inquiring whether or not the house had inside plumbing."

"But it *has*," Mrs. Baker is quick to defend herself.

"Yes," says Phil. "It has one bathroom, for which Irmgard and her mother and father—who have been visiting us—and I stand in line every morning. We had *six* bathrooms in the house in New York. There isn't any maid's room, so we haven't any maid . . ."

"We have a *lovely* maid," Irmgard puts in, "who comes in twice a week to do the heavy cleaning."

"I have a *lovely wife*," is the way Phil sees it, "who works her fingers to the bone. Work, work, work. All day long. Up in the morning, to make breakfast. Quick one-two with the vacuum and the dust mop. Whip up the beds. Time to go shopping. Hurry to so-and-so's market where the meat is best. Double back to such-and-such market where the staples are not so high. Hurry home. Time to make lunch."



An emergency-housing arrangement turned into the b

"After lunch," says Mrs. B., "Phil helps with the dishes, so there isn't a thing to do until it's time to get dinner."

"Not a thing to do unless you count cultivating the citrus trees, and pruning the fuchsias, and putting leaf mold on the rose bushes and sprinkling the lawn . . ."

"And chopping wood. My seventy-five-year-old father-in-law chopped up all that pile of wood for the fireplace."

"Maybe what I should have said," Irmgard puts in, smiling, "is that *Phil* doesn't have a thing to do until dinner."

Whatever the rigors of the simple life as the Bakers are living it, they are thriving on it.

Phil is so smugly happy and satisfied—and so healthy from the open air and relaxation and Irmgard's Danish cooking—that he is beginning to wonder if so much happiness is good for the waistline.

Irmgard—who has spent all of her life in big cities, her girlhood in Schenectady where her father was in business, her school years abroad where she studied



kind of living that Phil and his red-haired wife have ever known.

City-bred Irmgard, ex-dancer, ex-decorator, loves the country, her five rooms—and Phil.



Pete the Parrot also fell in love with Irmgard at first sight. But he can't stand accordions.

dancing in Copenhagen and decoration in Paris, and her "career years" in New York—is frankly thrilled to be living in such a *country* place, where there are birds with no cages and flowers growing in real ground.

"The pigeons come right up and eat out of our hands," she boasts. "We pick oranges off our own trees for breakfast, choose flowers from our own garden for the dinner table. I really hate to think of giving it up."

"If you think she's kidding," says Phil, "you don't know my wife."

It is obvious from Phil's soft-around-the-edges look that he is proud of his red-haired bride—the Bakers still seem like a bride and groom although they celebrated their third wedding anniversary May 8—proud of the way she has made the adjustment to a kind of life many women used to luxury would consider deadly dull.

"I've never found anybody yet," is the way Mrs. Baker puts it, "who found happiness by trying to keep up with the Joneses." (Continued on page 88)





WALTER MANNING, a writer of great ability, truly loves Portia and Dickie, yet he finds a great deal of difficulty in settling down because of his love for the pace and excitement of high adventure. An ex-foreign correspondent, Walter is now working for Advance Pictures as a movie scenario writer. He is having trouble leaving Hollywood because of his binding contract with Advance studios. (played by Bartlett Robinson)

Portia Faces Life is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P. M. EDT, on NBC.

In Living Portraits

PORTIA FACES LIFE

**Being a successful wife
and mother, says Portia,
is most important of all**

PORTIA BLAKE MANNING, capable as she is beautiful, is at once an outstanding lawyer and a warm and simple and home-loving woman. She is engaged in a constant struggle to stay out of professional life in order to make a home for her husband and her son, DICKIE. Recovering from partial paralysis, Portia is at long last ready to return home—to Parkerstown, a small city in the midwest, for a home life with her family. (played by Lucille Wall)



This is the sort of thing that Portia means by the family life that she longs for after her professional years—the sort of life she will, through every means in her power, attempt to lead from now on. It is a life composed of small, simple things. An evening, the three of them, before the fire. Breakfast outdoors on a sunny morning. Picnics. Gardening. Friendly neighbors. Times like the one shown here, when Walter, home for a brief visit to Portia during the convalescence, helps Dickie to give the dog he found years ago, and who has been his faithful follower ever since, a much-needed bath. Portia has faith in the future—faith in her belief that Walter will obtain his release from Advance Pictures and, instead of adventuring, will be content to settle down for good in quiet Parkerstown with her and Dickie.





ERIC WATSON, who shared hardships overseas with Walter, has been employed by Leslie for research in the Near East. The eternal adventurer, Eric is trying to get Walter to accompany him.
(played by John Larkin)

MISS DAISY, Portia's middle-aged domestic, helps guide the family with her sound judgment and kindly philosophy. She went ahead of the rest to prepare for the Manning return to Parkerstown.
(played by Doris Rich)



LESLIE PALMER, as glamorous and talented as the motion picture stars with whom she works as an executive for Advance Pictures, is determined that Walter Manning shall remain in Hollywood. And her reasons are not purely business. She is a threat to Walter's settling down and to Portia's happiness.
(played by Louise Barclay)





Good to look at and to eat
—what more could you ask for hot days?

Soups for Summer

I'VE been looking through old cookbooks and menus lately and honestly, I don't see how anyone who started with the first course managed to last through the final one. Such quantities and varieties of foods were served to our ancestors, quite as a matter of course, that it is a question in my mind whether they became husky as a result of the food they consumed, or were able to consume it only because they were very, very husky to start with. Of one thing I am sure, however, and that is that no meal worthy of the name, whether it was planned only for a family dinner or to entertain guests, ever skimmed on the soup. Sometimes two soups were included, presumably to offer a choice though it wouldn't surprise me if some of the hardier gourmets sampled both. But regardless of the occasion, soup was an indispensable beginning to every well-planned meal and that, of course, is right in line with our best nutritional thinking today, when soup still holds its deservedly high regard as a first course.

Especially in summer, soups are important. Hot ones provide the one hot dish which many people insist must be included even in the warmest of weather, and chilled soups, which are gaining in popularity with those who relish only cold foods during the torrid days, give balance and substance to what might otherwise be too scant a menu. Whether you belong in the hot soup group, or line up with those who prefer the chilled ones, here is a variety to choose from and some, you will find, are equally delicious at either temperature.

JELLIED VEGETABLE BROTH

- 1 cup water
- 1 No. 2 can mixed vegetable juice
- 2 beef bouillon cubes (or 2 teaspoons meat extract)
- 1½ tablespoons plain gelatin
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Combine all ingredients and heat, stirring constantly, until bouillon cubes and gelatin are dissolved (about 4 to 5 minutes). Pour into bowl or shallow pan and chill until firm. Serve very cold, garnished with lemon wedges. Six servings.

BORSCHT

- 5 medium beets, peeled and coarsely grated
- 1 medium onion, minced or grated
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 beef bouillon cubes (or 2 teaspoons meat extract)
- 4 cups water
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 egg, beaten
- ½ pint sour cream
- Cucumber

Combine beets, onion, salt, bouillon cubes and water and cook for 20 minutes. Add lemon juice and pepper. Stir a little of the hot mixture into the beaten egg, then slowly add egg to hot soup, stirring constantly. Cook for 2 minutes longer. Serve very cold or very hot. Just before serving, either stir the cream into the soup, or garnish each serving with sour cream. Dice unpeeled cucumber small, and add as garnish. Six servings.

VICHYSOISE

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 4 leeks (green part only), sliced
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 4 medium potatoes, diced
- 2 chicken bouillon cubes
- 2 cups water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups milk
- ½ cup light cream
- Chives

Melt butter or margarine in large pan. Add leeks and onion and cook until (Continued on page 87)

By KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon each weekday, on stations of the Mutual network.



RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



Collections, usually hidden away to gather dust, decorate Pat Campbell Reilly's house. Here, coins make a table-top.

Hobby House

IF ANY sponsor ever reaches the point where he is hesitating between a hobby program and one of those sparkling Mr. and Mrs. hours, he can combine both features by signing up Patsy Campbell, of CBS Rosemary, and her actor husband Al Reilly. The diversified Reilly hobbies would fill a book—as they fill the compact Reilly apartment—and Patsy's and Al's enthusiastic conversation about them provides very entertaining listening indeed for it covers a wide range of interests which they share and combine most satisfactorily.

There is Patsy's sculpture, for instance, for which she displays a decided talent. Since her interests have always been with the theater—she and Al attended the Goodman Theater School in Chicago together—it is natural that she has embarked on her own version of the masks of Comedy and Tragedy. She has completed the clay mask of Tragedy, which is now ready to be cast, but she admits that she doesn't know when she will start, let alone finish, the Comedy mask, because there are so many other things to claim her attention, such as her collections, one of which is made up of friends' wedding announcements the other of coins and bills, both American and foreign.

The coin collection began when, as a child, Patsy had the opportunity to travel and from each trip brought home foreign money, to which other traveling members of her

family added from time to time. During the war, with both Al and Patsy's brother in service, it grew to include bills of all countries and denominations, one feature being her brother's short snorter bills.

Recently Patsy decided that both the coins and the wedding announcements should be on display, rather than tucked away into boxes, and this led to another Reilly hobby, furniture refinishing. For the announcements Patsy bought, at a thrift shop, an old glass and wood serving tray, which she and Al took apart. While Patsy removed the varnish, using paint remover and steel wool, from the wooden frame, Al glued felt, of the same soft shade of blue of the apartment's walls and slip covers, over the center portion. Against this blue felt background Patsy fastened the wedding announcements, using transparent adhesive tape, then Al fitted frame, felted portion and glass back together again so that the announcements are protected by the glass. A few applications of wax to the wooden frame, well rubbed down to bring out the grain, and a good polishing of the brass handles, resulted in a most attractive and unusual tray.

The coin display is still in the making. Starting with an old table, they removed the top and drawer, leaving a rectangular frame, from which the varnish has been removed. In place of the drawer, (Continued on page 83)

Grow Your Own



Veola Vonn's garden furnishes her hat wardrobe. Well selected blooms, a light hand are needed.



FOR the girl who wants high style plus the personalized touch, Veola Vonn suggests hats and jewelry made of fresh flowers. Veola, who plays Dolores Darling in the Alan Young show and Virginia Martin of the Village Store, began this fascinating style some six years ago by pinning a flower or two from husband Hanley Stafford's newly planted garden in her hair or to a hat, but it wasn't long before she decided that hats made entirely of fresh flowers were much more dramatic and attractive, thus setting a new, eye-catching fashion which anyone with a backyard or window box garden, or with a few blooms from the corner florist, can follow with ease.

Hat shapes now in vogue seem to lend themselves to flower hat making. Haloes, side sweeps, pillboxes and toques are all good and your choice, Veola points out,



Handle the blossoms as little as possible. First blooms must be securely fastened for good foundation.

should be governed, as in purchasing a hat, by the occasions on which you will wear it and consideration of the dress design and color with which you wear it. First on her list of requirements is to select flowers which will last through an afternoon or evening—and proof that some of them will is found in the fact that she frequently wears the same flower hat from morning rehearsal straight through broadcast time. Geraniums are among the sturdiest and best wearing, and also offer a wide color range. Hibiscus, stock, larkspur, gladiolus and carnations are excellent “materials” and all, of course, should be very fresh. In addition to the flowers, the only equipment necessary are a spool of florist's wire, scissors and bobby pins. And even though you may find the going slow at first, Veola promises that with a little practice you will soon be able to create your own hat in about 15 minutes.

Handle the blossoms as little as possible in order to avoid crushing them; for this reason it is a good idea to have the type of hat you want well in mind before you start. Make sure that the first blooms are securely fastened, otherwise the completed hat will not hold together. Here are step-by-step directions for a geranium halo and a gladiola hat can be adapted for other flowers according to your own taste.

Geranium Halo. Loop wire (Continued on page 84)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 680k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Design For Listening News Highlights Solitaire Time	Pauline Alpert Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	F. H. LaGuardia String Orchestra Raymond Swing	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Music For One Hour	Warriors of Peace Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason Howard K. Smith
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill Frank Black James Melton	Married For Life Bill Cunningham Veterans' Information	Deadline Mystery Sunday Vespers	Weekly News Review "Here's To You"
3:00 3:15	Carmen Cavallaro	Open House	Lassie Drama Johnny Thompson Show	CBS Symphony Orchestra
3:30 3:45	One Man's Family	Juvenile Jury	This Week Around The World	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids The Author Meets The Critics	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Lee Sweetland	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	NBC Symphony	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Darts for Dough David Harding	The Family Hour Hoagy Carmichael Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Adventures of Ellery Queen	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Silver Theatre Kate Smith Sings
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	The Jack Paar Show Rogue's Gallery	Mysterious Traveler	Willie Piper Comedy The Clock	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Alec Templeton	A. L. Alexander Voices of Strings	Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Double or Nothing	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Jimmie Fidler Policewoman	Meet Corliss Archer Tony Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30		Gabriel Heatter Show The Edmund Hock- ridge Show	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It We The People



Jack Paar

brings mirth and music to NBC
at 7:00 P.M. on Sundays, as Jack
Benny's summer replacement.

Adrienne Bayan



—has only been before the micro-
phones for a year but is heard
currently on Mutual's True De-
tective Mysteries and Real Stories
from Real Life; also on Co-
lumbia's Mystery of the Week.
She has several Broadway successes to her credit;
is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic
Arts; spoke only Hungarian as a child, although
Rhode Island born; and wants to be an adagio dancer.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 680k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Victor H. Lindlahr Checkerboard Jamboree Coast Guard on Parade	Kenny Baker Show	Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage, News Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Afternoon Edition Bill Harrington Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Rad Hall Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Winner Take All
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45		Scotland Yard Casebook of Gregory Hood	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Sherlock Holmes	Inner Sanctum
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Victor Borge	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Treasury Agent Sammy Kaye	Local Programs
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Dr. I. Q.	Fishing and Hunting Club Family Doctor	Doctors Talk It Over Buddy Weed Trio	Bob Hawk Show



Patricia Ryan

—began her radio career at eight and a year later joined the Let's Pretenders, where she still is heard, most often as a Fairy Godmother, a role she also played in real life during war years when she was a Nurse's Aid and visitor to injured seamen in New York's hospitals. Pat has regular featured roles on Theatre of Today, Grand Central Station, Aunt Jenny and Big Sister, all Columbia programs.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 330k
8:30 8:45	Do Your Remember News			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Victor H. Lindlahr Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Naval Academy Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15	Art Van Damme Quartet	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins
1:30 1:45	Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Afternoon Edition Bill Harrington Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John Mac Vane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith American Melody Hour
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Milton Berle A Date With Judy	Warren's Crime Cases Special Investigator Adventures of the Falcon	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Boston "Pops" Concert	Big Town Mel Blanc Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Gabriel Heatter Real Stories American Forum	Rex Maupin's Orch.	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts Studio One
10:00 10:15 10:30	Adventures of Philip Marlowe An Evening With Romberg	Vic Damone International Quiz	Hank D'Amico Orch. Hoosier Hop	Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 330k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine Of The Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Victor H. Lindlahr Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Army Air Force Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Afternoon Edition Bill Harrington Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whitman Club	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John Mac Vane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Talks Red Barber Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Leland Stowe Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Romance
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day Great Gildersleeve	Crime Club Johnny Madero	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Court of Missing Heirs	Jack Carson Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Gabriel Heatter Real Stories What's the Name of That Song	Paul Whiteman Beulah Program	Frank Sinatra Dinah Shore
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Kay Kyser	Did Justice Triumph Latin American Serenade	Lights Out	The Whistler Information Please



Cliff Carpenter

—was given the title role in Terry and the Pirates when this serial was revived in 1941 and is still playing it. The Army arranged a two years' vacation for him, beginning in 1943. He spent it as a rifleman in the ETO and saw combat with the 102nd Division from the Siegfried Line to the Elbe River, where his outfit met the Russians. Back at ABC, Cliff and his Pirates meet at 5:00 P.M. EDT.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Victor H. Lindlahr Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	U. S. Navy Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Afternoon Edition Bill Harrington Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America Clem McCarthy Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Grand Marquee	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Vincent Lopez Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Studs Terkel Show	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Mr. Keen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Frances Langford	Lawyer Q Count of Monte Cristo	Lum and Abner Erwin D. Canham America's Town Meeting	Suspense F. B. I. Peace and War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr. Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Hour of Song	Those Sensational Years	Lawyer Tucker Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Abbott and Costello Blue Ribbon Music Time	Family Theatre I Was A Convict	Ralph Norman	Reader's Digest Radio Edition Man Called X



—red hair, big brown eyes and a few freckles, may not look like Corliss Archer's mother, but she is, Sundays at 9:00 P.M., EDT, on CBS. Irene began her stage career at Elich's Gardens, in her home town of Denver; studied awhile at Carnegie Tech where she played so many heavy Shakespearean roles that the reaction made her a fine comedienne; lives in Hollywood with husband William Kent and a small daughter.



—born in show business but new to radio, spent his childhood in Philadelphia, where his father operated several theaters. His voice is familiar to many who listened to the Philippine and Japanese pick-ups on the Army Hour during the war, when he interviewed thousands of G.I.s. Bill spent last year touring forty-eight states for Opportunity, U.S.A. and now presides over Showcase, MBS, Sundays, at 1:00 P.M., EDT.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Victor H. Lindlahr Checkerboard Jamboree	Kenny Baker Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Afternoon Edition Bill Harrington Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Bouquet For You Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Report From The United Nations Red Barber Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Sound Off
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives Holly House Leave It To The Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Bulldog Drummond	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ginny Simms Dan Carson's Story
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theatre Sports	Meet The Press Date Night	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant My Friend Irma

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Percolator Party Coffee With Congress Bill Herson	Robert Hurleigh Bobby Norris	Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News The Garden Gate Renfro Valley Folks
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Frank Merriwell Archie Andrews	Bill Harrington Jackie Hill Show	Johnny Thomson Show Buddy Weed Junior Junction	Barnyard Follies Mary Lee Taylor
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Teentimers Club Home Is What You Make It	Smilin' Ed McConnell Say It With Music	Tune Time String Ensemble Piano Playhouse	Let's Pretend Adventurers Club

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Arthur Barriault Consumer Time Smilin' Ed McConnell	Kate Smith Serenade This Week in Wash- ington Flight Into the Past	Texas Jim Robertson Tell Me Doctor American Farmer	Theatre of Today Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Your Host is Buffalo Veterans' Aid Elmer Peterson	Bands For Bonds Dance Music	Fascinating Rhythm	Grand Central Sta. County Fair
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Nat'l Farm Home The Baxters Camp Meetin' Choir	This Is Jazz	Our Town Speaks Hill Toppers This Is For You	Give and Take Country Journal
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Local Programs	Dance Orchestra Sports Parade	Phil Brestoff Sunset Roundup	Treasury Bandstand The Seth Grainer Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Doctors Then and Now	Horse Races Dance Orchestra Dance Orchestra	Horse Racing Stars in the Afternoon Treasury Show	The Chicagoans Horse Racing Adventures in Science Of Men and Books
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Edward Tomlinson Art Mooney Three Suns Shine King Cole Trio	For Your Approval Dance Orchestra Jan August and His Piano Magic	Saturday Concert	Cross Section U. S. A. Dance Orchestra

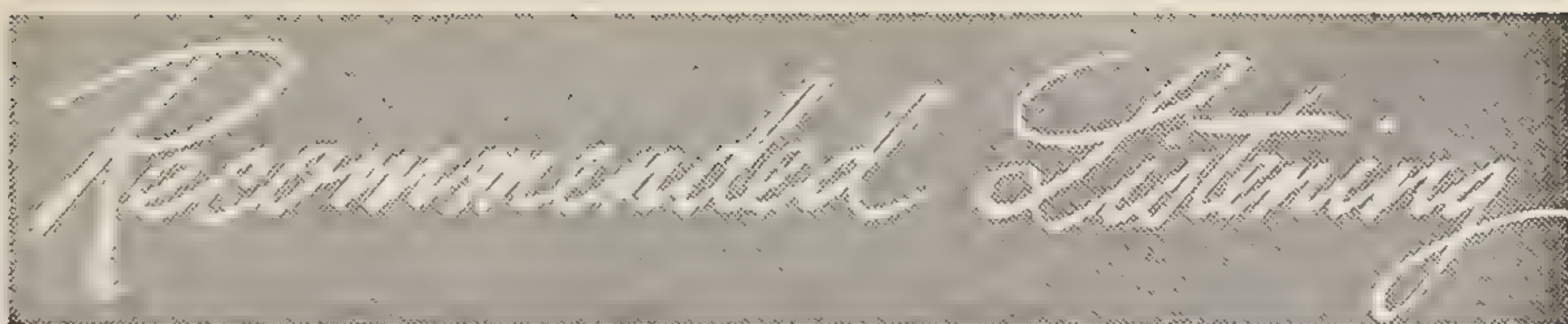
EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Rhapsody of the Rockies Boston Tune Party The Art of Living	Dance Orch. Cecil Brown	Jimmie Blair Chittison Trio Harry Wismer Labor U. S. A.	Bill Shadell Word From the Country Saturday Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Our Foreign Policy Curtain Time	Hawaii Calls News and Sports F. H. LaGuardia	Voice of Business Song Spinners The Music Library	Hawk Larabee The Little Show Jean Sablon
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Life of Riley Truth or Consequences	Twenty Questions The Better Half	I Deal in Crime Famous Jury Trials	Vaughn Monroe
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Can You Top This	Mighty Casey High Adventure	Murder and Mr. Malone	The Bill Goodwin Show Saturday Night Serenade
10:00 10:15 10:30	Judy Canova Grand Ole Opry	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz Hayloft Hoedown	This Is Hollywood Sweeney and March



—“Lena”, that is, when he is heard as the slap-dash maid on the Fibber McGee and Molly program, NBC, Tuesday nights at 9:30, EDT. Gene began his professional career with the part of an old maid school

teacher in a vaudeville act, back in 1914, and has been doing female roles ever since. He is the creator of such hilarious radio characters as Jake and Lena and Gene and Glenn; has conducted a radio school.



If you are a daily follower of the daytime serials, if they are the magic which whisks you through your housework in no time—then what do you listen to on Saturday? What makes the hours rush by on that, radio's orphan day?

Saturday, for the woman of the house, is a work day like any other—at least a good portion of it, and especially if she has children. A busy one, all in all. What has radio to offer to help this one day pass as swiftly as the others? Even if you can manage Saturday as your day off, too, what do you listen to as you loll at your leisure on the front porch?

Well, you won't find your favorite daytime serial, but you'll find plenty of worthwhile listening nonetheless.

ABC—If you're up as early as 8:30 in the morning (that's EDT, as all the times here are), you can start your day to the tune of Arlo at the Organ. At 10 you'll find Home Beautiful, with a lot of the things you've always wanted to know about decorating that you can do yourself. At 10:30, both you and your 'teen-age children will find interest in Junior Junction, which is put on by the kids for the kids and tells of their activities, tries to settle their problems. Tell Me Doctor, at 12:15 is the kind of informative program that women should listen to—and do, once they have had a try at it. In the afternoon, ABC offers, almost uninterrupted, music that will suit any taste and mood. If it's entertainment that's not too attention-taking you want, there you are.

CBS—At 9:30, you gardeners will want to hear Garden Gate, for how-to-do-it tips. Renfro Valley and Barnyard Follies, from 9:30 till 10:30 bring you our own American folk music and fun. Mary Lee Taylor, at 10:30, an expert home economist, has something in the way of information, no matter how expert one may be oneself. At 11:05 comes that ail-time, old-time favorite for children (which just as many grown-ups will listen to, nostalgically). It's Let's Pretend, the best of the children's make-believe programs. If you long for far places, and wanted, when you were a child, to be an explorer when you grew up, Adventurers' Club, 11:30, is for you. Following it, in succession, half an hour each, are three self-contained dramatic programs which should keep the most avid play-listener happy: Theatre of Today, Stars Over Hollywood, and Grand Central Station. Drama changes to comedy at 1:30 with County Fair, and to quiz at 2, with Give and Take. Then there's the interesting and informative Columbia's Country Journal, followed by music until 4:30, when there's Adventures in Science, Of Men and Books, and Cross Section, USA, to keep you from feeling that this has been a fruitless, if pleasant, afternoon.

Mutual—Mostly music, with a sprinkling of news, comment and fun, all Saturday long on Mutual. The Jackie Hill Show, at 10:30, followed by Ed McConnell at 11, should be specially borne in mind, and so should the Pro Arte Quartet, if you like your music on the classical side, at noon. With a couple of sports broadcasts intervening, depending on the particular Saturday, there's music all of the afternoon.

NBC—Organ music starts NBC's day off, too, followed by Story Shop at 9—the Shop where you can offer a list of unrelated objects and have a story made to order for you. Coffee With Congress, at 9:30, offers you the opportunity to become better acquainted with your representatives at the Nation's Capital. At 10, the favorite of Dad's youth, Frank Merriwell, comes back to life to fight for dear old Yale, with all the old-time charm. Archie Andrews, a boy who gets into more trouble in one week than your own (thank goodness) does in a year, is on at 10:30, and at 12:30, the children's long-time friend, Smilin' Ed McConnell, is waiting to take over the youngsters for half an hour. The Veterans' Adviser, with answers to the ex-GI's questions, is heard at 1:30, and is followed by NBC's long-time favorite National Farm and Home Hour at 2. The Baxters, with their family problems just like yours, are on at 2:30, with music following until it's time for you to go in and get dinner.



1. Just out of the Army, ex-Colonel Bruce Morgan headed for Fairfield, the mid-west town in which he grew up, for a reunion with the two people he loved best—Julie Ehrlich and Doc Harrison, his foster father. Julie, a librarian, jubilantly showed them the plans for remodeling the long-vacant Wilshire Building into a library which the town has long needed.

Bruce Morgan played by Donald Buka; Julie Ehrlich by Blanche Gladstone; Doctor Harrison by Allen Drake; Councilman Thornhill by Henry Norell. All pictures made with the cooperation of the Lawrence-Cedarhurst Fire Department, Long Island, New York. Exploring the Unknown is broadcast over Mutual Broadcasting System, Sunday, 9 P.M. EDT

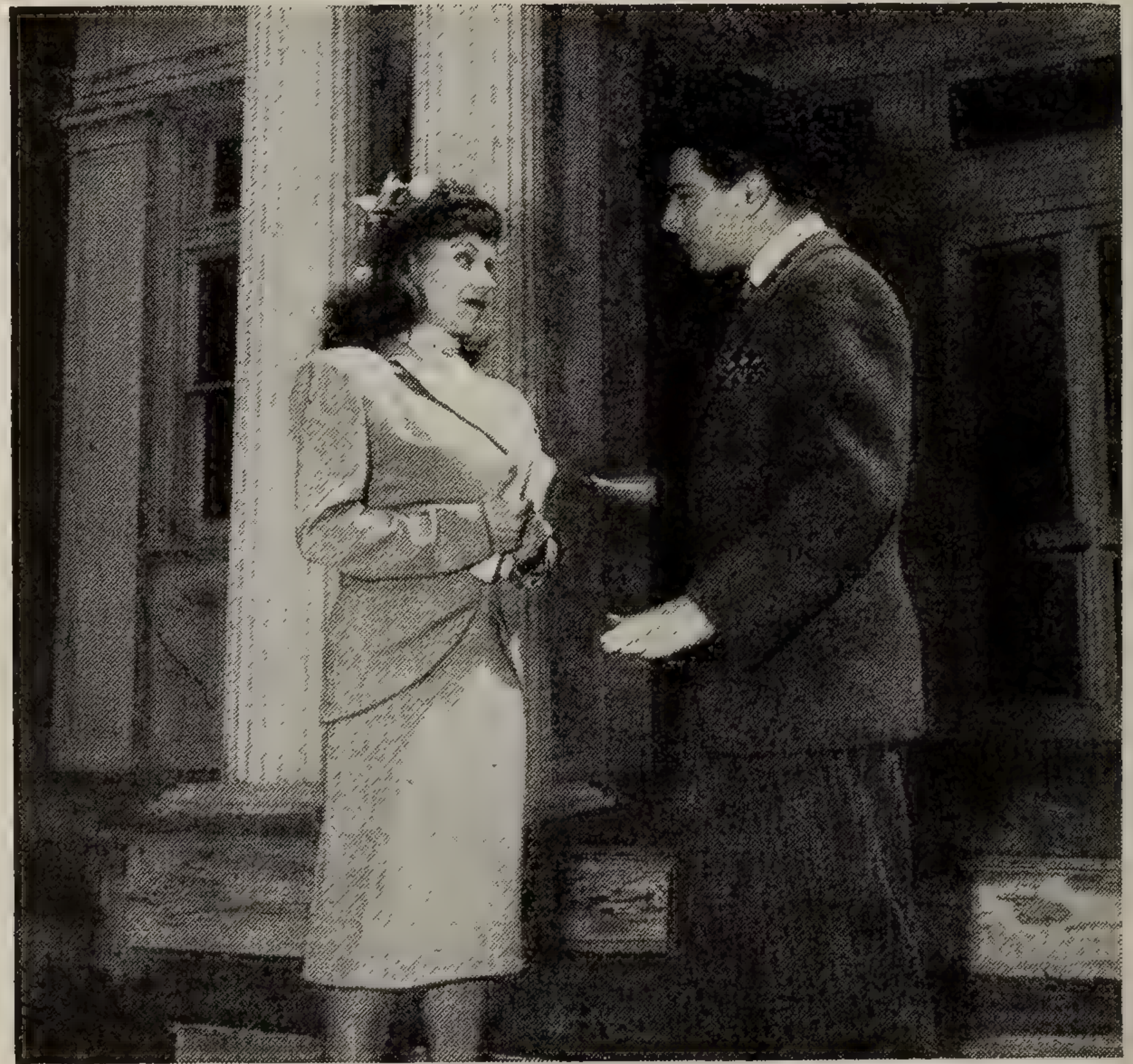
FIRE!



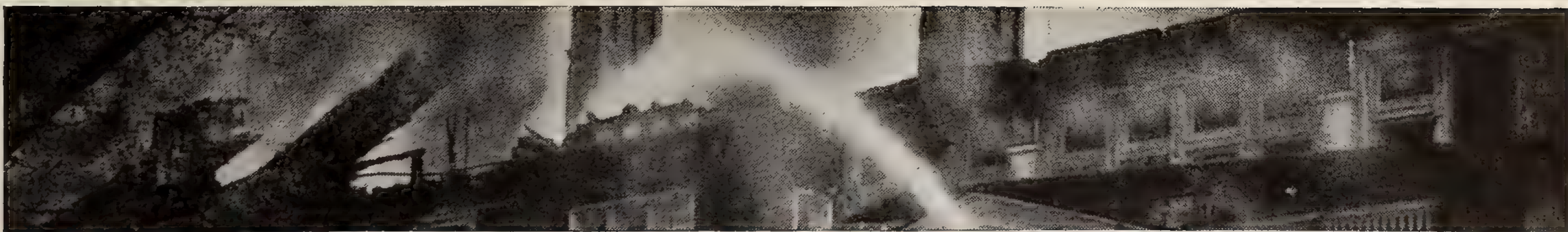
2. That night while Bruce and Doc were chatting in Bruce's hotel room the building caught fire and in a few moments the blaze was out of control. When they were brought to the street Doc was in a coma and despite the efforts of a pulmotor squad he died without regaining consciousness.



3. Heartsick over Doc's death, Bruce became a one-man fire-prevention crusade and tried, by demonstrating flame-proof chemicals and fire-proof building plans, to convince Councilman Thornhill that local fire laws should be revised to enforce use of such safeguards.



4. When Thornhill turned down his suggestions, Bruce begged Julie to give up her job, pointing out that the remodeling scheduled to change the old Wilshire Building into the new Wilshire Library was inadequate for safety. But Julie, attributing his anxiety to his sorrow about Doc, refused.



EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN TACKLES THE NATION'S NUMBER ONE HAZARD



5. As if to prove Bruce right, the library caught fire the day before it was to open. Flames which tons of water could not quench roared up open stairways and ate into wooden walls. Bruce tried to battle his way to Julie's rescue, stopped only when firemen told him she was safe.

6. Standing beside the ruins, Thornhill remembered bitterly the skepticism with which he had dismissed Bruce's early prophecies about the building, and he vowed that now he would follow Bruce's advice until every building, every home and every person in Fairfield was safe from fire.

FIRE, man's friend, is also his worst enemy. In Fairfield, a cigarette butt caused the hotel fire: a lighted match, tossed into a waste basket started the library blaze in which the janitor paid for his careless act with his life. These losses were not unusual; in fact, as Bruce Morgan told Mr. Thornhill, "A thousand lives are lost each month in this country through fires. Cigarettes caused a hundred thousand fires last year and cost forty-three million dollars."

"Take it easy, Bruce," Thornhill said. "We are doing the best we can. We have 'No Smoking' regulations, a good fire department and laws to make sure that public buildings are fireproof."

"Fireproof," Bruce snorted. "The Wilshire Library is fireproof, I suppose! Well," at the Councilman's nod, "it isn't! It's got wooden walls and shingles, exposed wiring, open stairways and the same chimney it's had for a hundred years. If it ever catches fire there will be no stopping it, and it will be a miracle if any of them get out alive."

"Compartmenting is one answer," he continued more quietly. "That means stairway doors and closed elevator shafts, so stairways and shafts won't act as chimneys and draw fire upwards. Then draperies should be treated with sulfamic acid salt solution so they will not blaze, but merely char. In other words, stop your fires before they get a good start."

Or—and far better—by taking intelligent precautions, prevent fires, as far as is humanly possible, from getting any start at all.



Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can, either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.



Ernestine Wade

MRS. KINGFISH

Dear Editor:

I read your Radio Mirror every month. Will you please tell me who plays the part of the Kingfish's wife on the Amos 'n' Andy show? Thank you.

Miss A. M. C.

Versailles, Ky.

Sapphire Stevens, the Kingfish's wife, is played by Ernestine Wade. And here she is.

RISING STAR

Dear Editor:

I don't want to come right out and ask for information, for I honestly do know quite a bit about the personality I am going to talk about. So! To get to the point but fast, there is a new singer filling the Mutual network with his super voice, every Tuesday night at 10:15. This singer is Vic Damone. Have you heard of him? I think you would be overlooking a good chance if you didn't do a write-up on Mr. Damone, and I think you would scoop a few other magazines too. I'm not asking you to do something super-colossal in the form of a story, although that would be nice; I'm suggesting a little

column of introduction. That isn't too much to ask, is it, sir? I think your interviewer would find Vic a very personable young man. I have followed his career since he was an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout winner 'way back last July. I have also watched him understudy Andy Russell for the Hit Parade. I think I was a very lucky person to be able to meet this up-and-coming singer. He's good, and you won't be sorry if you do an article on him. Just listen to him on the air some Tuesday night!

Miss J. G.

Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

We did have a little column of introduction about Vic Damone a while ago. And as soon as we can we'll give you a story about him. Meanwhile, here's a picture.



Vic Damone

A WANDERING MINSTREL HE

Dear Editor:

What has become of our long-time favorite Lanny Ross? He has a superb voice and a grand style of singing, and we miss him very much. Will he return to the air?

Mr. I. A. G.

Charleston, S. C.

At this writing, Lanny Ross is making plans for a return to radio. He has just completed a successful concert tour, highlighted by his appearance with the Detroit Symphony. Here he sang the role of Nanki-Poo in what critics have called the best performance of The Mikado ever given in the United States.



Lanny Ross

BOUQUET DEPARTMENT

Dear Editor:

I enjoy Radio Mirror extra well, since this column is in it. I'd like to compliment a few special radio serials and stars. The serials I think are the best on the air are Linda's First Love, Young Widder Brown and When A Girl Marries. Somehow they're different. The stars that deserve a lot of applause are Karl Swenson, Arline Blackburn and Mary Jane Higby. Especially Karl Swenson and Arline Blackburn (who has the prettiest voice in radio!). So thanks for letting me speak. Good luck to the ones I mentioned—they're great!

Miss M. H.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Compliments are always appreciated. Your favorites will be glad to know they're your favorites. And here is a face that matches a lovely voice—Arline Blackburn.



Arline Blackburn

COMELY COWBOY

Dear Editor:

Pardon the liberty I take in addressing you these lines, but I find the only way to ascertain facts is to ask. Why is it we never read anything in your magazine of Curley Bradley or Tom Mix? Our opinion of Curley Bradley is a very fine one. We have been rather unfortunate in never seeing him, but since he came on radio have followed his efforts, which are fine, entertaining, wholesome and oh! so free from ego. Certainly his voice is most pleasing and personality charming. May we look forward to reading something nice of him in your Mirror and sometime see colored pictures on the Tom Mix show? Thanking you for a real interesting magazine and wishing every future success.

Mrs. G. M. L.

Pikesville, Md.

So far, the reader surveys we have made have not justified a feature story about Tom Mix. However, if it should develop that there is sufficient demand to warrant an article, we shall be happy to have one. But we can give you a picture of Curley Bradley, right now, here it is.



Curley Bradley

OPEN THE DOOR, RAYMOND

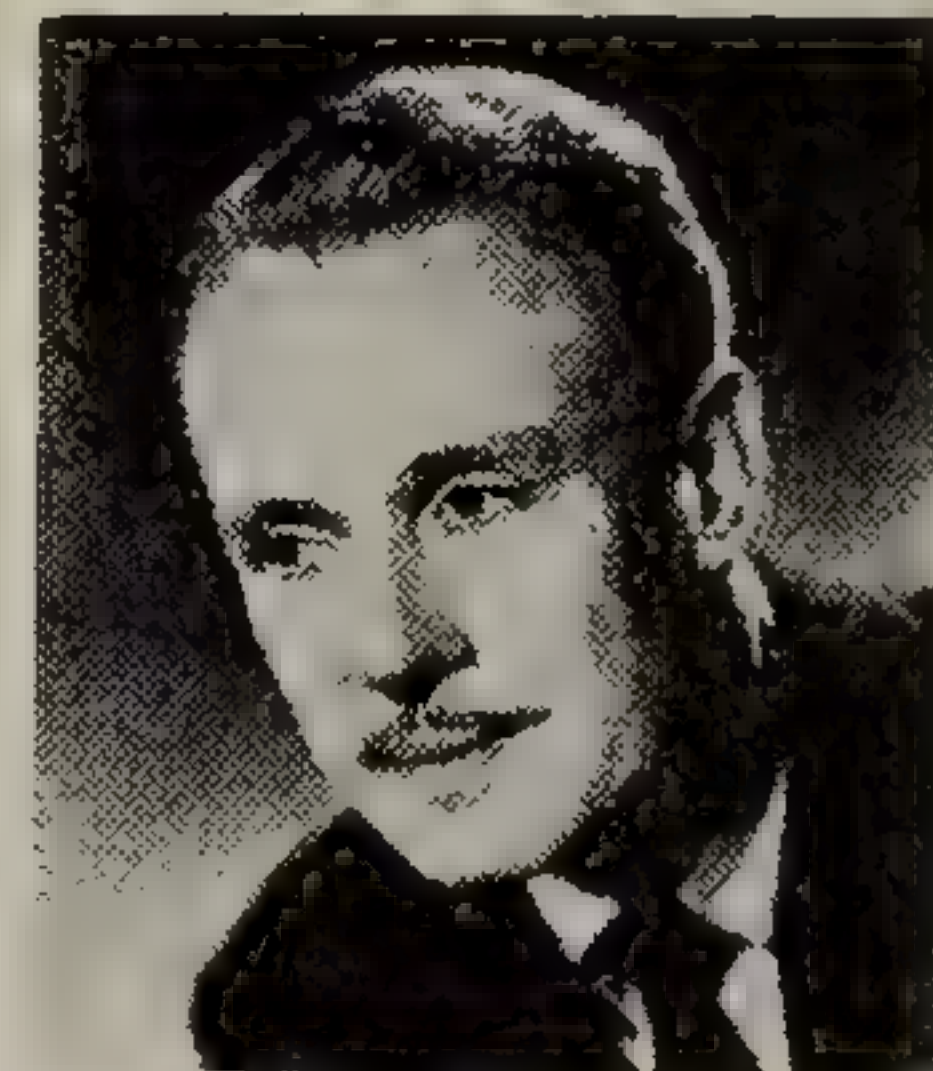
Dear Editor:

The best program on the radio is Inner Sanctum. I listen all the time; even if there's a good show on I'd rather listen to good old Inner Sanctum. Would you please, please show me a picture of the guy that opens that squeaking door and talks about the story. Nearly all my neighbors listen to Inner Sanctum too. I love it and so do my little boys.

Mrs. D. B.

Milltown, Ind.

And here is Paul McGrath, who opens the creaking door. Inner Sanctum's Raymond doesn't look spooky, does he? But just listen to him!



Paul McGrath

THE PEOPLE'S VOICE?

Dear Editor:

Some blunders of the radio world: Studio Claques, Singing Commercials, Use of Gags that Gagged Grandpa, Comedians' Publicity Quarrels, Frenzied Finales When Time is Up.

Mr. J. A. S.

Durand, Wis.

All agreed? This puts the finger very neatly on some of the things that interfere with many a listener's pleasure.

"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

Esther Williams

Star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"FIESTA"



A product of Lever Brothers Company

"My Beauty Facials bring quick
new Loveliness" — *says famous star*

Here's the Active-lather facial Esther Williams uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Then, with a soft towel, pat to dry.

A simple, easy care, but beautiful screen stars tell you it *works*—leaves skin softer, smoother, more appealing. So don't let neglect rob you of Romance. Be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

YOU want the loveliness that makes men whisper "I adore you." Let this beauty care help you to have it!

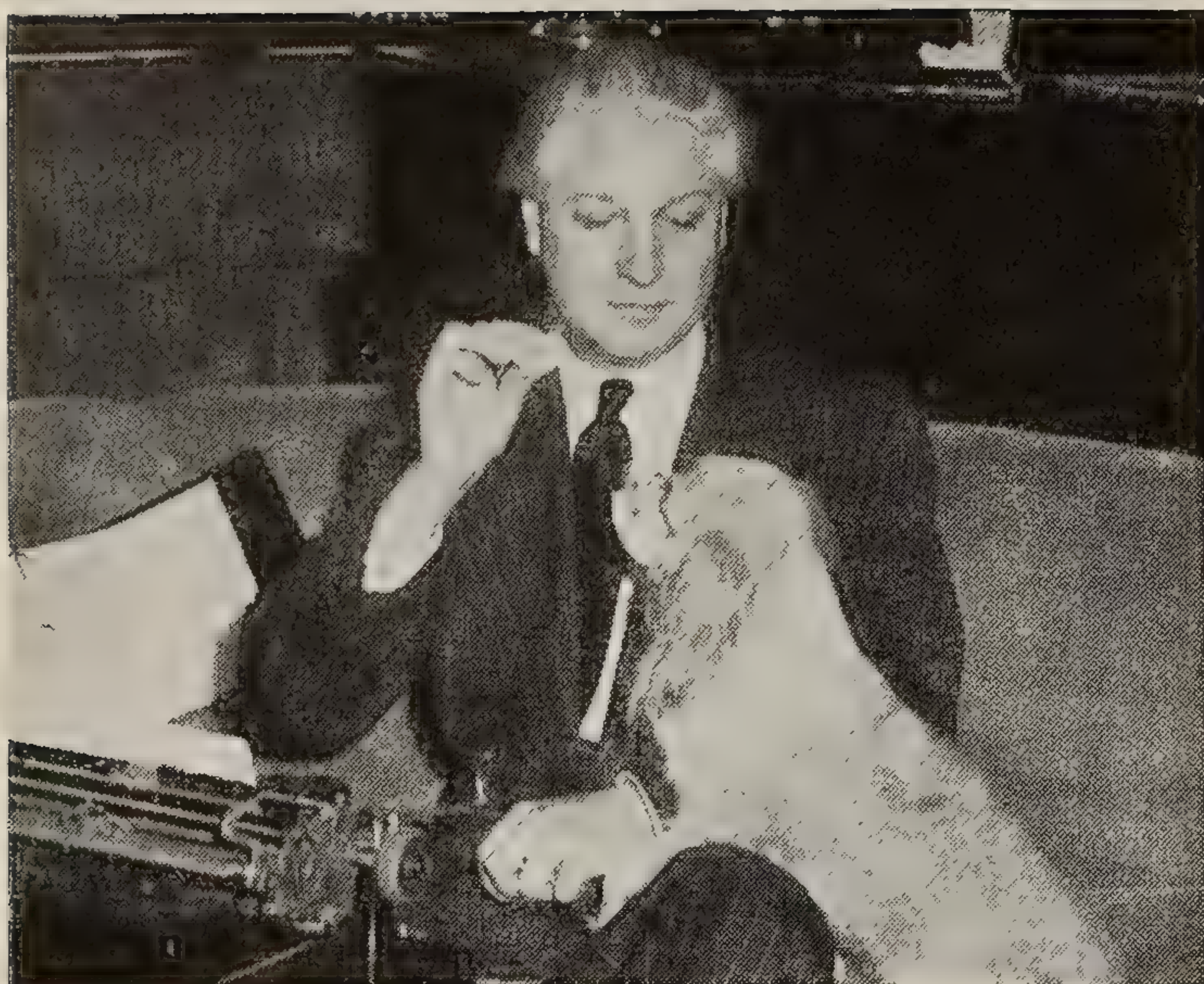
**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap** — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*



OPERA at hand



Robert E. Smith presides over Your Box at the Opera, Sundays on WTIC.



Bob makes an index and cross file, two cards for each record, with some help from Hyphen.



With 11,000 records to choose it from, Bob can plan his program to fit any style or mood he pleases.

WTIC Music Commentator Robert E. Smith is up to his ears in records! He owns more than 11,000 operatic recordings, one of the largest, best-known, and most valuable collection in the country.

Besides finding room in his New York apartment for his mammoth music library, Bob has to keep track of his discs, and he does this by keeping a card file arranged alphabetically and a cross index listing the artists. That's two cards for every record! But instead of being dismayed by the size of his music library, Bob enthusiastically welcomes any new additions. These come from most unexpected sources.

In his large collection there are many recordings of which there are no duplicates in the United States, and to get these rare foreign masterpieces, he often enlists the aid of his friends. Bob says that anyone he knows who is going overseas can't leave without being presented with a list of "records wanted."

From his music library, he chooses some outstanding selections each week and commutes to Hartford on Sundays to broadcast Your Box at the Opera, over WTIC at 1:30 P.M. He owns so many records that it would take him almost fifty years of half-hour Sunday broadcasts to play just once every selection in his music library.

Besides being an ardent record collector, he is also an authority on opera and opera history and writes program notes and comments for his program. This means that he also has to find room in his apartment for his many books on the subject. But Bob confesses that every time he buys a new book-case he is more apt to fill it with recordings than books.

Bob can't remember a time when he wasn't a fan of operatic music. Even before he was in high school he got a job selling newspapers to earn enough money to buy opera recordings. Attesting to the fact that he takes good care of his collection, he still has in his files the first recordings he bought when he was a boy in Germantown, Pa.

Judging from the large amount of mail he receives every week from listeners of all ages and from every walk of life, Bob says that opera is a very popular form of music and that there is no such thing as a "typical opera fan." A few quotes from a letter he received recently from a Waterbury lawyer are representative of the loyalty of his listeners. "All activities in the house are suspended on Sundays at 1:30 P.M. when Your Box at the Opera goes on the air. Each dish is laid on the dinner table with care not to mar a single note; the newspaper is dropped; the cook herself keeps her ladle poised in the kitchen and listens. Your program is mentioned on the bus, on the streets, in the ante-room of courts, and wherever men and women congregate."

In spite of his fondness for operatic music, Bob is not a "long-hair." In fact, he looks more like an athlete than an opera connoisseur. He's a ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed blond in his late thirties—38 to be exact. And he's still a bachelor!

Can Love keep this Sweetness?



Your piercing joy as he whispers, "Always and only yours."

His heart in turmoil from the softness of your hands. Oh, there's magic in a woman's soft hands.

Your hands can keep this magic softness — even more surely now — with Jergens Lotion care. Amazingly — Jergens today is finer than ever. Makes your hands feel smoother, softer — protects longer — due to recent research. Jergens benefits your hands with two ingredients many doctors rely on.

Other women — the most charming — prefer Jergens Lotion way above any other hand care. Look:

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.
Young Marrieds give more than 4 to 1 preference to Jergens.

New York Models go nearly 5 to 1 for Jergens Lotion.

Won't you trust your hand care to this famous Jergens Lotion? Never oily — no stickiness. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax).

Your daintiness — surer with new Dryad — new kind of deodorant cream.

Skin specialists approve Dryad.

It stops odor instantly, safely.

Helps check perspiration daintily.

Smooth as face cream.

Stays cream-smooth, thanks to secret ingredient.

Safe for skin and fabrics.

Daintily perfumed.

SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU...

2 ways to insure the sweetness of love.
Both for the price of one —

Famous JERGENS LOTION.....50¢^{bottle}

New DRYAD deodorant.....25¢^{jar}

Both for **39¢** Value 75¢
(plus tax)



WONDERFUL BUY — ask for Jergens Special at your cosmetics counter today.



**HAPPY
DAYS -
FREE
DAYS -
with
MEDS!**

No "lost days" this summer! Pack a box of Meds tampons in your bag—and enjoy *any* day!

Meds are different: the "Safety-Well" for extra protection; soft, luxurious cotton; neat applicators—so handy to carry, so easy to use, so simple to dispose of.

Now's the time to discover how marvelous Meds are. Get a box today—or send coupon below for trial package of the new easy-to-insert size with the REGULAR absorbency most mature women need.

Slender MEDS
with REGULAR
absorbency in the
light blue box

De Luxe MEDS
with SUPER
absorbency in the
dark blue box

29¢ for 10 in applicators



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
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Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown, New Jersey

RM-8

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try REGULAR Meds. Please send, in plain wrapper, with full directions, trial package for which I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Acceptable for advertising in the
Journal of the American Medical Association.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 43)

announcer for your program come out with that "Life Can Be Beautiful" stuff everyday and I used to think to myself, "brother, if you were in the condition I'm in you wouldn't be saying that so smugly," but now, after learning to be useful again, I have come to look at things quite a bit differently.

Mr. C. J.

THE SUN STILL SHINES

Dear Papa David:

I want to tell you a little story of a boy in far-away Java, Dutch East Indies. We were there as missionaries, and Sowedjodjo was only one among many lepers, but it seemed our interest was centered upon him, he was so patient, we never heard him grumble or complain, and he had so little pleasure in life.

When an infant some infection had robbed him of his eyesight. He would sit for hours, just where you placed him, with a smile upon his face, a face that already was showing the signs of that dread disease, leprosy.

In our meetings, which we held every night, we taught these people hymns and choruses translated into their own language, and if they could only learn one word of English, how proud they would be. Some of the little boys would teach Sowedjodjo; he loved to sing.

One day there came for him a ray of hope. A new doctor had arrived from Denmark, an eye specialist, who had given up a large and important practice to come out as a missionary and work among the lepers. He had noticed the boy several times, and one day came to the office, asking permission to make an examination of the boy's eyes; of course consent was gladly given and after several examinations he gave every hope of restoring the sight of one eye to Sowedjodjo.

As the days went by operations were performed, prayers were offered especially for him, and we all longed for the day when he would see.

Then that day came; bandages were removed; excitement prevailed among the men and boys—they were all so fond of him, and when the doctor brought him out they gathered around, and one of them said, "Now, Sowedjodjo, what do you want to see most?" He said, "Most of all, I want to see the sun." The men looked at each other and made signs, saying, as would say in America, "Let us fool him." Night was coming on for as you may know there is no twilight in the tropics. The sun had set, then darkness, so they brought him to the hall where the meeting was being held, told him to look at the lights and see the sun. He looked disappointed, then shook his head saying, "No, that is not the sun." They laughed and taking him outside told him to look up. The skies were full of brilliant stars, such brilliance as can only be seen in a tropical sky, the moon also was so bright that at times with a little straining of the eyes you could see to read. They said, "Now look up and see the sun." Again with a puzzled look he shook his head saying, "No, that's not the sun."

The sun meant so much to him, it had been his God—he worshipped it, but had no idea what or who it was. He had felt its warmth, had been led out every morning year after year to sit in the sun, then they came to move

him; the sun was too hot, they must find a cooler place. It was to him a power, a something indescribable.

Morning came. Sowedjodjo arose from his rude cot, made of bamboo, and standing in the doorway looked out upon a *Sun in all its glory*, which fitted in with his imagination and answered all the questions that had been too difficult for his poor warped mind to grapple with. We saw him standing in the sun, clapping his withered hands and shouting, "Now I can see the Sun. Yes! This is the Sun, now I can live. I can live! I am happy! I have seen the Sun!"

He had found the key, happiness had come, and in spite of his warped, diseased body, life to him was beautiful. And working among these people, bringing them out of darkness into light, helping them to know our God made life beautiful for us.

Mrs. M. J. C.

UGLY DOOR OF IGNORANCE

Dear Papa David:

Having found the man of my life, I was determined to marry in the shortest possible time. To my surprise I discovered that for him, marriage to any woman was strictly taboo. He "hated children!" At the moment this seemed a comparatively minor matter to me and we were married.

The first two years of our marriage were the happiest either of us had ever known. It was then my doctor confirmed my growing suspicions. I was going to have a baby and I was terrified. Red had made himself all too clear on the subject.

The day arrived when I knew I must tell Red the fateful news. That day I spent packing my belongings preparatory to leaving him. I was determined my baby would never be made to feel unwanted. After our evening dinner I began the confession.

In tears, I awaited the outburst that was sure to come. Hearing nothing, I stole a glance and found that big, lanky red-head with tears in his eyes. It wasn't the reaction I had expected but it frightened me even more. I was frightened, that is, until the words started to come. It was a confession—a story of misery and heartbreak which had tormented him for years. In his late teens he had obtained false information from an unauthorized source that he was incapable of fatherhood. He was "invited to take a series of treatments" at an exorbitant price which he rejected. Instead he had built up a protective complex regarding youngsters. A complex which very nearly ruined our marriage and Red's life.

Our little carrot-top is now two years old and we hope the coming baby sister will keep him from becoming completely spoiled, in spite of us.

Mrs. D. M.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Dear Papa David:

I was only seventeen in 1929, when Dad lost his business and his health at the same time. There was nothing left for us to do but to move out to the farm that had been Dad's father's in west Texas. I got work teaching.

But how I hated it! Walking one and a half miles in the cold, building my own fires, and (Continued on page 70)

SEE IT NOW...from now on you'll be hearing about it !!!!!!!



**ANN
SHERIDAN
LEW
AYRES
ZACHARY
SCOTT**

It's so easy to cry "Shame!"

THE UNFAITHFUL

**IF SHE WERE YOURS
COULD YOU FORGIVE ?**



**THE NEW
WARNER
SENSATION!**

EVE ARDEN

Directed by **STEVEN GERAY • VINCENT SHERMAN • JERRY WALD**
ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY DAVID GOODIS AND JAMES GUNN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

R
M

Beech-Nut GUM

Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it.



Those who take active part in sport, as well as those who just watch, enjoy the refreshing flavor of BEECH-NUT GUM.



(Continued from page 68) worrying with twenty-five pupils of all grades!

Then one day when I had just finished reading a Christmas story to my pupils, one of the little girls spoke up.

"Please, Miss Grace, I ain't never seen a Christmas tree!"

"I haven't ever seen—" I corrected her mechanically, then suddenly I realized what she had said. "You mean you have never had a Christmas tree?"

"We ain't never had one here," all the children chorused.

Right then and there I made up my mind. Bird Hollow would have a Christmas tree! But it wasn't so easy. The parents objected. It was foolishness, they said; it had been a hard year, and there was no money to spend. And then, they pointed out, there were no trees on the plains.

But I was determined. In front of our house was a lone hackberry tree. When I told Dad and Mother what I wanted to do, Dad chopped it down without a murmur.

Out of my own money, I bought green and red paper, marbles, beads. Mother made balls out of bright worsted. An old linen luncheon cloth made gay handkerchiefs for the little girls. Each little boy had a bag of marbles and a ball, and each girl a string of beads and handkerchief. Then for each child, there was an orange and an apple and some candy.

And when I saw the awe-filled eyes of those children who had never seen a Christmas tree before, and realized their ecstatic happiness over the simple gifts I had prepared, I understood for the first time what the poet meant when he said, "It's not what we give, but what we share—"

Mrs. G. L. M.

"WE CALLED A CONFERENCE"

Dear Papa David:

About twelve years ago Lady Luck deserted us—my husband, two children and myself. My husband lost his job because of illness—the children needed things we couldn't buy. We began to be afraid that we would lose the very roof over our heads.

One night I had an idea. We gathered in the living room and had a consultation. My idea was—my husband might never be entirely well again. I had no training for anything. All I would ever be able to do would be housecleaning or menial labor. I was young—I wanted more out of life for my own than that. I had one talent—the ability to fix hair. We decided that extra scrimping and co-operation

would enable me to enroll in school.

I began one morning in September. The other students were younger by far than I. I felt entirely out of my element and they looked upon me, as I found out later, as a "sour-puss." I was so scared I couldn't smile. School was hard! I couldn't concentrate; I had been out of school too long, and I had home problems to occupy a great share of my mind. But I studied at night, till I would dream of "alopecia areata," diseases of the nails, Latin words for various bones.

Then all of a sudden it was easy. I learned and kept what I learned with no effort. School days were from Monday through Saturday, but I arranged to have Saturday off. That day I washed, ironed, baked and cleaned for my family. During this time they were wonderful. My poor darling hated the idea of his wife going through so much. He did what he could—cared for the children, and they all shared in household tasks. At last the great day came. I had my license. I remember how we celebrated. We even splurged with a bottle of olives—for months I had looked longingly but decided that bread was more important.

Chances to work for several local shops came my way, but I knew that working for others wouldn't really pay. We consulted again. Result "mortgage!"

We bought equipment—hung out my sign for a shop right in our own home. The first week I cleared five dollars—not much but I was in. Inside of five years we were sitting pretty—my husband was rapidly gaining. Now he has a radio repair shop. He wants me to quit and let him take over completely but I love my work. Our working hours coincide. We have our evenings together. He provides the bread and butter—I just smear a little jam on it.

Mrs. L. L.

STORY-TELLING TIME

Dear Papa David:

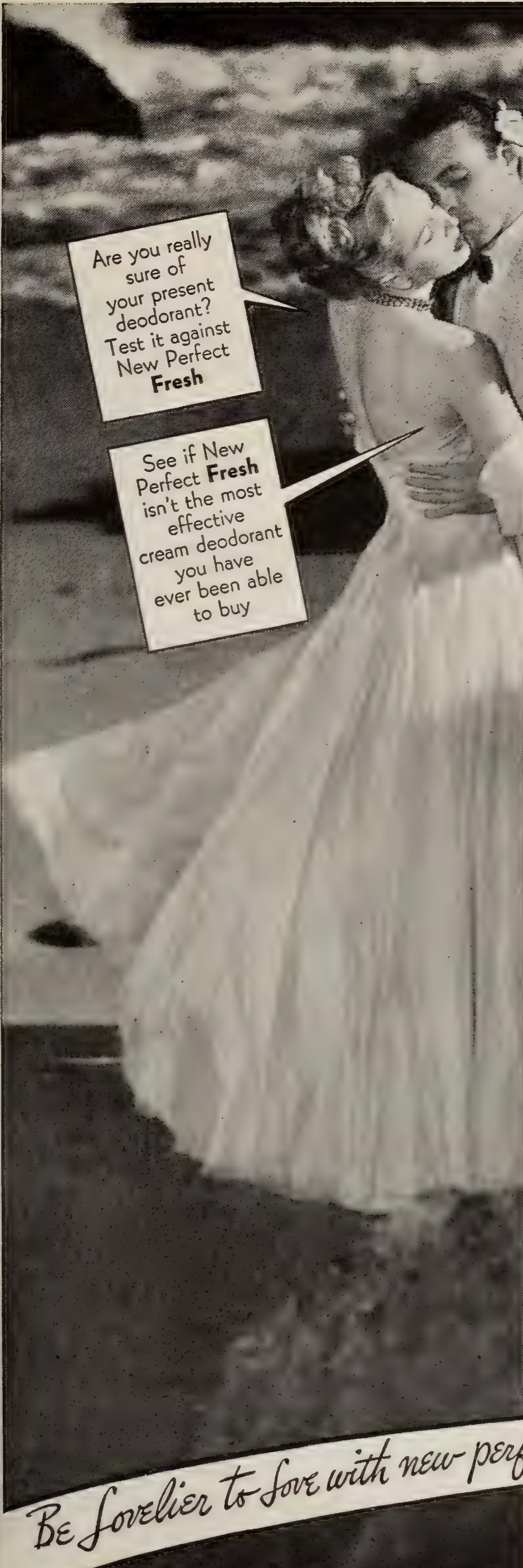
At sixty-eight, I was leading a full, useful and happy life. I did all of my own housework, sewed for my three grown daughters and two small grandchildren, had a Victory Garden, which supplied us with fresh vegetables for the table, with enough left over to preserve for the winter. There did not seem to be a cloud in the sky.

Then suddenly, one day, without the slightest warning, I suffered a nervous shock, which paralyzed my entire right side, rendering (Continued on page 72)

*"These people are like me
...and my neighbors."*

● So writes one listener of the thousands who appreciate the *true-to-life* quality of "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program. Many women say that these real stories help them with their *own* life problems—give both spiritual help and practical help. A complete story every morning, Monday thru Friday, in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY magazine. Check your local radio listings for the time of "MY TRUE STORY" over the American Broadcasting Company station in your community.





Are you really
sure of
your present
deodorant?
Test it against
New Perfect
Fresh

See if New
Perfect **Fresh**
isn't the most
effective
cream deodorant
you have
ever been able
to buy

Never before in History!

But now Fresh brings you a new fluffier,
creamier deodorant . . . to give you carefree
underarm protection even on hottest days.

Only Fresh can give you this patented
combination of amazing ingredients in a new
deodorant that has never been made before.

New Fresh is the most effective cream deodorant
you have ever tried . . . we think you'll agree!
Yet dresses are perfectly safe from rotting . . .
normal skin is perfectly safe from irritation.

New Fresh is delicately perfumed, delightful to
smooth on. No gritty crystals or annoying hard
particles and it doesn't dry out in the jar.

But don't take our word for it—test it. Test
New Perfect Fresh today against your present
deodorant—see if it isn't the most effective—the
most pleasant cream deodorant you have ever
been able to buy. Get your jar of New Perfect
Fresh now—for carefree underarm protection
even on hottest days. Available at all drug and
toilet goods counters.

Be lovelier to love with new perfect Fresh



New Perfect Fresh comes to you at the same low pre-war prices . . . 10¢, 25¢, 43¢, and new 59¢ economy size.



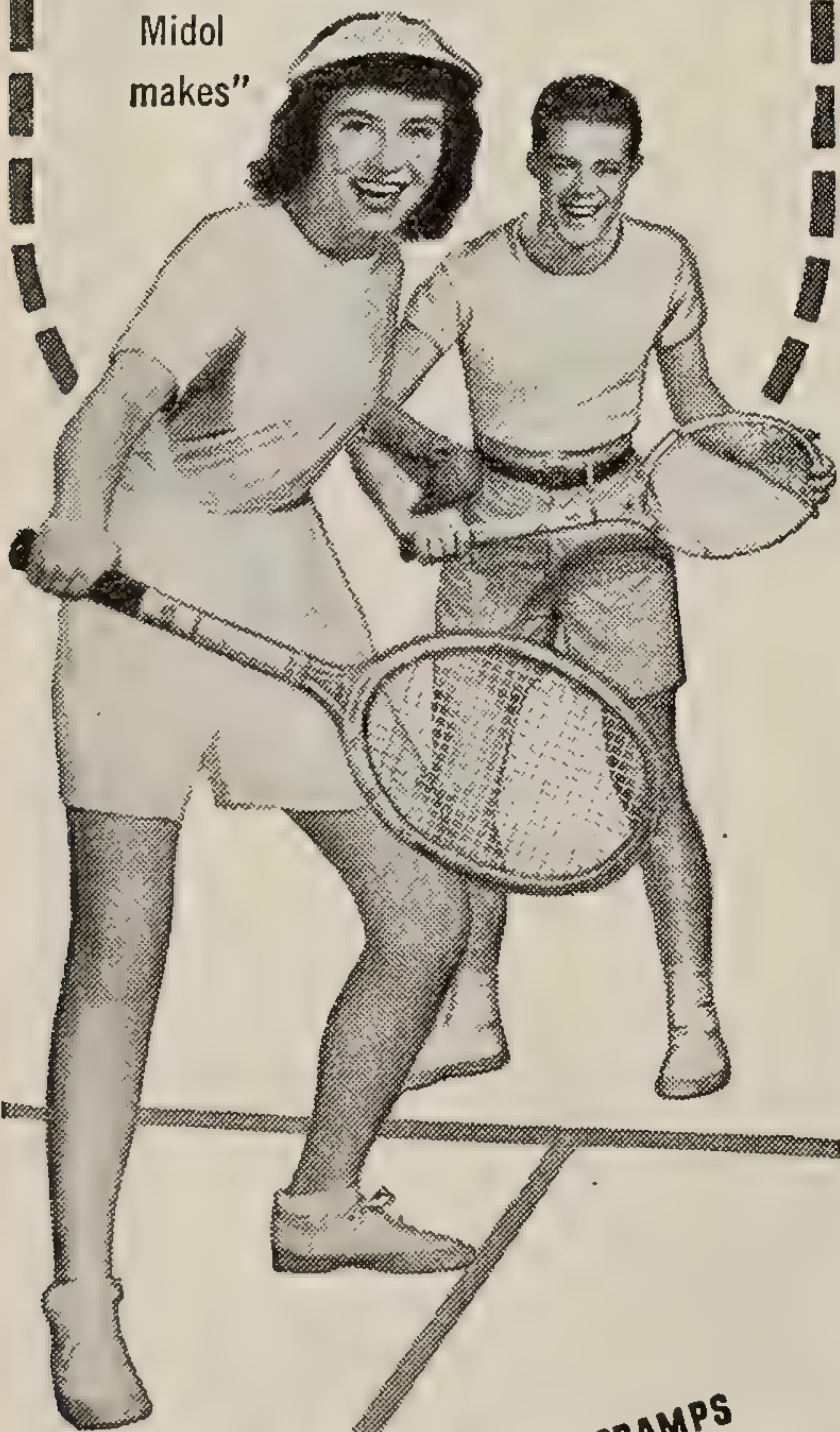
"DREADED" DAYS CAN BE ACTIVE DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE

Midol
makes"



RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

(Continued from page 70) me absolutely helpless.

My daughter had to resign from a fine secretarial position to care for me and the house, thus cutting our income to a minimum. However, with the best of care and attention, after three months, my right side began to respond to treatment and after a while I was able to leave my bed and sit around in a rocking-chair in the living room.

My little four-year-old granddaughter, who lived next door, came over faithfully each day to keep me company, with a large volume of Mother Goose.

As we exhausted the supply of children's books here at home and in the local library, she demanded more stories. So I began to concoct my own brand, taken mostly from imagination and some from my own experiences as a child. They became so interesting to her that she started bringing her smaller sister over with her each day. In the late afternoon, after they had left, I typed out new stories with one finger on a small portable my son-in-law had given me.

My daughter became so interested in helping me compose and write the stories that she has started on a career of her own in the fiction field of short-story writing, so that we are both hard at work on an interesting and we hope, lucrative business.

Mrs. C. B. D.

A FEELING OF SECURITY

Dear Papa David:

After five blissful years of married life, an automobile accident took my husband, leaving me bewildered and alone to face an uncertain future with our three young sons.

After a few years, I met and married a man I greatly admired. The boys were so very happy about it!

At first, my husband seemed merely shy and I readily understood this, as he had never been around children much, but it wasn't long before he became sullen and irritable. And in a few months, a drastic change had taken place. The house was silent, with the boys creeping around like little mice in order not to "disturb Daddy." They became wan and nervous.

Many bitter tears I shed into my pillow trying to find a solution to my problem. Then one night we were in the living room. Suddenly my husband flung his magazine down, and got down to the floor on his hands and knees. He looked invitingly at my

sons and said, "Who's first to ride? This old horse looks gentle, but you'll be surprised, once you get in the saddle!"

The children, filled with surprise, hesitated, but for only a moment. Such a hilarious half hour I'd never before witnessed! After laughing with them for a while, I picked up the magazine which my husband had thrown down. There, meeting my eyes, was a column written by a child psychiatrist, and what a column! All about the rearing of children, how the environment, the parents' attitude, etc. cause the children to be what they are in later years.

As I read this I glanced at my husband and found him looking at me. In his eyes I read much, and a feeling of security swept over me as I breathed a prayer of thankfulness to a doctor who had unwittingly brought a family together!

Mrs. G. H. H.

BACK TOGETHER AGAIN

Dear Papa David:

When I was about five years old, my parents decided to get a divorce. I was sent to my aunt's house in the south. I remained with her for eight years until she passed away.

My father was almost frantic trying to find a place for me to live. He had finally decided to send me to a boarding school not far from the town in which we lived. While we were making these arrangements we received a most welcome letter from my mother. She wanted me! I was so happy to know this.

My father and I could hardly wait to see her again. And it was even better than I'd hoped.

As the months passed I was happy but not entirely content. You see, Papa David, I was a junior in high school and every one of my companions had wonderful and happy parents. That's something I too wanted more than anything.

My father came to see us very frequently, but it wasn't enough to be completely happy.

Then one day not long ago my parents and I went out to dinner. They told me they had a surprise for me. It was one week until my birthday, and as a gift for me they were going to remarry and give me the home and happiness anyone could ask. That week is one I shall never forget.

I am going to graduate in June and I shall be much happier than ever before in my life.

Miss J. B.

IS THERE SOMETHING **YOU'VE** WANTED

ALL YOUR LIFE?

Dreams come true on radio's new and delightfully different daytime program, "HEART'S DESIRE."

All the drama, humor and love that go into real people's hopes make a heart-warming listening experience, every day, Monday through Friday.

LISTEN TO "HEART'S DESIRE"

ON ALL MUTUAL STATIONS

Consult your newspaper for exact time and station.

Don't miss the special "Heart's Desire" feature in the August TRUE STORY magazine

Who would know better than the girls in white?



Nurses test new napkin— 101 out of 120 report no chafing with new Free-Stride Modess!

Nurses, busy nurses . . . bending, lifting, pulling, pushing, stretching . . . WHO could better judge the chafe-free comfort of a napkin?

Just read what *they* discovered:

In hospital after hospital, nurses who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin were asked to try a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride Modess*.

The brand was kept a secret. Nurses were simply asked to see if the new napkin gave freedom from chafe.

Their verdict: 101 out of 120 nurses reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess*!

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many nurses discovered in *Free-Stride Modess* lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges*!

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride Modess* has a triple safety shield to keep you confident—free of accident fears. And a fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you fresh as spring. No telltale outline—*Free-Stride Modess* is *silhouette-proof*!

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin now. Improved *Free-Stride Modess* is on sale everywhere *now*. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort!

Move with freedom!

Try the new Free-stride Modess!

Smile Magic



The prettiest face in the world won't retain its charm if bad temper imprints itself thereon too often. Muscles sag, wrinkles form.



Start out smiling, Daisy Bernier says; somehow that makes it a little easier to keep temper under control. And makes you a lot easier to look at!

THE "honey" of Fred Waring's singing group, "Honey and the Bees," taffy-haired Daisy Bernier has a natural sparkle in her eyes, and a pertness to her smile that's catching. She has the American girl look—clean cut, freshly scrubbed.

On a hot summer morning, Daisy looked so cool and girlish in her charming peasant costume that we wouldn't let her change into something more dressy, even to have her picture "took" for you. That's a note you might record, to begin with: clothes as fresh and trim as you can get them, and the simpler, the less fussy, the better.

While the photographer was fussing with lights and shadows, she told us how she managed to keep a cool temper in such warm weather. Little things, you know, are apt to prove so irritating! And if our facial muscles are permitted to fall into discontented, angry lines too often, they may mold the expression into a permanent reflection of an unhappy disposition.

When Daisy tried to look angry, she had trouble holding the thundercloud expressions that illustrate why you should keep your temper under control. There's nothing attractive in a furious expression, even on a pretty face.

Daisy is a professional singer. But even you can hum a gay little tune. You can do as she does when she feels herself becoming angry. She dashes cold water on her face, feigns a smile she doesn't feel—and pretty soon she can't remember what started the trouble. It's magic.

If you let yourself remain unhappy for long, she warns, you may get indigestion, no one will want you around, you'll slump in posture, and you won't do your work so well. She suggests that when you feel cross and irritable you either have a light snack, take a nap, or relax in a warm, scented tub. One of those methods is your key to relaxation. Find it.

Daisy is also a firm believer in eight hours' nightly sleep, and three complete meals daily for health, beauty, and a good disposition. She wouldn't be the successful singer she is, if she couldn't feel a song in her heart. You'll be happier, and look lovelier, too—if you follow Daisy's few simple rules and don't make warm weather an excuse for losing your temper.

By MARY JANE FULTON

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)



Miss Ella Wigren of Chicago, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart—*can you?*" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins*."

For your date tonight . . .
give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent

Easy? You would never dream it could be so easy to give yourself a permanent at home. Just three simple steps:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (*new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever*). Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Wonderfully simple...and oh, what a

beautiful wave! So soft, so smooth, so natural-looking. Exactly the amount of curl to suit yourself. Not too loose... not too tight...but just right. Easy to manage from the start because there's no stubborn frizzy stage with Toni.

Even if your hair is gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine it will take a beautiful wave. For Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Try it today.

All leading drug, notions and cosmetic counters feature and recommend the Toni Home Permanent Kit.

Ella, the twin at the right above, has the Toni. Could you tell?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers — but the wave stays in for months.

De Luxe Kit with
re-usable plastic curlers
\$2.00

Regular Kit with
fiber curlers
\$1.25

Refill Kit complete
except for curlers
\$1.00

All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada



Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME GOLD WAVE



Mr. and Mrs. Music

(Continued from page 39)

around the floors wearing little more than that diaper. "But, Bea," they'll gasp, "what about drafts and things? The child is almost naked!"

Yes, the child is almost naked. Bea's policy on baby clothes is a progressive one—keep 'em at a minimum! This policy, expertly carried out by Sophie, herself a registered nurse, has conditioned Wayne to maximum resistance to the sniffles and other child ailments. In short, young Baruch is in the pink!

After some more shenanigans with mommy and daddy, Wayne is brought back to the nursery and about twelve hours of sweet slumber. That nursery, incidentally, had to undergo a complete transformation to make way for Wayne's arrival on the scene—something like the metamorphosis from cocoon to butterfly. Previously that chamber had served as a darkroom for Bea and Andre.

The demise of that darkroom, however, has not halted the clicking of camera shutters and, needless to say, little Wayne is target number one for their lens. At the drop of a hat Andre will lug out an armful of pictures that trace Wayne's growth from infancy to the present day. And, to Bea's chagrin, Andre has a penchant for photographing Wayne posed with a briar pipe stuck in his mouth!

The listening public has long identified Bea Wain and Andre Baruch with talent-plus. Bea's record sales always run into astronomical figures. She has regularly been featured with The Hit Parade, the Guy Lombardo Program, the Kate Smith Show, Bandwagon and other topflight broadcasts.

As for Andre, his mastery of the smooth, suave narration has won him fame as announcer for many of the above programs (and that is how they met!) plus shows like Myrt and Marge, Report To The Nation, The Shadow, the Jack Benny Show and many others.

However, it's when you're a guest at the Baruch's that you become aware of talents that haven't been publicized.

FOR instance, your attention is drawn to those striking photographs hung here and there throughout the apartment.

Other objects begin to arrest your attention in the Baruch household. Loving cups—bronze, silver, gold. These trophies speak for themselves, for they are inscribed with Bea's name or Andre's. They speak of Bea's prowess on the golf course—of Andre's virtuosity in that game as well as swimming, track and tennis. Andre has garnered more than sixty cups for athletics and, some years ago, he won the ping pong championship for radio. He has been captain of the CBS golf team which distinguishes itself every year at the annual River Vale Country Club tournament.

Andre's talents run to forms of expression other than rugged sports. You become aware of this when he casually sits down at the grand piano off in one corner of their living room. You needn't be a musician to sense the authority and skill in his hands as they ripple along the keyboard. You learn, presently, that he once took an intensive course in piano technique under Hans Bachmann.

Bea Wain's husband could easily play host to any typical United Nations delegation. At any rate, the language

barrier wouldn't stymie him. Andre knows French fluently—after all, he emigrated from Paris to New York. He is equally adept with English (as if you didn't know that) Spanish, Italian and he can carry a fair conversation in Dutch, Flemish and Portuguese.

There is, of course, another language—Waynese. In this idiom both Andre and Bea are quite proficient. Are Mr. and Mrs. Baruch self-conscious about talking baby talk? They are not and have demonstrated that fact by interviewing Wayne on their Mr. and Mrs. Music program. 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house moped Bea and Andre in a mood most blue. Christmas—a day when all other parents would be with their children while they, The Busy B's, would be down at the studio slaving over a hot microphone! Reason enough for the mopes but, just as Bea was about to curse the ghost of Scrooge, Andre suddenly shouted, "Eureka! I've got it!" Or words to that effect, anyway.

PORTHWITH he began hustling and bustling about the apartment, rigging wires and attaching gadgets to their super-ultra radio-phonograph-recording combination. Presently all was ready and nurse Sophie was asked to fetch Wayne. Young Mr. Baruch, somewhat on the bewildered side, had a funny doorknob-looking thing held in front of his face while mommy and daddy began asking him questions.

Next day, Christmas, Bea and Andre were smiling, not slaving, over that microphone, for they had Wayne with them, by transcription anyway. There is no record in the annals of broadcasting of any younger performer than Wayne Baruch.

Andre can recall only one broadcast—also a record show, by the way—that compared with Wayne's for solid satisfaction. Back in 1942 Andre was a lieutenant (later he became Major Andre Baruch) on duty with the Armed Forces Radio Service in North Africa. In this position he was in command of all special radio activities in that area. A vital part of the network's operation was concerned with broadcasting morale and entertainment programs to our troops. "Platter shows"—V-discs and popular recordings—achieved that purpose. Our homesick GIs lapped them up.

In his strategic position Andre knew their preferences. Far up on their list of demands was the constant request for records with vocals by Bea Wain. However, Lieutenant Baruch had on hand only a few not too new releases by that popular songstress. Lieutenant Baruch, therefore, had a mission. He sent out a frantic call by radio, by mail, by courier and even by carrier-pigeon. No response. (Remember, that was North Africa during those days.)

However, it was rumored that a certain captain stationed down Casablanca way did have a collection of Bea Wain records. Andre was skeptical but, when Army business required him to fly down there shortly afterward, he decided to investigate the rumor. After considerable sleuthing in crowded, chaotic Casablanca Andre located the captain and discovered that not only was he an avid collector of Bea's records (he had a million of 'em, says Andre) but he

was hopelessly ga-ga about the girl. No, the captain had never actually met Bea but his room was literally plastered with pin-ups of her.

Would the good captain, in the interests of Army morale, part with some of his Bea Wain records? Never! Not even a dozen or so? No!

But the good captain was free with his praise for the singer. While he waxed eloquent in that praise Andre stood there smiling and nodding agreement. What a voice, raved the captain. What personality, he ranted. What looks, he ogled, nudging the embarrassed lieutenant.

It was, for Andre, a decidedly delicate situation.

"I couldn't help agreeing with every word the captain said," relates Andre. "But a little birdie told me that if I ever dared mention that Bea Wain was my wife, it would be fatal to my mission. So I just kept on nodding and 'yes'-ing him and finally walked out with about a dozen discs."

Morale was high with many a GI when Andre got back and started broadcasting all those Bea Wain recordings.

Not long ago, Bea and Andre were spending a quiet evening at home—just lounging around and luxuriating lazily. Like the proverbial postman who takes a walk on his day off, "Mr. and Mrs. Music" were amusing themselves by spinning all their favorite records on that super-special phonograph. When they'd had their fill, they switched on the radio and listened to more records via Radcliffe Hall's all-night platter show being broadcast over WNBC (the National Broadcasting Company).

Inevitably the voice of Bea Wain began coming through their loud speaker. It was her recorded rendition of a favorite and highly successful number. When it ended disc-jockey Hall was heard to say, "I hope Bea was listening to that one and, if so, I do hope she'll phone in and tell us how she liked it."

Bea, understandably pleased, was about to comply with that request but she hesitated and said, "Andre, it would be nice to telephone him but, on the other hand, don't you think phoning is rather impersonal?"

ANDRE gave her that shrewd, knowing look, then answered, "I think I see what you mean. Okay, my love, let's get going."

The Baruch's quickly got dressed—it was past midnight—went out, hailed a taxi and drove straight to the National Broadcasting Company's studio. Hall's face, when they walked in on him, was a study in astonishment—and delight.

For the better part of an hour that nocturnal platter show was livened by the live voice of Bea Wain, augmented by Andre's. Listeners were phoning in one request after another. It was all wonderful, spontaneous, ad libbed fun.

Only a vignette, perhaps—but a revealing one in the life of these talented people. The Busy B's know how to work successfully, individually and together. They know how to play, too, and extract a few laughs out of life. Perhaps the pessimists who warn that marriages and careers won't mix will be forced to admit that "Mr. and Mrs. Music" are evidence on the other side.

Red Letter Day for Skippy

(Continued from page 23)

progression of the choir down the aisle; he like the impassioned parts of the sermon, when the minister's upstanding lock of hair collapsed over one eye.

I didn't insist. I didn't want Skippy to think of church as something to be endured.

I grinned at Skippy, conspiratorily. My heart rose on a wave of the happy, secure feeling that always came when Skippy and I were together. He was my one constant, my one unfailing source of joy and hope. Everything else—well, Connie Wakefield, who shared our home, said that I had a gift for attracting disaster.

"Let's do something," he suggested.

I got the idea. Something special. It was that kind of day.

"Dr. Campbell said he might take us riding this afternoon."

"Well. . . ."

"Or a picnic," I said. "It's a good day for a picnic."

He brightened. Then he said, "I went on a picnic not so long ago."

"What do you want me to do?" I laughed. "Pull something very special out of my hat?"

"Yes!" He jumped a crack for emphasis. "Something *very* special!"

We'd turned into our street. Down the block—yes, outside our house—a figure paused on the walk, watching us. He started towards us. It was Dick.

"A pretty picture," he greeted us.

"THANK you." Skippy was as neat as you could expect a small boy to be, and I felt pretty, knew that my soft print dress was becoming, that my hair, loosened a little by the breeze, glinted with coppery lights in the sun. "You're early," I added.

He laughed. "I haven't come yet. I had an errand out this way, and I stopped on the chance that you'd be home, to ask when you want me to turn up this afternoon."

I laughed at his hesitation. "If you're thinking about dinner, we'd love company. And the food's all ready. I prepared it yesterday. Consomme, jellied meat loaf, salad—"

He threw up his hands. "All right," he said. "I want to stay, of course."

I started toward the house.

"Wait a minute—" Dick returned to the car, came back carrying a long, narrow, white box. "I told you I had an errand. This was it."

He was holding the box out to me. I looked at him wonderingly.

"Open it, Mommie!" Skippy was dancing up and down in impatience.

"In the house," I said firmly. "Come on, both of you."

The house was dark and cool after the brilliant sunlight of the outside; the box itself was like a flower unfolding in the dimness—great clouds of puffy waxed paper, in the center, the fragile, exquisite gold of Java lilies.

"Oh, Dick, how beautiful!" I touched the delicate blossoms. "I love them—the way they move as if alive."

Dick had brought Skippy presents, too—a pair of toy automobiles to add to his already considerable collection. He played with Skippy in the living room while I went out to the kitchen to get dinner. I carried the trays into the other room, feeling—oh, *smooth*. For this little while, life was as it ought to be—tranquil, pleasant.



"SURE

I'll be a Model...

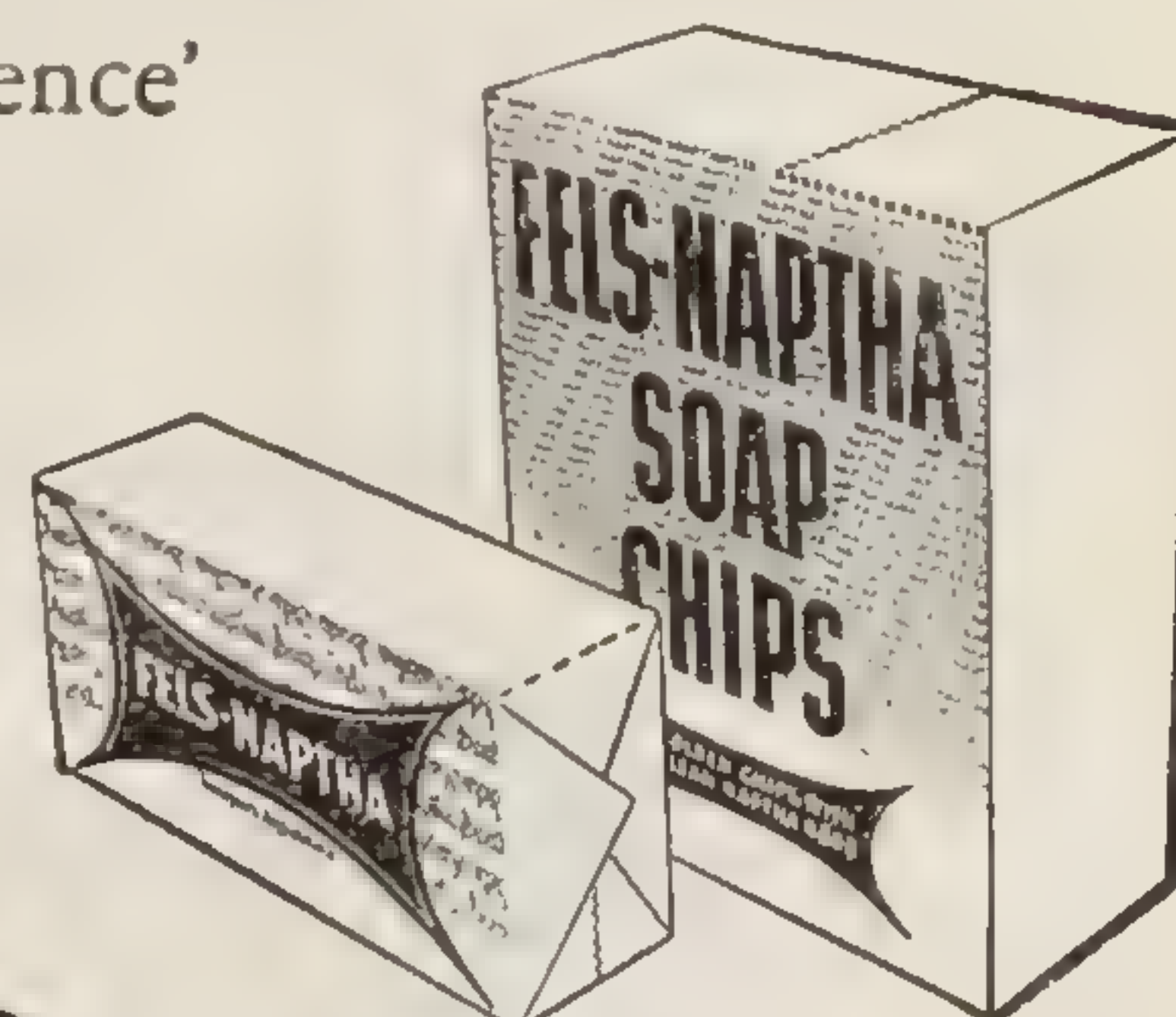
for Fels-Naptha"

"I'm nobody's pin-up boy—but any time I can do the Fels-Naptha folks a favor—count me in. The missus says I'm a fast man with a shirt and if it wasn't for Fels-Naptha Soap, her permanent address would be R. D. 1, Laundry Tub Row.

"Well... she keeps me stocked with clean shirts (white, that is) and she's ready to step whenever I am. So if I'm the type you're looking for... shoot! It's on the house."

1 1 1

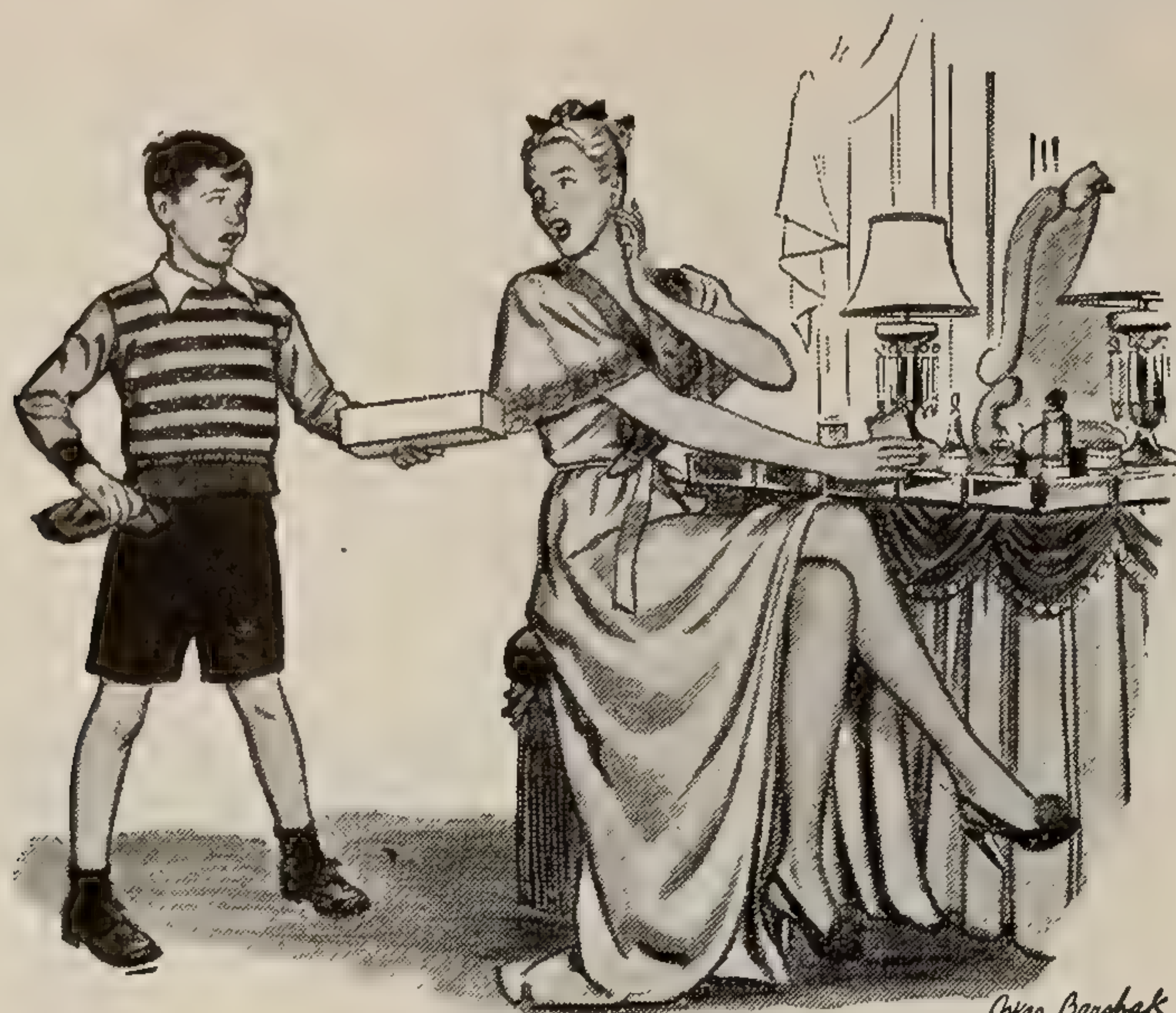
Welcome, Brother! You are now entitled to membership in the Fels-Naptha Boosters Club. 'Experience' meetings held every week on wash day. Be sure to bring the 'missus'. We want to hear her own report on Why Fels-Naptha is the Best Laundry Soap on the Market.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

"But I didn't say tissues...I said KLEENEX!"



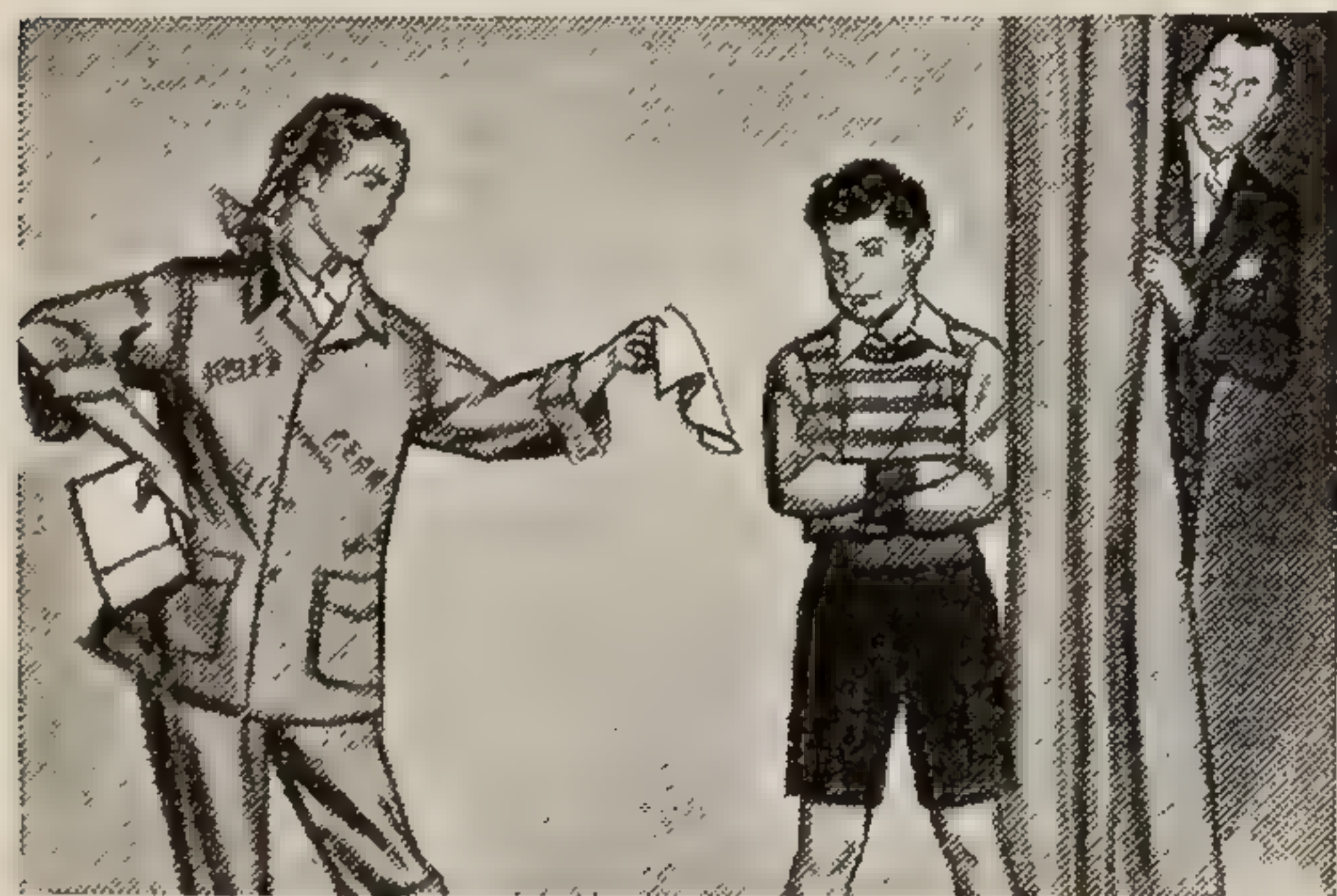
Alan Barthak



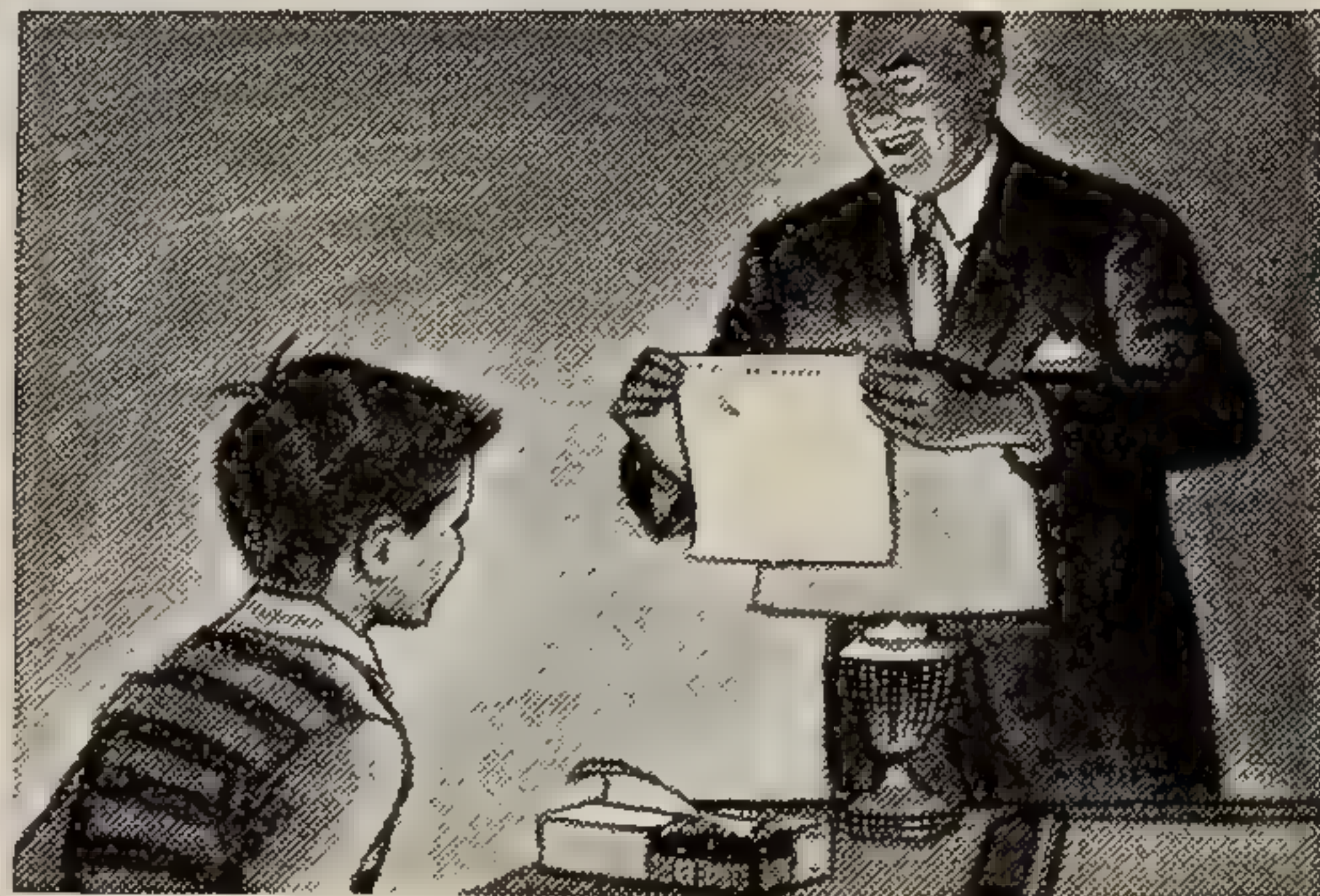
It's not the same thing at all—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *s-o-f-t* tissue. A *Kleenex* Tissue. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?



Your Mother's right—for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different*. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!



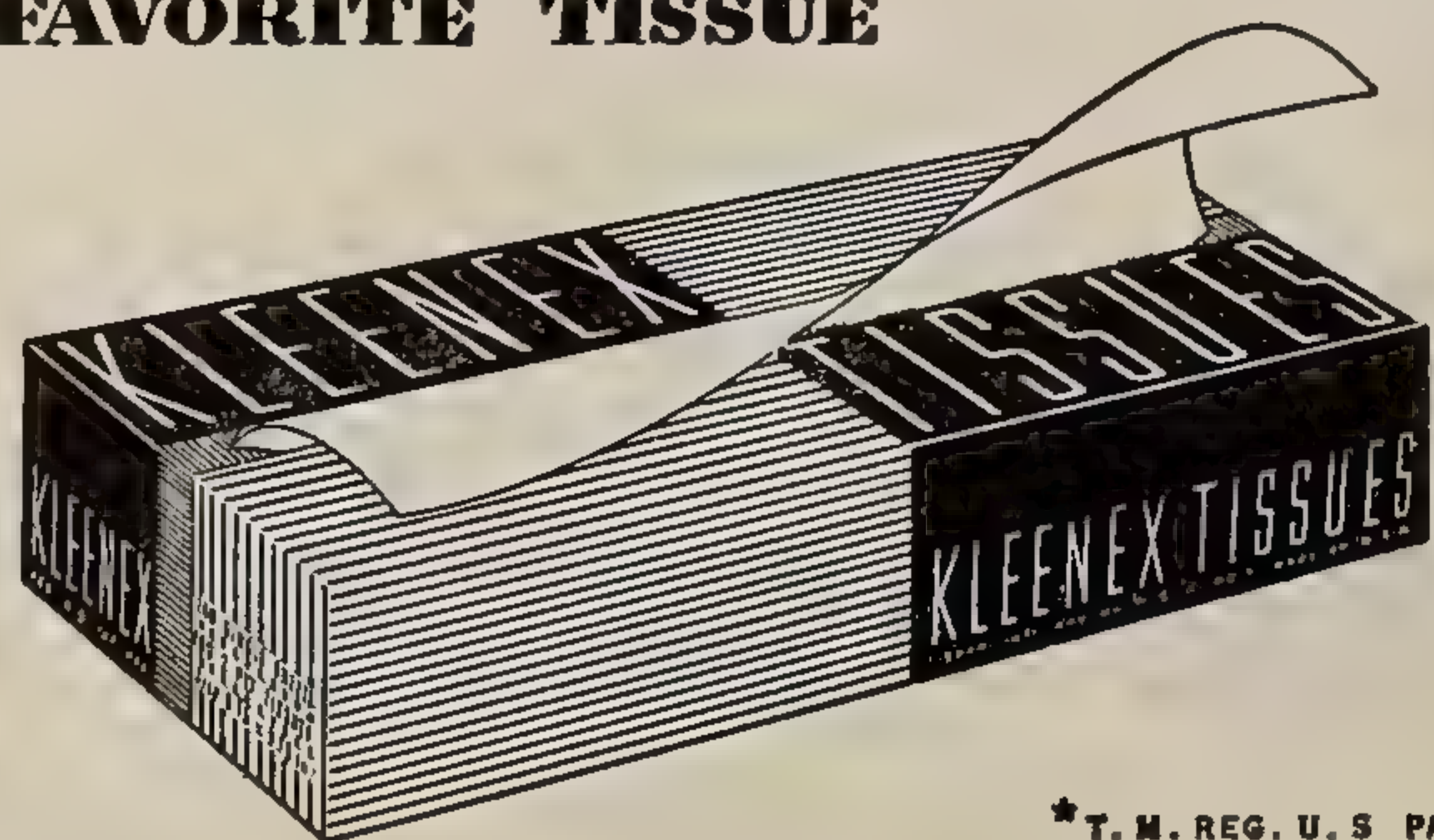
I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!



I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty soft. And husky! Your eyes tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know...*There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Dinner was as good as it looked. We ate to music; Dick had turned on the radio, and after dinner, while Skippy returned to his cars, we sat back contentedly and listened to Debussy. It was music like the flowers on the table—golden music, full of delicate nuances and subtle harmonies, music that captivated the imagination. I wasn't aware that it had stopped until a man's voice came on, dryly discussing the need for improved paving.

"Oh Dick! Turn it off! What a program for Sunday!"

"Not interested in civic improvements, Carolyn?"

"Of course I am, but not today. I'm happy today—" He looked up quickly, and I hastened to add, "I mean, I feel right—contented—almost too contented."

"Too contented?"

I smiled at him. "The let-down," I explained, "always comes. Or something might happen to spoil—"

"Women!" he shook his head. "Talk about looking for trouble!"

"I don't look for trouble," I pointed out. "It has a way of finding me."

"It does, at that. But still—you leave yourself open. You go out of your way to try to help people—The cautious, selfish souls don't seem to suffer much."

"MOMMIE!" That was Skippy's voice, imperative. He'd left his cars, had come to stand beside my chair. "When are we going to go?"

"Go where?" I asked. "We still haven't decided what we're going to do." I turned to Dick. "Can you think of something, something different and sort of special?"

Skippy was looking hopefully at Dick. "What are we going to do?"

Dick's eyes winked. "Well... I don't know what your mother will say—but how about a carnival?"

"A what?"

"A carnival," Dick repeated. "You know—merry-go-rounds, ferris wheels, like at the circus."

Skippy shouted, and I was dismayed. Surely Dick didn't mean the amusement park! Skippy would be entranced, of course, but it had been really built for grown-up children. With one or two exceptions the fast rides were too fast, the steep ones too steep for him.

"I think you'll like it," Dick said reassuringly. "There's a country fair on a few miles out. I saw the posters."

A country fair—Skippy would love it, and I couldn't think of anything I would have liked better.

We drove out of town, through countryside rich with all the fullness of summer. Skippy leaned forward in the seat, craning his neck at every turn. When the colored pennants, the little swinging cars on the spindly circle of the ferris wheel appeared in the distance, he bounced excitedly.

Dick looked at me and laughed. My own eyes had brightened; I'd caught some of Skippy's excitement.

"I'll bet your mother wants to ride, too," he teased.

"I do," I confessed. "That's one of the nicest things about having a child—you've a good excuse for doing the foolish, wonderful things you secretly want to do after you're grown up."

The fair was on the outskirts of a village, but it seemed that everyone in the city must have had the same idea we had. Dick inched the car into a lot already solidly packed with cars; we joined the stream of fair-goers in the dusty lane. Once inside the grounds, there was more room, less of humanity and more opportunity to see the booths

and their bright displays. The crops came first—the fruits, the vegetables, the fat squashes, prosaic enough items when viewed on a grocer's shelves, glamorized now with satin, gold-lettered prize ribbons.

My hand tightened on Skippy's; he responded by pulling me to the side of the road, onto the grass.

"Mommie—what kind of horse is that?" I looked up into the dappled face, the benevolent eyes of a Percheron.

"A Percheron, Skippy. They're horses that do heavy work."

"You saw big horses at the circus," Dick put in.

"Not this close," I said. Skippy was fascinated. There was a sizeable collection of Percherons and Clydesdales, and Skippy paused long before them.

We got him away, finally, only by reminding him that he'd wanted to ride the ferris wheel. We rode the ferris wheel, and a caterpillar that humped slowly around a circular track, with a musty canvas cover that descended to enclose us in green, breathless gloom.

Apparently the merry-go-round was everyone's favorite. The crush around the ticket window and the gate that led to the platform was like nothing except Christmas season in a toy department.

"Better stay out of it," said Dick. "I'll take Skippy."

I NODDED gratefully, stayed with Skippy while Dick fought his way to and back from the ticket booth. Then he and Skippy disappeared into the crowd. They had to wait for rides; after a quarter of an hour or so, I saw them mounted, Dick grinning, Skippy looking almost ecstatically proud. They waved, and I set myself to wait.

There were two more rides. Then I caught a glimpse of Dick's head above the crowd inching its way toward the wooden gate. I moved as close as I could; the alleyway finally surrendered a rather harried Dick.

"Where's Skippy?" I asked.

Then, before the realization came, its emotional impact hit. I'd asked for Skippy fully expecting that he would be at the end of Dick's long arm. I looked down; Dick looked down—and he was holding the hand of a black-eyed little girl!

It might have had a funny side if my knees hadn't been turning to water under me. A dark woman snatched the little girl, glared at Dick.

"Stay right there," said Dick. "I'll go back—" And he turned back into the crowd. I stayed, sick with fear, trying to see each small face.

I don't know what magic Dick worked on the man at the gate, but for once the merry-go-round didn't start immediately it was reloaded. It stood still while the music piped desultorily on; I had glimpses of Dick and an attendant searching the platform.

It seemed years before Dick joined me, his face tight and strained. "He's not inside," he said. "That's definite. And unless he's around outside. . . . I think the best thing is to go straight to the office and—"

And report a little boy lost. He didn't say it, but that was what he meant. "I'll wait here," I said, trying to sound calm and reasonable. "He may be around; he may be trying to find us—"

"I—we'll meet you here, then. Try not to worry, Carolyn. Youngsters get lost every day at these things, and they're always found."

Worry?—I was numb with terror. I moved a few steps to where I'd stood while Dick and Skippy had waved from the circling horses, and waited there on

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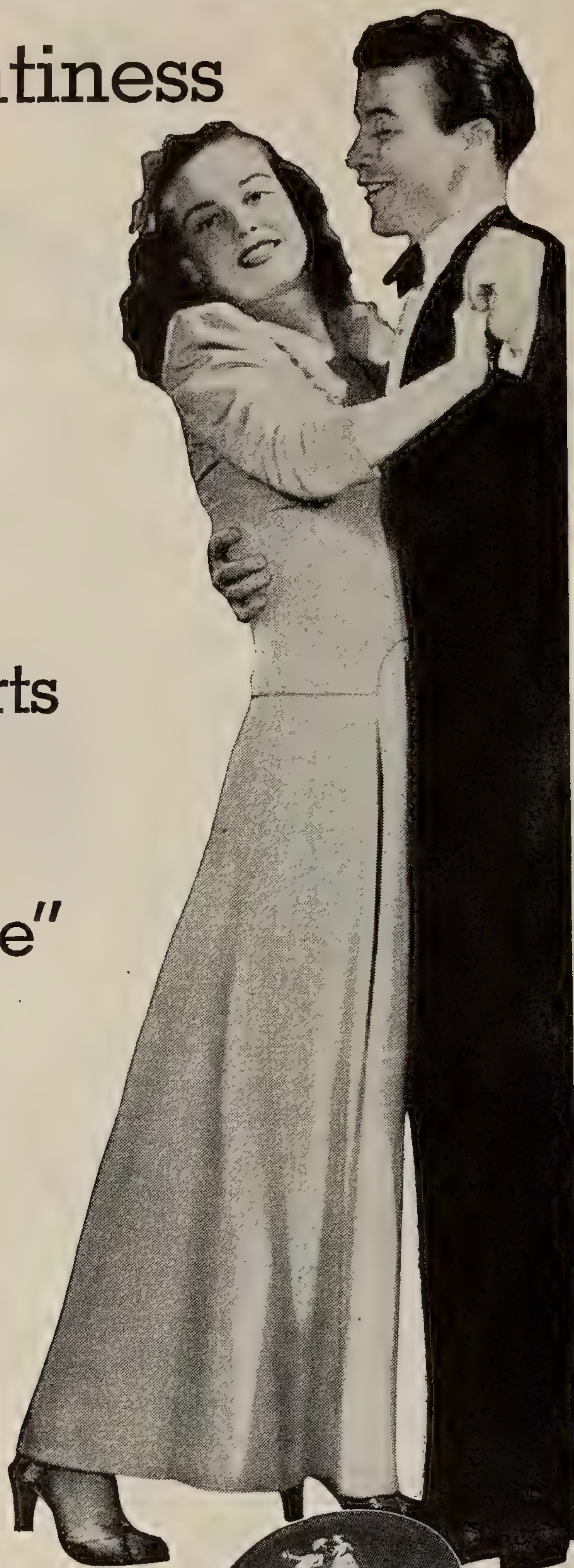
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legs that would hardly support me, and tried to look in all directions at once. I flinched as the merry-go-round started again. The imagination goes wild at such times. Suppose Skippy had somehow got under the platform, caught in the devilish machinery?

The crush was so heavy, he might have been pushed . . . A few moments before, the crowd had been made up of pushing, good-natured people. Now—it was menacing.

More years of waiting. The merry-go-round stopped and started endlessly; the crowd got on and got off; the crowd thinned. The tootling music became a mocking horror; I would never want to hear it again as long as I live. My eyeballs ached for looking; I resisted a frantic impulse to stop everyone who passed, to say, "My son is lost. Have you seen a fair little boy—"

The sun was low; a cool breeze had sprung up. Then suddenly a loud-speaker blared over my head. "Is there a doctor on the grounds? Will he please report to the office—"

I started to run. No use waiting at the merry-go-round now. Skippy wouldn't be trying to find it, to find us. He was somewhere else—at the fairgrounds office—hurt—

I BUMPED into people; I wasn't conscious of seeing anyone as I ran. Dick—and Skippy—came toward me out of a dark blur.

"Carolyn—" There was concern, and warning, in Dick's voice.

I made myself stop, forced myself not to gather Skippy into my arms. I didn't want to see my own terror reflected in his face.

"Skippy, where were you? I was worried—"

He lifted guileless eyes. "With the horses. I saw them eating, Mommie—"

"The draft horses," Dick explained. He put a steadying hand on my arm.

I swallowed. "Dick—they were calling for a doctor."

"I know. They got one. Fellow got hurt in the stock barns. Thank God, I'd just found Skippy. I knew how you'd feel." We spoke low, so that Skippy wouldn't hear. Calmer now, I could bend over, touch him.

Skippy, wrapped in Dick's coat, with the automobile robe over his feet, made what conversation there was on the way home. Dick and I tried to share his interest in the horses, but I was limp after the strain, and there was still the shadow of tension around Dick's mouth. I knew he was blaming himself!

At home we put Skippy to bed. He gave us a cherubic smile and went off to sleep before he'd finished his supper.

"He'll be all right," I said, and for the first time in hours I could really smile.

Dick nodded. "I was worried about you for a while."

"I went to pieces," I admitted. "I know that it happens all the time in crowds—but it had never happened to me. It was the shock, suddenly realizing that he was gone, not knowing where he was—"

We sat silent for a moment, watching the peacefully sleeping figure. Then Dick said, "I owe you an apology, for talking about women anticipating trouble. If I'd stopped to think, I wouldn't have meant it when I said it."

"It's all right. I—" I didn't finish the thought. Skippy stirred, blinked. Then he reached up and patted my cheek before he sighed and sank more deeply into sleep. It was a gesture out of baby days. My heart filled with a great rush of love and thankfulness. *Everything* was all right.

Luck Is Hard Work

(Continued from page 21)

because I remember wondering how my mother and dad were going to react the first time they saw me kiss a boy on stage!

Between that first kiss and that good part I mentioned in Seymour Nebenzal's "Heaven Only Knows" there have been a lot of years, a lot of disappointments, a lot of hard, hard work.

Before Barbara goes into anything like that, I want her to have all the sound preparation she can get; I want her to have the same safe, lovely life I had as a child. Not that my family was rich, or that I was sheltered from the world. But there had always been affection, family ties, experiences shared.

It was in a small mining town called Johannesburg, on the edge of the California Mojave desert that I spent my childhood.

DAD was station master and every day I met the trains with him. The mines at Johannesburg and Atolia and the Yellow Aster at Ransburg, nearby, were going full blast and it attracted people from all over the country. I was excited by all these colorful people and, unconsciously, I studied them and watched them. Afterwards I would imitate them. Dad always encouraged me, because his own hobby was putting on amateur theatricals.

It wasn't difficult to break into stock companies. For many years I was leading lady for major stock companies, among them the Henry Duffy Players.

Then came the depression—and stock was out. Came my marriage to Mel Ruick and Barbara.

Even if stock companies hadn't gone out of business, though, I had resolved to be a mother, entirely, for the first three years of Barbara's life. That kind of security I felt she needed because I knew how formative are these early years of a child. After that, I felt, she wouldn't need me with her; she would be sure of my love for her. But until she was three years old I had determined to forget the stage.

The time passed. Three years were soon over. Barbara had had everything, so far, that I could give her, and I was ready to go back to work. I was and am an actress; an actress has to act to be happy. But at that point, I suddenly discovered that I was a frustrated housewife with no future in sight. A person doesn't just walk out and get a good part on the stage or in the movies. I hadn't thought at all of radio. I got very, very discouraged indeed.

And all of a sudden a friend, Cy Kendall, called me to say that tryouts for the Hollywood Hotel program were being held at CBS and why didn't I rush right over? *But I've never been in front of a microphone in my life*, I worried—even as I was putting on my hat and running out the front door. I was scared, all right, but it was a chance to act, and I was passing up no chance at that stage of my career!

At ten o'clock I entered the studio. It was five o'clock before my turn came. But I got the part!

Though I signed a contract with the Hollywood Hotel program for three years, new parts came slowly. Then I heard Charles Vanda of CBS was producing *White Fires*. I begged for a chance. *White Fires* was the weekly

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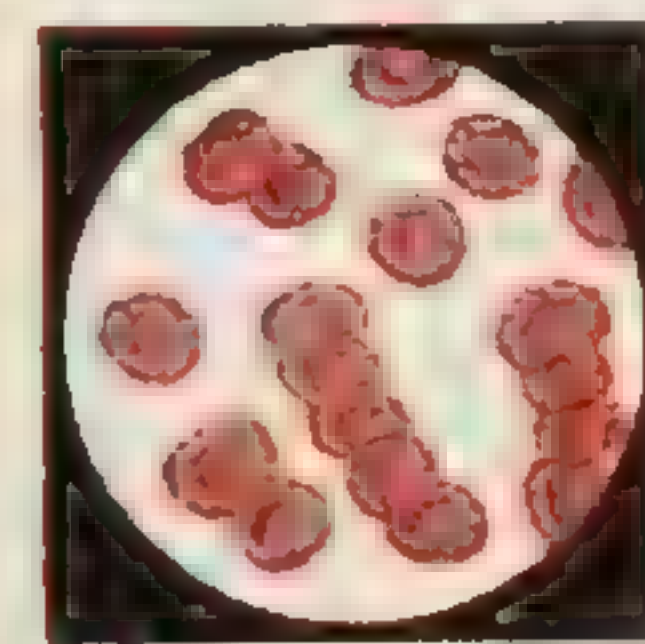
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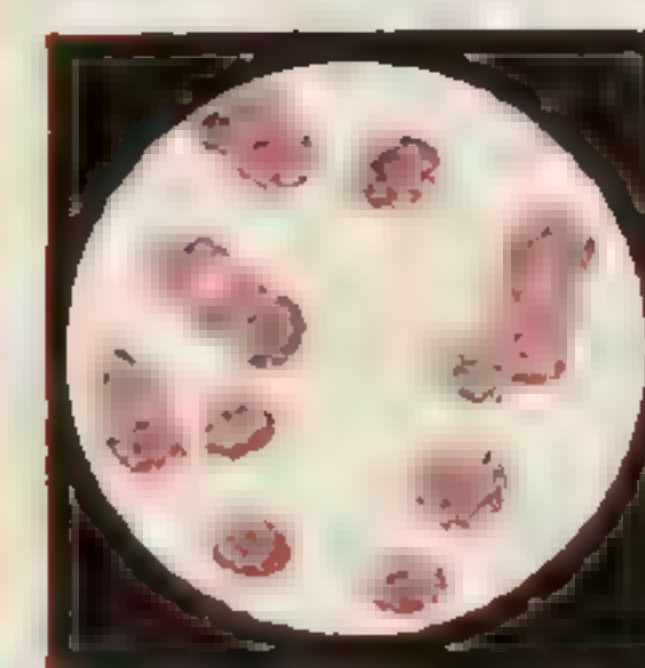
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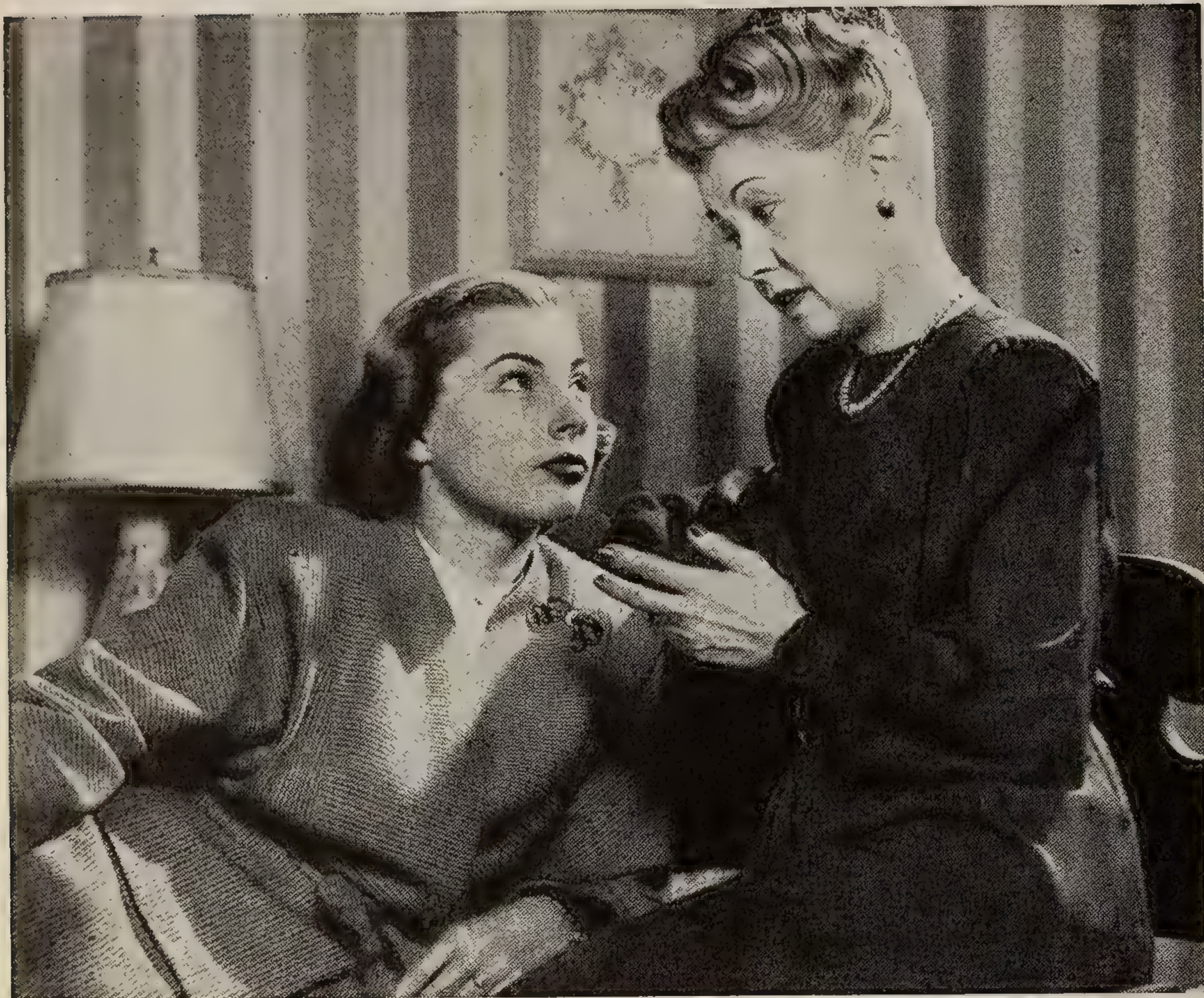


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dramatic presentation of lives of famous people—just the kind of roles I wanted.

The next week I was on the show, and I stayed with White Fires for two years. I grew with that show.

I learned something very strange about myself, then. In a theater or in a movie you have costumes, and make-up men to change your appearance. But there is nothing of that in radio. You wear the same dress you wore when you were out shopping an hour before and your make-up is just what you would ordinarily have on the street.

But I swear that with me there is an actual *physical* as well as emotional change that goes on when I pick up the script and start reading my lines.

The time I spent on White Fires really paid off and nowadays I have so much work it's like hopping on and off a merry-go-round every week, grabbing for the brass ring at every show.

Want to take a ride with me for one week? Here's how it goes—

MONDAY: Breakfast with Barbara. To the movie set of "Heaven Only Knows" (I play Mrs. O'Donnell, the scrublady). Rehearsal of the Dark Venture radio show at five; broadcast at 9:00 (murderess).

Tuesday: Movie set in the morning. Rehearsal for Academy Award show (fourteen-year-old girl). Home to spend an hour with Barbara.

Wednesday: Ten o'clock broadcast of serial Masquerade. On to movie set. Back to studio for Academy Award broadcast. Home, to check household accounts and plan week's menus with Miss Johnson.

Thursday: This was the day I almost fell off that merry-go-round. Morning, on "Heaven Only Knows" set in costume and make-up. Since we were going to be shooting off and on all day, I had the bright idea of keeping my scrublady costume on even when I went to broadcasts.

But it didn't work out that way. At 2:45 when I put in an appearance for the Dick Haymes rehearsal, the director took one horrified look at me and loudly said No! Nothing to do but send a studio page for my own clothes on the set; showed up just in time for me to change and dash over to the first show of Burns and Allen at NBC; back to movie set at 6:30 (and into scrublady costume); back to Burns and Allen again for second show; to Dick Haymes broadcast on CBS; back to movie set again and into scrublady costume for night shooting that lasted until 12:30 in the morning!

Friday: Up in the morning for Masquerade. Rehearsal then of Star Tune show (tough chorus girl).

For the future I want what every radio actress wants—a show of my own. Top billing, instead of building characters to prop up someone else. And a chance to use originality.

But until that time, I'll go on being "the Rock." It's not so bad really. And it has its rewards. There's a true story about an evening at the Robert Youngs' house where a friend was telling Mrs. Young that her husband was getting to be very popular in radio, in addition to his movie career.

"Why," the friend said, "every time I turn on the radio lately, I hear Bob on some program."

"Yes," Mrs. Young replied, "Bob is getting to be the male Lurene Tuttle of radio."

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

Hobby House

(Continued from page 56)

Al has made a shallow tray, covered with blue felt, to match the wedding announcement tray, which makes a perfect background for the silver and copper coins. They are arranged according to countries and denominations, but may be changed from time to time, as the collection grows and as Patsy replaces some of the present duplicates with new acquisitions. That, by the way, she points out, is the beauty of the collection, for each addition is an inspiration to learn more about the country and the period from which it comes. The finished table will have plate glass fitted into, and flush with the frame, which is to be waxed, and eventually the table's present tall legs will be cut down to coffee table height.

"We plan," Patsy says, "that eventually everything in our home, except of course the large utility furnishings, will be something that we have made or collected or devised ourselves." They are well on their way to that goal already, what with Al's built-ins for telephone and radio, his tool cabinet with sliding cover which fits into a wall panel, and the photographs of foreign scenes which he took while in the Army and which, enlarged and framed, adorn the walls.

At the moment, Patsy is looking forward to acquiring a sewing machine and when that time comes, the next hobby-phase will be new slip covers and draperies for the apartment—or, it may be, for a new apartment, if they succeed in getting one. When they do, moving won't be nearly the chore for Patsy and Al that it is for most of us, thanks to another hobby, and a very practical one. That is the miniature collection which they are making of their own furniture. The scale is one inch to the foot, each item of furniture is made of plywood and stained to match its original and by arranging and rearranging these miniatures they will be able to know before moving into a new apartment, or redoing their present one, just how it will look.

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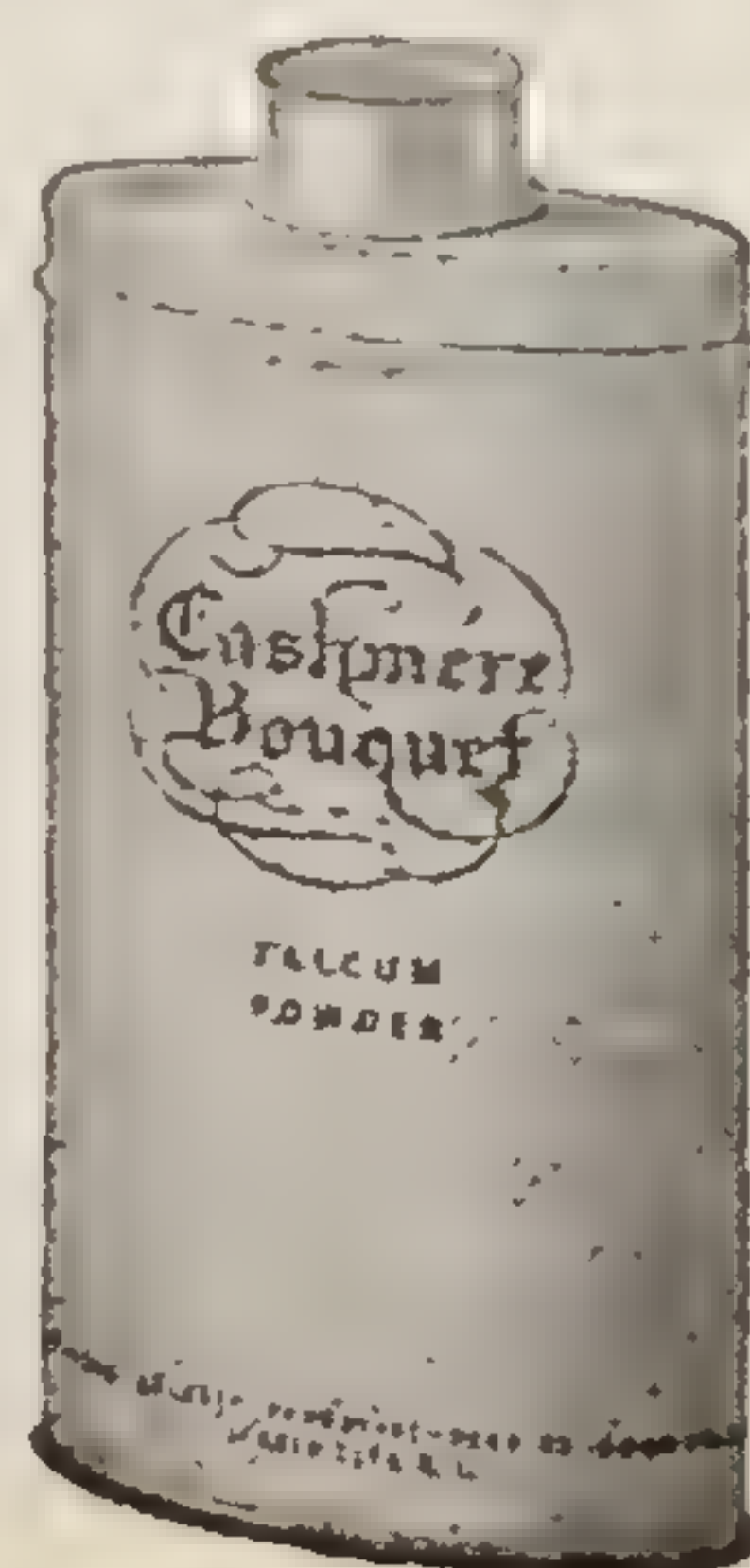
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No messy oil . . . no stickiness . . . no
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Grow Your Own

(Continued from page 57)

securely around the first two blossoms. Add two more blossoms, looping the wire around twice. Continue to add two flowers at a time, winding the wire around twice after each addition. As the blossoms are added, the stems should be curved slightly to form the required semi-circular design. When the desired length is reached, snip the wire and fasten it firmly with several loops. The hat is then ready to wear, needing only to be held in place with bobby pins.

Gladiola Hat. Two or three stalks of gladiolas are needed and the full blossoms are less expensive and prettier for hats. First strip away the greenery to eliminate excess weight. Cut off a piece of wire about twice the length that the completed hat will be. Run the wire through the base of the first blossom, then loop it around several times for firmness. Run wire through base of second bloom and loop it to hold first and second blooms together. Repeat until you have added sufficient blossoms for a side-swept half hat. If the wire you cut off is not long enough, add an extra length by splicing the two ends together. Before pinning into position, check both back and front views to see that wired portions do not show; if they do, wire an additional covering blossom into position.

For an upswept coiffure, Veola sometimes wears a toque of wide blooms, such as hibiscus. She does not wire these together, but merely arranges the individual blossoms in the desired hat shape and secures them to her hair with bobby pins.

Bracelets and necklaces of Shasta daisies or bachelor buttons are made in the same way as the hats, a series of blossoms wired together to form the desired length. For the necklace, Veola combines ribbon with flowers, tying a length of ribbon to each end of the wire portion, and making a ribbon bow at the nape of the neck.

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RADIO MIRROR

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both performers and programs.

WATCH FOR THE

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

On Sale August 8th

Quick As a Flash

(Continued from page 25)

clues—the problem was whether the murdered man was killed by an automobile, or had he been dead before the car wreck? I guessed that he had been killed previously because of the marks on the body—and was right again!

To make a long story short, I won \$213.00 that night. After the show, Mr. Lewis—who not only produces the show, but invented it himself three years ago—told me that I was one of the highest winners ever on the show. Anyhow, I put the money in the bank . . . and later on, it became a down payment on a wedding ring for the girl who'd urged me to write for tickets to the show!

But maybe I'd better tell about her right now. As I said earlier, she and I met because we were both Chief Pharmacist's Mates working for Admiral E. U. Reed and Commander Will Grimes at the Third Naval District Headquarters in New York City. Dodee's real name explains why I call her Dodee—her real name is Darinka Stankovich, which is originally Serbian. She's exactly my age, which is 29, and as I say we sat for many months at adjoining desks working on Navy Personnel Accounting, each with his own assistant. I kept looking at her, but I didn't get around to asking her out for several months. She's worth looking at—she's a short brunette, with dark brown eyes and black hair.

I LEARNED that she was one of four children, that her father was a Yugoslavian who had come to this country to work in the mines. That's why Dodee was born in Alaska—her father was gold-mining there. But for several years the Stankovich family has lived in Miami, Arizona, which is near Phoenix.

She learned lots about me, too, of course—about my mother and my father, and how all the time she was living in mining towns, I was living in the Bronx. I have a younger brother, Raymond; and I went to the Catholic school St. Nicholas of Tolentine first, then P.S. 86, then De Witt Clinton High School (all of them in the Bronx)—and then finally to Michigan State College, where I spent three years studying Physical Education.

But then I decided to be a doctor, come what may. And now, after six years in the Navy altogether, I still want to be a doctor—although it means another year of college and then four of medical school.

Back to my romance, though. All of this I told Dodee, my plans being to go back to college the minute I was discharged from the Navy. "That'll mean five more years of study—a long pull," said I. She just smiled. I might add that I was talking and she smiling for almost two years, before I proposed.

We were on one of those noisy trains coming back from a Sunday on Long Island, where we'd been visiting some friends of hers. We were both sunburned and tired. But as the train lurched along I said, "Will you marry me?" She said—shall I say quick as a flash?—"Yes." Then we both began hunting like mad for an apartment.

We were still engaged, and the marriage was two months away, when I got a letter from Dick Lewis, producer of Quick As a Flash. He wrote that for the first time, the program was going to use contestants twice—they wanted

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the six highest winners of the past two years to compete against each other. I was one of those winners.

We were an oddly-assorted group of contestants, looking back on it. There was an old lady from Long Island, a male nurse from upper New York state, a middle-aged man from Pennsylvania, and two housewives. And me.

The first quiz I missed—the man from Pennsylvania won it. "Identify this dramatic skit," said Ken Roberts, the master of ceremonies. Then we heard sounds like the atom bomb, and like jet planes—five of them. Then Ken spoke of "D Day" and said, "De foe will be waiting for us" . . . well, naturally I thought it was war planes at D Day. Not so! It was the five storks bringing the Dionne quintuplets into the world! And I hope you noticed that "De foe" pun!

I was sorry I missed it, but got ready for the next. This question was, "Who composed these pieces of music?" And the band played a series of pieces. We all missed that together—the answer was Victor Herbert. Meanwhile, that meant that the victory money was added to the next quiz.

And that one I got! It was the mystery quiz, conducted by guest-detectives Mr. and Mrs. North. They told a story about a murder—and I guessed correctly that the guilty party couldn't have seen a person he claimed he saw, because the window through which he'd have to look was frosted! Oh, yes—I also "hit" another quiz, a musical one. The question was, "Where would these songs suggest you'd be?" Then the band played "Apple for the Teacher," and the "Alphabet Song" . . . so I spoke up and said, "In school."

It turned out that I was top winner of the winners. I walked off the stage with \$193.00 that night. I wanted to celebrate both that triumph and the visit with my brother Ray, so I took \$50.00 of the money and treated Ray and Dodee to an evening at the Hotel Taft. But with my instinct toward saving for the future, I put all the rest in the bank—except for buying Dodee a wedding present of a pearl necklace.

It was exactly two months later that we were married, Dodee and I. It was on November 3, 1946, and I want to tell you about the wedding both because I'd bought the ring partly with my Quick as a Flash winnings, and because it was an Orthodox Serbian wedding, and I think the warmest-hearted wedding I've ever heard of. People laugh at my description of Dodee's wedding dress, but I can only tell it

my way, and I thought it lovely. It was blue like the sky, with a blue veil, and the dress sparkled like spun glass.

We were married in the Saint Sava Church in New York, which is Serbian Orthodox and is on 25th Street. In a Serbian ceremony the bride comes in on the arm of a male member of the family she has chosen to represent her—so I saw Dodee come in, all in blue, on the arm of a friend of both of ours. Behind him came the "kuma" or bridesmaid. Dodee and I met at the altar, and were each given candles to carry. While the priest performed the ritual ceremony, crowns were put on both our heads; then our hands were tied together, and we walked together three times in a circle around a small altar. Finally our hands were untied, our crowns removed, and the priest told us of the seriousness and beauty of marriage, and pronounced us man and wife.

It was a beautiful ceremony, and indescribably impressive. As a result, I have gone with Dodee to attend Serbian services every Sunday since we've been married—I like every Serb I've met, because they really live their lives by the Ten Commandments. In New York they're truly banded together; and the congregation is tremendous. But—back to the wedding—we had a reception after the ceremony, and then Dodee and I left for a honeymoon in the Laurentian Mountains.

We had a second honeymoon in Arizona, so I could meet her family, who hadn't been able to get East for the wedding. I liked them all immensely. Also, I liked the other people I met out there. So my mind is almost made up, now; after I become a full-fledged doctor, I think we'll go out there to live.

I didn't get out of the Navy officially until last January. In early February I started back to college at Long Island University. Meanwhile, Dodee and I began housekeeping in the two-and-a-half room Brooklyn apartment she found, where we may very well be until I'm out of medical school. Our life is pretty wonderful there, even though the only thing we own around the place is the china. But we both love our "work" evenings together as much as our "play" evenings out. I study hard at a desk, and near me Dodee presses her Wave uniform, knits on my "two year" sweater. (That's how long it'll take her to finish it!)

She's going to work, either in the Waves or in a civilian capacity, until I graduate with that all-important M.D. Then—we'll be on our way!

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

ON ALL MUTUAL NETWORK STATIONS

Soups for Summer

(Continued from page 55)

golden. Add potatoes, bouillon cubes, water and salt. Cover and cook for 20 minutes. Rub mixture through a sieve, stir in milk and cream, then chill. Serve very cold, garnished with minced chives. Six servings.

Cream of Spinach Soup

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 3 cups milk
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 cup cooked spinach, chopped (1 pound fresh spinach)
- ½ cup sour cream

Melt butter or margarine, blend in flour until smooth. Stir in milk gradually and cook, stirring all the while, until the mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat. Stir in remaining ingredients. Serve either very cold or very hot. Six servings.

Spiced Peach Soup

- ¼ cup sugar
- 4 teaspoons cornstarch
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups sliced fresh peaches
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 whole cloves
- Dash cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon almond extract
- 2 teaspoons vinegar

Combine sugar and cornstarch, and stir in water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Add peaches, salt, cloves and cinnamon. Simmer gently for 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in vinegar and almond extract. Serve very cold. Six servings.

Red Bean Soup

- 1 1-pound can red kidney beans
- 1½ cups water
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1 bayleaf
- ¼ teaspoon celery seeds
- 1 can beef bouillon or 2 teaspoons meat extract
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 hard-cooked egg
- ¼ teaspoon powdered cloves
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Combine beans, water, onion, bayleaf, celery seeds and salt and cook, covered, for 20 minutes. Force mixture through a sieve, using a wooden spoon. To bean puree add mustard and beef bouillon. Heat to boiling. Just before serving, stir in lemon juice. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked egg. Six servings.

Quick Split Pea Soup

- 1 ham bone with some meat
- 3 tablespoons ham drippings
- 4 cups water
- 1 bayleaf
- 1 package split pea soup ingredients
- Salt and pepper

Simmer together ham bone, drippings, water and bayleaf for 30 minutes. Remove bone and allow to cool. Remove meat from bone and cut in small pieces. Heat stock to boiling. Add pea soup ingredients slowly, stirring constantly. Bring to boil and cook rapidly for 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add ham pieces. Serve with a garnish of popcorn, if desired. Four to six servings.

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Come and Visit Phil Baker

(Continued from page 49)

"Irmgard," Phil adds, with a smile, "doesn't even know who the Joneses are."

The story of their romance is proof enough of his contention. They met at a Russian Christmas party at Olga Baclanova's in New York. Irmgard came alone. Her ballroom dancing partner, with whom she had just finished a five months engagement at the Rainbow Room, had left the day before for the Army. She was, as she recalls it, "between jobs and between beaux."

Phil, too, was alone, and with Irmgard's flaming red hair as a magnet soon found his way to a place on a sofa beside her. Irmgard had, she confesses, never heard of Phil Baker, but she presumed he was Somebody. "All of Olga's friends are."

When she could break away she hurried out to the kitchen where her hostess was supervising the preparation of the traditional pirojik and kasha to ask Baclanova about the friendly fellow with the wonderful blue eyes.

"Is he," she wondered, right on half of his name at least, "the fellow who married Alice Faye?"

No, Baclanova assured her. That was Phil Harris. Phil Baker had toured with Olga in "Idiot's Delight," didn't Irmgard remember?

IRMGARD didn't. She had never seen Phil on the stage. She adds, blushing, that the only radio she had ever tuned in up to that point was Station WQXR for the symphonies and a couple of news commentators.

She found herself glad that this nice actor wasn't Alice Faye's Phil.

She asked one more question.

"Is he married to anybody?"

Baclanova thought he *had* been, but that it hadn't worked out.

Feeling strangely relieved, Irmgard went back to the living room to look for Phil.

He took her home from Baclanova's party that night, convinced that this Danish-born beauty with the flaming hair was the most enchantingly unspoiled girl he had ever met in New York. And Irmgard recalls that she felt warm inside realizing that he liked her too, for she—without any inkling who Phil Baker was or what he did for a living—was attracted to him as she hadn't been attracted to a man in years.

"Here you go again," she scolded herself. "Falling in love—and with an actor." She added, mentally, since she had not seen Phil's name in the drama columns, that he was probably an out of work actor at that and stony broke. She *would* pick out a has-been actor for a soul mate.

Phil's telephone call the next day to ask her to go with him to a radio broadcast—he was doing a "guest shot," he told her, on the Lower Basin Street program—confirmed her fears.

As a professional dancer, she had had a stomach full of "guest shots." In the language of her craft, a "guest shot" was a free performance. A thousand times, it seemed in retrospect, she and her partner had lugged trunks full of costumes, boxes of make-up, crates of musical scores to some remote suburban night club to perform gratis for the owner—and his paying guests—their only reward a sour

"thank you, we'll let you know." They didn't "let you know," of course; it was a cheap racket, a way to get professional entertainers to work for you without paying them.

"I was illiterate about radio," she says. "Phil, of course, was being paid handsomely for this Basin Street performance. But how was I to know?"

She was sorrier than ever for Phil. At his age, and with his experience, to have to take that "guest shot" rap. For Irmgard such humiliating experiences were an ugly and fading memory. The recent years had been rosy with success.

SHE went with Phil to the broadcast. She liked him so much, and she felt the least she could do was to see that he had a friendly face to search out in the audience. She thought he was very good, too, and told him so. She wondered why Phil looked puzzled when she added that she hoped he'd get the job.

"But I have a job," he demurred. "Haven't you ever heard of Take It or Leave It?"

"Take it or . . . or what?"

"It's a radio show," Phil explained patiently. He was more enchanted with this girl than ever. So many people made up to you because you were a Name. Irmgard obviously had never heard that he *had* one.

"I'm a sort of Master of Ceremonies," he added. "I interview people, try to think of jokes."

Irmgard's heart sank. This man she was getting so fond of, about whom she had lain awake thinking half of last night, was an announcer. There was scarcely a calling which she knew less about. Vaguely she thought announcers were akin to poets and had a habit of starving to death in garrets. The poor boy, she thought to herself. The poor, poor boy.

On Sunday night—four nights after the eventful Russian Christmas party—Irmgard saw Phil in action in Take It or Leave It for the first time, heard the laughter and applause, saw the autograph seekers milling about him at the stage door, and went home to dream happy dreams. Her has-been actor wasn't a has-been after all.

Nine more days passed, Phil marveling every day at new proofs that this New York girl, this big-time career girl, was as fresh and unsophisticated—as *uncynical*, which in his state of mind at the time was the really telling virtue—as a sixteen-year-old from the farm.

Nine more days and then he found himself blurting out to her that he was going to Hollywood pretty soon to make a motion picture and would be desolate if she wouldn't go along.

"Are you asking me to marry you?" Irmgard shot back in her eye to eye fashion.

Phil guessed he was. Well, yes, he was.

"I will," she said, "if you ask me properly."

"Dear Irmgard," Phil said meekly, "please marry me and come to Hollywood with me."

"I would go to Kamchatka with you," Irmgard replied, and that was that.

That was that, with no regrets for her dancing. Phil had never seen her dance when they met. He hasn't yet

That was that for her newer love, the decorating shop for which she had just leased a showroom on East Fifty-sixth street, which she planned to call simply and snobbily "Decor." Irmgard had studied decorating abroad, and had commissions from several of her friends for houses—she was all set, she had thought, for a new career.

But not now.

Being Mrs. Phil Baker would be career enough, she decided, for her.

The excitement of the very few days between their meeting and their engagement tapered off for Phil and Irmgard after the Kamchatka discussion. What with delays in Phil's trip west and Irmgard's preoccupation with liquidating her decorating business, it was four whole months before they were married.

"I have a few minor complaints," Phil sums up fondly, "but all in all, she has been a very satisfactory wife."

"He means Pete," Irmgard explains. Pete is a garrulous green parrot who once belonged to Phil's good friend, Dr. John Meyers. Pete fell in love with Irmgard at first sight—"just like I did," Phil says—so Dr. Meyers gave him to the Bakers as a wedding present.

All was well for a while. Pete has a staggering vocabulary—"for a parrot," Phil says—and is good for his quota of the laughs. What if he did cry "Stop it, stop it" in anguished tones every time Phil played the accordion? Irmgard loved the bird, and "any friend of Irmgard's . . ." you know the rest.

Trouble came later when the sight of Pete in a cage day after day touched Irmgard's soft heart.

"Irmgard thought Pete should know the feeling of freedom," Phil recalls,

adding bitterly, "in New York!" She took to taking Pete out to the garden every afternoon for exercise—without the cage. Pete flew a little farther every day until one day he got to the top of a neighbor's tree, and refused to come down. It was on a Sunday afternoon. Phil was trying to get ready for a broadcast. Irmgard, frantic, paced up and down in the garden calling to Pete, "Come on down, come on down." "Come on down," Pete would reply like a frightened echo, but he wouldn't budge. Irmgard settled in the garden chaise to wait, missing the broadcast. She stayed in the chaise all night, shivering in the cold. She couldn't leave Pete all alone out there and scared, she said.

But that wasn't so bad, Phil feels, as the episode of the sick cat.

"We had never had time for a honeymoon," he recalls. "Take It or Leave It was on fifty-two weeks a year. When Irmgard and I were married, I had had one week off in three years. I finally wangled a two-week vacation, chartered a seventy-nine-foot schooner, and arranged for a skipper and crew to take us on a 'honeymoon cruise' to Nantucket."

"All of this," Phil adds, "took some planning, and involved a not inconsiderable amount of money."

"At the last minute," he charges, "Irmgard decided she couldn't go. Her cat was sick."

The newlywed Bakers almost had their first quarrel at this juncture. But Irmgard finally agreed to go, if she could take the cat.

"She sat on deck all of the first night," Phil recalls, "nursing that blankety-blank cat. It was murder."

"Poor little cat," Irmgard sighs, newly tearful in recollection.

"Poor little cat, she says," Phil storms in remembered rage. "How about poor little Phil?"

"Phil grew a lovely beard in that two weeks," Irmgard remembers, changing the subject.

Back in New York, the Bakers settled down for what they thought would be a long, long siege of city life. Irmgard loosed all of her frustrated decorating talents in doing over the Ninety-first Street house which is now resplendent in Eighteenth Century French.

"She must be good," says Phil, who claims he doesn't know from a hole in the ground about decorating. "We rented the place to the French delegation to the United Nations." For just as Irmgard's decorating job was finished, Phil's sponsor moved his radio show to the West Coast.

Let the French delegation have the fine house, Irmgard says, and all the headaches of living up to it—the servant problems, the entertaining, the works. She would be content to spend the rest of her life entertaining the friendly Bel Air pigeons and doing housework.

"Cooking is easier for me than bossing the cook," she says, "and much more fun."

"Besides," Phil adds, "we haven't found a cook yet who can make a pork roast the Danish way with prunes and apples, the way Irmgard can. Or brown cabbage with sweet and sour sauce . . . or Danish pastries . . ."

His voice trails off, and he gets that abstract but happy look.

"Where," the look says, "has this woman—and where has this kind of living—been all my life?"

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Adv't.

Mel The Lion Hearted

(Continued from page 45)

he assured her, stoutly. "I can manage your father. Lion-hearted Blanc, they call me."

"Who does?" she queried, flatly.

"Never mind," hastily. He propped his chin in his hands and leaned on the counter. "If there was only something I could do to impress your father. If the Grimeses had only invited me to their ball tonight, then your father would know I was a fine, upstanding, worthwhile citizen."

"I like you the way you are," consoled Betty. But she said it absently because she was pursuing a thought of her own. "I'm surprised the Grimeses are still planning to entertain tonight. You know Mrs. Grimes was robbed of her diamond ring this morning. I should think—"

BUT what she thought was never finished because just then the door opened and a stranger walked in.

"Customer!" whispered Mel to the girl and she slid off the counter.

"My good man—" the stranger's eyebrows elevated themselves a careful quarter of an inch, and his accent hovered somewhere around Oxford—with just an odd, peculiar flavor of Flatbush. "—my good man, is it your business to repair? I have here a treasured antique—a genuine Spooingshire lamp. The handle is loose and I wish to have it repaired. At once. Just the handle, mind you." There was a long pause—then "I don't want you messing around with the rest of it, understand?"

The odd customer wasn't waiting for an answer. He moved to the door and turned with his hand on the knob. "I will return in exactly two hours. I expect to find it ready then. I'm taking a powd—I mean, my train leaves promptly at five this afternoon."

The door closed softly behind him.

"Gee, Betty!" Mel came out of his daze. "Did you see his eyes? I don't think he liked me very much."

"Nonsense," she said, briskly. "You're getting too sensitive, Mel. He's a stranger in town—people have to know you to dislike you, Mel."

For a few minutes there was silence in the shop as Mel studied the lamp.

Then Betty suddenly straightened up. "Mel—the shape of that lamp! I've been trying to remember. It looks just like Aladdin's lamp in fairy-tales."

"What about Aladdin's lamp?"

"You rubbed it," Betty answered. "At least, Aladdin did—and a genie appeared to answer his wish." She eyed the lamp in Mel's hand speculatively.

"Rub it?" Mel exclaimed. He and Betty stared at each other, and then back at the lamp.

"Oh, Mel, maybe it is!" Betty said at last. "It must be something out of the ordinary! It's nothing to look at and it can't be valuable in itself, and yet look how much store that man put by it! Maybe it does have magical qualities!"

"Yeah," Mel said, awed. "Remember how that man looked at me? I still get the shakes every time I think about it—and I don't think it was because he was worried I couldn't fix the handle. I'll bet he was scared we'd find the secret. I don't even think this is genuine Spooingshire at all. Gee, Aladdin's Lamp! But what do we do?"

"We rub it. And we say magic words," Betty contributed helpfully—though not very practically.

"What magical words?" But Mel grabbed a cloth and started frantically rubbing the side of the lamp. "Ala kazam, ala kazoo." Nothing happened.

Frantically the two fell on the lamp, taking turns rubbing—calling up every exotic-sounding word they could think of. And as the hands of the clock moved inexorably on—as moments slipped by and the two hours of the strange customer's threatened return shrank to an hour and then to minutes,

"Open sesame!" Mel pleaded.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!" implored Betty.

"Eenie-meenie-miney-mo . . . what-to-do-now-I-don't-know—" Mel was wishing something would happen.

Something did happen. With that last, frantic rub it happened. But no Genie slowly materialized in ectoplasm in that room; there was a tinkling, crackling sound—and—

"Mel! Look—you've rubbed a hole right through the side of it!"

They both stared in consternation and dismay. And then both, with a single thought, looked up at the clock.

"Three minutes and he'll be here. Oh, my gosh, what have I done now! Your father is right, Betty." Mel was trying so hard to think Betty could almost see the wheels go round (stripping gears at every turn). "Maybe I can patch it up so he won't notice it, Betty. Do you think so?"

They hadn't heard the door open.

"And have you fixed the lamp, my good man? I don't like to be kept waiting, you know."

"GEE, mister—I'm awfully sorry—there's been a little accident. Oh—nothing much—" he added hastily as the stranger took one quick step in his direction—"nothing serious—nothing that couldn't be mended. That's the Fix-It shop motto, you know—if it doesn't need fixing when you bring it in, it will before you take it out. Heh, heh—" but his feeble laughter at his feeble joke died away as he saw the other wasn't exactly convulsed with merriment. "Look, mister—it's almost as good as new. If you'll just wait a second while it sets—the patch, I mean—"

"I thought I told you not to mess around with that lamp!" and now there was no mistake about the man's intentions.

"Give it to me. And then I'm going to—what was that?"

That was the slamming of the door. The stranger stopped walking. Mel stopped retreating. And both stared, with mingled emotions, at Mr. Colby who had entered the shop.

"What's going on here? Heard you yelling half-way down the block, Mel. What have you got yourself into this time? I heard something about a lamp."

Before Mel could answer, the strange customer spoke up. The suavity and the Oxford English were back in his voice. "This stupid shop-keeper! I leave my precious Spooingshire lamp in here to be fixed and what does he do? Now, my good man, give it to me immediately and we'll have no more of this nonsense. I should have known better than to bring it in here in the first place. I'll take it with me and have it repaired in the next town I come to."

It was Mr. Colby who stopped him, once more . . . this time with his hand on his arm. "No, you don't," he boomed,

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outraged pride written all over his face. "We can't let it be said that strangers get gypped in our town. Mel Blanc may be our misfortune, but we won't let visitors here suffer from it. I know where there's the exact duplicate of that lamp, in the furniture store down the street. Genuine Spoofingshire it is, too. I'm not going to let you walk out of here with a broken lamp—no, siree! Mel can run right down—"

"But I don't want another lamp! I want this one!" there was a harried, look beginning to creep into his cold, fishy eyes.

"Won't hear of it," Mr. Colby puffed. "That other lamp is the exact duplicate of this one—antique, too." He turned with what Mel could only describe to himself as a leer, and patted the shop-owner's shoulder. "Go on, my boy... get that lamp. Only costs three hundred dollars. Of course, that *might* put you out of business. You *might* even go to jail. You *might* not be able to see Betty for a long, long time."

THE stranger was trying desperately to pull away from Mr. Colby's heavy hand. "I don't want another lamp!" he repeated. "Leave me alone, you jerk!"

"Here! Here! What's going on?" Patrolman Danny Killoran stood in the opening, all six feet of solid bone and muscle, his face red and his eyes popping. "What's all the racket about?"

"No trouble at all, Officer—" four voices answered in perfect unison.

"Then what—Mel Blanc, what you up to this time? And you—" pointing his stick at the Beau Brummell stranger—"haven't I seen you some place before? Don't I know you?"

The man he had indicated drew himself up stiffly, though a bit shakily. "Perhaps, my good man." His voice was almost haughty. "It's the price people like myself have to pay for being rich and famous. Naturally I'm traveling incognito—but here's my card."

"Samuel Orpington Percheron, the Three." Danny Killoran read out loud, and then reached up to push his cap back and scratch his head. "Percheron—let me see—Percheron—"

Mr. Colby leaped into the breach. "Of course we know Mr. Percheron. Everybody knows Mr. Percheron!" The calling card had made a big impression on Betty's father.

"It's nothing, Officer." Once again Mr. Colby asserted himself. "Mel has ruined a lamp that belongs to Mr. Percheron but Mel is going to buy another one just like it, in its place."

"But I don't want—give me my lamp!" The Oxford English slipped a notch.

Then Mel piped up. He had been getting a little dizzy, listening to the others settling his affairs. Courage came to him, suddenly. "He doesn't want any other lamp! And that other one is three hundred—I mean, this is just as good. Watch, Officer Killoran, I'll show you!" Inspiration came to him in a flash. "This patch makes it as good as new. It will hold the oil or the kerosene or whatever is supposed to go into it—I'll show you—I'll fill it with water—" and suiting his actions to his words, Mel held the lamp quickly under the faucet.

"Don't do that!" yelled Mr. Percheron. But nobody paid any attention to him.

"See?" Mel flourished the lamp in the air and it was true—no water dripped from its patched and mended side. "See, Mr. Colby? I don't have to replace it with any other. I'll just pour the water out of this spout—"

They watched. But nothing happened. The water stayed in the lamp.

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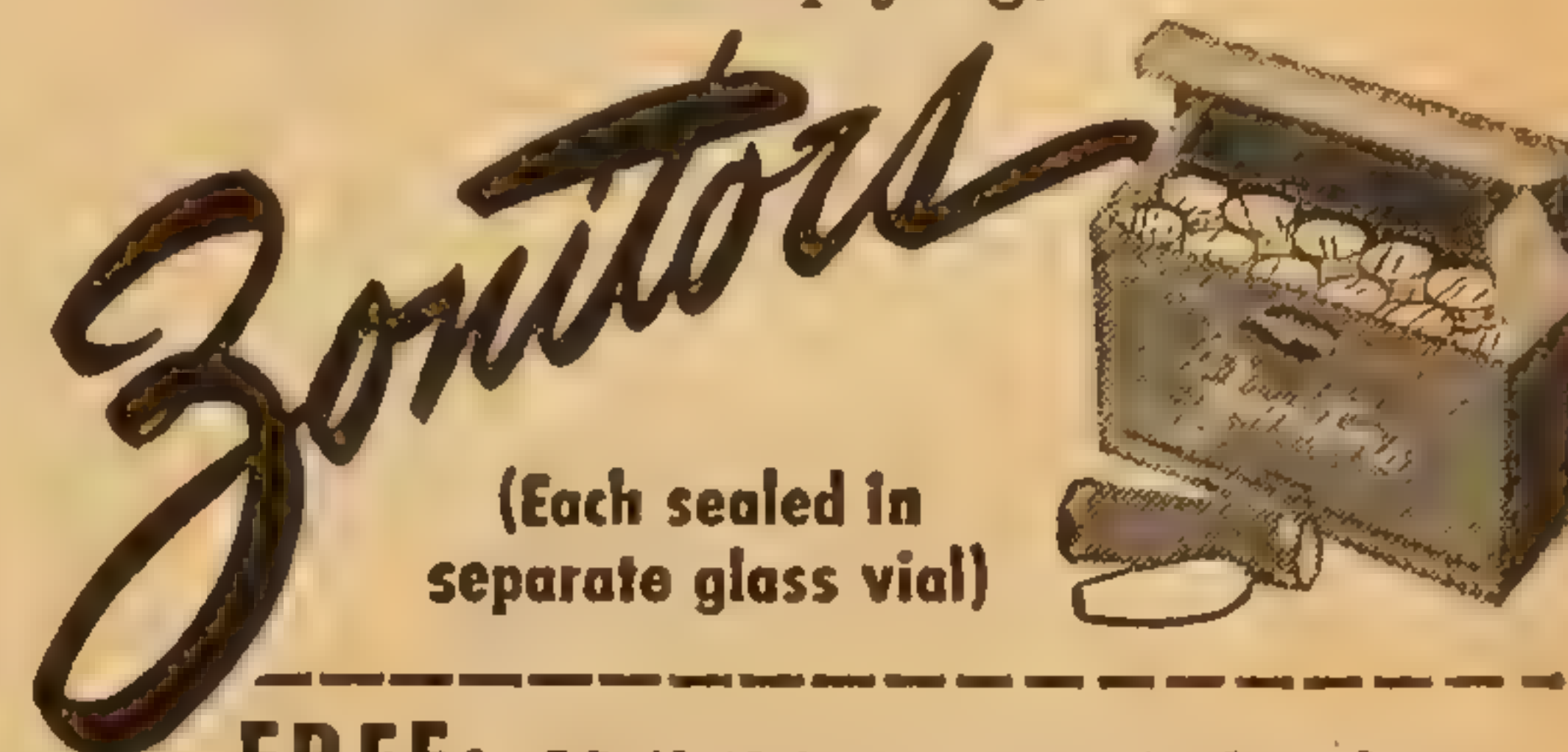
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"What's the matter with the thing?" asked Danny Killoran, puzzled. "And what's the matter with you, Mr. Percheron? Where you goin' in such a hurry? Quit your crowding me out of this doorway!"

The policeman clutched the arm of the stranger in a vise-like clamp and hung on. It was an instinctive act—but Mr. Percheron was acting most peculiarly. Gone, suddenly, was the polite, urbane facade of his manners. Gone was his boredom and his nonchalance. He kicked; he struggled in Danny's grasp; he snarled. And the language that came from his throat didn't match in elegance the fawn-colored gloves and the spats.

There was only one thing to do and the policeman did it. He sat on Mr. Samuel Orpington Percheron the Three.

Mel and Betty were staring in rapt wonder at the little paper-wrapped cone they had pulled out of the spout; the obstruction that had kept the water in the lamp. Or, rather, they stared at what was in the paper.

"Gee," Mel breathed, in wonder, "isn't it a pretty ring? Looks just like the one I got out of that candy box, Betty!"

"Candy box!" The officer snorted. "That's the Grimes diamond ring or my name isn't Killoran. Slippery Sam the jewel thief. And I've caught him—err—we've caught him, Mel my boy. Don't know how you were so smart as to hold him here until I came or thought to pour water into that lamp."

"Mel thought—Mel did—" Mr. Colby was strangling.

"Be quiet, Mr. Colby." Officer Killoran wasn't to be distracted. "This was a clever stunt of Slippery Sam's. Putting that ring in that lamp and leaving it here to be fixed until his train left. That way, if he were picked up, it wouldn't be on his person nor in his room at the hotel. I guess he thought you were stupid enough not to investigate, Mel." He shook his head, thoughtfully, shifting his bulk a little on the complaining Mr. Percheron. "Would have thought so, myself. Never gave you credit for any brains before."

"Well, come along, Slippery Sam." The policeman heaved himself to his feet and yanked the other along with him. "It's down to the jail with you. Mrs. Grimes will be glad to get that ring back. I'll bet she'll be falling all over your neck, Mel my boy. And there's a reward. We'll split it between us, if you've no objections."

It was much later that same evening and the big Grimes mansion was ablaze with lights. Music came softly from the drawing room, wafting over the head of the dancing couples out the open french doors to where two people stood in the semi darkness on the lawn.

"Gee, Betty," Mel pinched himself for the tenth time that evening. "I can hardly believe it. Here I am a guest at the Grimes house and everyone says I'm a hero."

She snuggled up to him and he took a frightened, backward step. "Yes, isn't it grand, Mel? Your picture in the papers and that hundred dollars reward and everybody so proud of you. Daddy can't believe it. He even loaned you that tuxedo you're wearing. And the shirt and everything. He says he can't believe it—but he can't very well be mad at you when everybody else is so proud! Oh, Mel—" she moved closer still and he retreated backwards again—"maybe now we can get married! Maybe—Mel! watch where you're going! Oh!"

There was a loud splash. That last step of Mel's had been his undoing and he had gone, backwards, right into the Grimes goldfish pool.

There was a gurgle and then another splash, and then the dripping form of Mel Blanc rose from the water. "I'm all wrong," he mourned. "As usual. Oh, gosh, Betty—look what I've done to your father's best tuxedo!"

"His *only* tuxedo," corrected Betty with a wail. "Now he'll be madder at you than ever, and he won't let me see you, and he'll call you a dope, and—and we'll never get married!"

Mel climbed out of the pool. "Maybe I can get it fixed. Maybe a tailor can clean it up and press it, and he'll never know. Maybe. . ."

In the distance came a voice, jovial-sounding still, but like the trump of doom nevertheless. "Mel! Betty! Where are you?"

Spiritlessly, Mel wrang water out of his—no, Mr. Colby's—coat tails. And the voice was nearer now. There was no escape. Betty knew it. Mel knew it. Another moment or two would bring the Colby wrath down on his head, and once again Mel Blanc of the Fix-It Shop would be in a fix that no mere Fix-It Shop could ever fix. The fix he would always be in, unless some miracle happened. Some miracle like, say, the kind wrought by Aladdin's Lamp. . .

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Nancy Is a Working Girl

(Continued from page 33)

was October of 1945, and Nancy had heard that Kern was in Hollywood, casting an eye over the local talent to ship to New York for the revival on Broadway of his famous "Showboat." The news meant little or nothing to Nancy—but to the middle-aged woman sitting out in the radio audience one night and listening to Nancy singing "Bill" on the program—it meant a great deal. This woman was Eva Puck and Eva had been a member of the original "Showboat" cast.

Next morning Nancy had the strangest phone call of her life. Miss Puck introduced herself and then, without any beating-around-the-bush, got down to business.

"I'm going to teach you to act just like Helen Morgan. You sing like her now—in fact your voice is remarkably similar. Low and torchy and husky. Come out to my house and we'll get busy, Miss Gates, and then we'll have something to show Jerome Kern!"

Nancy was bewildered. "But why should you go to all this trouble for me, Miss Puck?"

THERE was a long pause before Eva Puck answered. Then she explained, quietly: "Helen Morgan and I were in the first, original 'Showboat' together. I guess I just can't stand to think of anyone taking her place and singing her songs and not doing them right!"

So Nancy went. Patiently Eva Puck coached her in the tricks of voice delivery that had made Helen Morgan so famous, even in the little mannerisms that were so distinctively hers. And as the days went on, Nancy, herself, caught something of the crusading devotion that was in the other woman. They worked hard. And finally they were ready... Eva Puck had secured the interview with Kern.

But something was still worrying Eva, Nancy could tell. It wasn't the voice and it wasn't the little tricks of speech and walking and using her hands. To land that part in "Showboat" would require something further, Eva explained.

"You're too young and too full of life. Helen was world-weary and sophisticated—or at least she gave that impression. It will never do to let Kern see you with your hair on your shoulders like that. And with so little makeup—"

Nancy protested. She didn't want to practice deception in getting the role. But Miss Puck went on to assure her it would only be for the initial interview—to assure Kern's immediate interest.

So, when the two women reached Kern's Hollywood house the next day, no one would have recognized Nancy. With her hair piled on top of her head, black, tight, shiny dress, false eyelashes and heavy lipstick, her usual healthy cheeks obscured by a magnolia-white pallor—Nancy was doing her best for sophistication.

Poor Nancy had learned her lessons so well that, afterwards, Mr. Kern confided to Miss Puck that he was worried about Miss Gates. "She seems so unhappy!" he remarked, puzzled.

When she had sung "Bill" Kern asked her, in amazement, how she had ever learned to handle the number like that. There was only one other person who could please him so much, and that

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had been the great Helen Morgan, herself.

The two women confessed about the lessons. Jerome Kern was impressed, seriously impressed, by Nancy's voice. He let them go then, but he told Nancy to continue working with Eva Puck. He gave her his own script of "Showboat" and suggested that she read it to him on Thursday.

Even the fact that he called her Wednesday night to break the sad news that Oscar Hammerstein had already filled the cast in New York and there was no immediate part for her, didn't destroy her happiness. Jerome Kern had plans for her. He was coming back from the East at Christmastime and they would discuss it then.

But a month later Jerome Kern was dead. The memory of his praise—the treasured script he gave her—these Nancy has to remind her that it really did happen, that meeting with the great composer.

Except for the emotional appeal of this one role, the stage has no lure for Nancy. She has grown up in radio, and it is in radio that she is really happy.

ODDLY enough, for a girl who was plunged into an older, sophisticated world when she was still a child, Nancy has had little to do with romance. Simple enough—there just wasn't time in her busy world for boy-meets-girl. And now she's glad she waited. The contradiction between the adult world in which she worked and her own natural emotional immaturity might have meant disaster for her if she had fallen in love too soon.

More than most girls her age, her work has led her into close contact with the reality of disappointment and disillusion, as well as the tinsel-glamour of success. And, sometimes, even into the world of raw, stark tragedy.

A year ago the Hollywood Victory Committee sent Nancy and actress Gail Russell, with a troupe, on an Army Hospital Tour through the Southern States. It was an experience Nancy will never forget and for while she will always be humbly grateful . . . the gallantry of the boys who lay helpless in the hospital beds . . . the courage of these veterans who refused to admit themselves beaten.

There were others, of course, who weren't able to make a joke of their troubles, or the effort to cooperate in the fun. There was the boy in the New Orleans psycho-neurotic ward who couldn't speak. Doctors told Nancy that under hypnosis his speech was as fluent as anyone else's, but his war experiences had made him mute. When the troupe came into the ward that day he seemed listless and uninterested, but as Nancy sang his eyes seem to come to life and he reached for pencil and paper. "Sing *Melancholy Baby*" his note to her begged. And as she sang for him and to him, tears rolled helplessly down his cheeks. Another scrawled note—"Thank you" it said.

The tears were a good sign, the doctors told Nancy afterwards, and the interest he had shown was another. She thinks often of that boy—and of others—and hopes that some little word she said, some song she sang, might have done some small bit of good.

A Tall Tale should always end with a fast punch line—what they call the snaperoo. But Nancy's story isn't over. Young as she is, her story has just begun. But you may be sure that, no matter how it goes on, it will never lead her very far from radio.



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Time for Reason About Radio

(Continued from page 19)

this method, points out Mr. Bryson, lies in not doing it too often.

Public controversy or debate is another method of making information "palatable" to the public. An argument, pro and con (and this is the fairest way of presenting public questions, anyway) aroused much greater interest than a straight, sometimes dry, talk on the same subject. People's Platform, Opinion Please, and My Opinion, are CBS's examples of that type of show.

Best of all for bringing information to listeners are radio's entertainers. "A great star," says Mr. Bryson, "with a huge and loyal audience, can work his interest in a public problem into the substance of his story. One of the most effective, and I believe, influential arguments against the black market—when the black market was a problem—was a very funny show by a pair of famous comedians. And many an entertainer made an immense contribution selling war bonds. Broadcasting has its resources for helping great causes. Tremendous resources. But they must be used with an understanding of what the majority of people want broadcasting to do."

The Time For Reason series was, in the words of CBS, to continue "for as many Sundays as it takes to present the complexities of broadcasting." That was months ago, and the complexities are still raising their heads, demanding to be explained, and the series has, and will be, continued long past the period originally intended for it. Many of these talks will answer your own questions about broadcasting, in an interesting, thoroughly understandable form. Time For Reason—About Radio, is heard every Sunday afternoon at 1:30, EDT, on your local CBS station.

The Editors

Heaven At Your Fingertips

(Continued from page 37)

about you," he said. "I've known it from the beginning. But I never thought you'd care about me. I almost hoped you wouldn't."

"Why not?" Two dry syllables out of a dry throat.

"Because it can't amount to anything. I can't ask you to marry me—"

I can't ask you to marry me... Ice in her stomach, and the world suddenly a dead and empty place.

"Why not?" Was that all she could say?

"Because my parents are Followers. Do you know what that means?"

She shook her head blankly. "Followers of what?"

"Just Followers. It's the name of their faith. And it's the most rigid religion I know of. You can't know what it's like unless you've lived with people who practice it. Even I didn't realize how—how narrow it was until I went into the Army, and began to see how other people lived. Not—" he added quickly, "that I don't respect it. I do. It's turned out some pretty rugged people. And I respect Mother



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and Dad for living up to it. But I know what it's like to an outsider, too."

She turned in the seat to face him, relieved but more confused than ever.

"What has that to do with us?"

"Just this," he said patiently. "I couldn't ask a girl to marry me unless she'd been brought up the way I was. Any other girl just couldn't stand it. We'd have to live with the folks, you know. I'm doing more than Dad to run the farm right now—and they wouldn't understand our living anywhere else, with all the room in their house. And to them, just about everything that most people enjoy is a sin—movies, dances, card games—any kind of games, even sports. Games lead to gambling. They don't approve of music—except for hymns. We've never had a phonograph or a radio at the house—"

ELAINE nodded toward the dashboard. "You've a radio in your car. And you took me to the movies, and dancing—"

"The radio's for weather reports and farm bulletins." He said it with a straight face; then his lips twitched. "Besides, men are sort of expected to backslide a bit. Mother knows that I dance once in a while, and she knows that when Dad sneaks down to the barn after dinner, he's not always doing chores—he might be taking a pull at his pipe. Smoking's forbidden, too, of course. So are tea and coffee—all stimulants. But Mother just looks the other way, and is glad we're not doing something worse."

"I see," she said. "But it's different for women."

"Well—they're more open to criticism, yes." She was silent. After a while he said, "You see how it is. I love you, Elaine. I—never thought I could care about anyone as much as I care about you. But it just wouldn't work. You'd be made miserable a hundred times a day."

I love you, Elaine—After that, nothing else mattered. Everything else could be worked out, some way. He slowed the car, made a U-turn on the empty highway.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"I'm taking you home."

Her heart dropped at the finality in his voice. He'd really meant it—all of it. He didn't intend to see her again.

"You asked me to dinner," she said in a small voice.

His mouth tightened. "I know. But maybe it isn't a good idea after all." The car turned again, sharply. They went up a narrow road, across a railroad track, down a bank to stop at the edge of a stream. His arms went around her, and his lips were on hers, clean and young and hard. She clung to him, surrendered to shattering, unbearably sweet release of emotion too long denied.

Then she tipped back her head, held his face between her palms. "I thought you were taking me home."

He grinned. "I was. I'm backsliding."

They laughed together, softly, exultantly. She relaxed against him, thinking dreamily of what the future would be like—if they had a future together. "Doesn't it make any difference," she asked, "that I love you?"

She'd meant that she'd make any sacrifice to be with him, try to live any way, for his sake. But he misunderstood.

He straightened, serious now. "It makes all the difference in the world.

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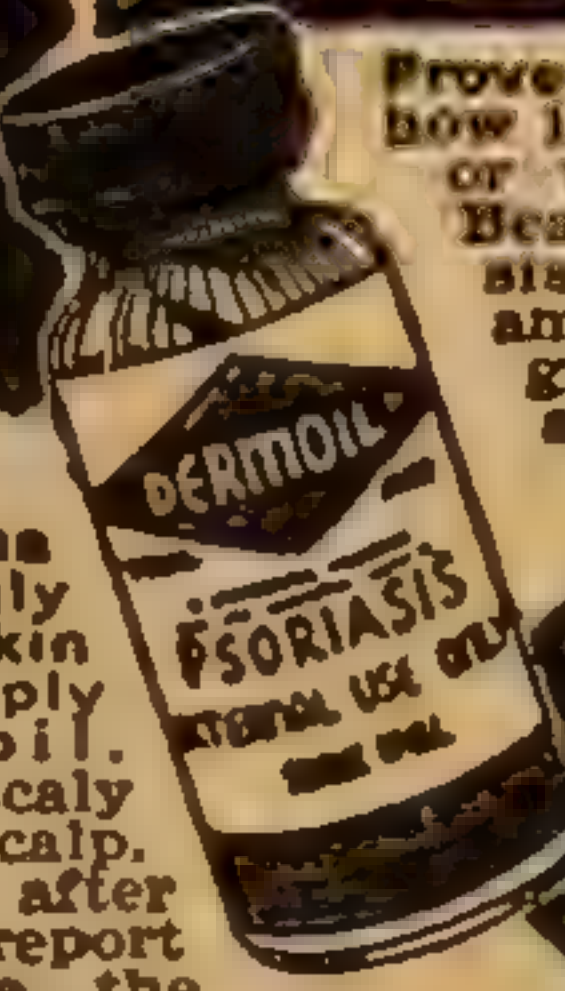
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She laughed and pulled his head down to hers. "I'd love the hired man."

That night she lay awake for a long time, so vibrantly happy, with so much to think about, that sleep was impossible.

In the morning, there was still the wonder of being in love and beloved, but everything else, the hopes and the fears, flattened out. She knew first that it would never do—Frank's leaving his home for her. It was his heritage, built by generations of hard-working ancestors. Frank Weber of the Weber farm was a personage, a personage in the town. She would be taking that away from him. And to leave the farm would hurt him the more by hurting his parents. They would be heartbroken, and they needed him to run the farm.

But the difficulties he'd talked about seemed smaller—almost negligible, the more she thought about them. She decided that Frank was simply too aware of the difference between her background and his, and he was exaggerating things.

NEVERTHELESS, it was she who was nervous the next day—the day she was to meet the Webers. It was a Saturday, and Frank was bringing his parents into town. They would pick up Elaine at her boarding house, and then the older people would shop while she and Frank went for a drive. The first sight of them, as they came into the boarding house parlor, was reassuring. They looked much as her own parents might have looked had they lived to middle age. Drabber, perhaps—both were plainly dressed in clothes of good material, bought to last. Both were strongly built, square-faced. Mother Weber's hair was combed into a knot at the back of her head, crowned with a hat which was what hats had originally been intended to be—a protection against the elements.

Gravely they greeted her. Their smiles came slowly in response to her own warm one. "We have been looking forward to meeting you," Mother Weber said.

Father Weber nodded. "Our son has told us a great deal about the work you're doing here. He says that they picked you out of many secretaries to take this job."

Surprised, she realized she had won a point she hadn't thought about at all—they respected her for her job. Her heart went out to Frank for having known what to say to make them like her. But something else was wrong, and she didn't know what it was. Nothing they said, nothing in the way they looked at her told her so; it was more subtle than that—a withdrawal from her.

When they had driven the Webers downtown and were alone in the car, she turned to Frank.

"What was it?" she asked. "What did I do? What did I say?"

"That's what I mean," he answered, "—the hurts that you can't possibly anticipate. It was nothing you said

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or did—but you wore make-up, and nail polish."

"Not much make-up," she protested.

"Still, they saw it. And your hair—"

"It's naturally curly!"

Frank grinned. "I know. But Mother expected it to be long, in a pug."

She groaned, a mock groan, but her eyes smarted with real tears. "Go on. What else?"

"Well—your dress. The sleeves are short, so your arms are bare above the elbow. The skirt is short and your heels are high—"

"But, Frank, I can't—"

"That's what I mean," he said again. "I don't expect you to dress like Mother. I don't want you to. But she'd never feel easy if you didn't. Do you see now?"

She saw. Short sleeves, a hair-do—petty things. Hypocrite or not, she'd wear sackcloth if she could be with Frank. But there would be other issues, more important than clothes.

"But what can we do?" she asked miserably. "There must be some way..."

THERE was. They discovered it that afternoon, although at first neither of them wanted to admit it. They were coming back into town, passing the outskirts, when Frank suddenly put on the brakes, stopped to peer at a tiny house set well back behind a wide lawn.

"The Prior place," he said. "They told me they were moving, and it looks as though they have. Place must be for rent."

"Could I afford it?" she asked.

He answered carelessly, "Oh, it's cheap enough—too small for most people, needs fixing up."

"It might be nice," she said slowly. "I've been wanting to get out of the boardinghouse. And it would be nicer—when you come to see me—"

"Elaine." She refused to meet his eyes. He started the car, drove on. "You mean," he said drily, "we could be married without telling anyone about it. You could keep your job as an excuse for staying in town, and I could come to see you as I have been doing—only I expect I'd be staying longer. Is that it?"

She felt weak, choked; her heart was hammering in her throat. "It might do—for a while. We could hope that someday we could be together openly. It's an idea, anyway."

"A poor one. A secret marriage is no better than an affair, and you know it. Forget it."

But neither one of them forgot about it. The little house was there, vacant, more tempting with every passing day.

"Anything's better than this," Elaine insisted. "We can't go on having dates for ever. Dates were all right in high school—but I'm grown up, and I love you, and I want you."

He groaned, shook her, his arms so hard around her that they hurt. "I want you, you idiot! But I want you all of the time, in my house, fixing my breakfast, entertaining our guests. I don't want to sneak in the back door after dark, crawling behind the lilac hedge."

"You can come to dinner on Sunday, as Mother's asked," he went on. "I don't know... maybe... it might be better than we think..."

Sunday dinner at the Webers'. Elaine thought she went prepared, both in her person and for what she might have

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to face. She wore her hair in a roll at the nape of her neck, a long-sleeved blouse, a jumper with the longest skirt of any dress she owned. Low heels, no make-up, no nail polish.

She had known that the farm was substantial, but she gasped when she saw the big house, half stone, half frame, with a wing added here and there over a period of nearly a century. And the barn, still larger, the other out-buildings.

She waved her hand. "And you were going to leave all this—for me?" "I'll still leave it for you. There—" he pointed to a grove some yards from the house, "—was another half-baked idea I had. A separate house for us, in the grove. But I'm afraid that Mother and Dad would never understand the extravagance of a new house with all the room in theirs. And they'd hold it against you as the instigator."

The interior of the house appalled her. It was like a mortuary. She knew better than to expect a radio, but neither were there pictures nor magazines nor books. No—there were three books on the parlor table: the Bible, a book of religious poetry, a book of daily sermons. And a magazine entitled "Follower's Guide."

Father Weber asked the blessing before dinner, asked special blessing "for the stranger in our midst from that wicked city of New York." Elaine flinched at the phrase, and knew that as sincerely as he asked that she be blessed, Father Weber believed New York to be a wicked city.

FOLLOWERS ate lavishly, at least. There was a roast, and sausages, and meatballs. Thick gravy and thin, mashed and sweet potatoes, three vegetables, four slaws—and Mother Weber looked hurt if a single dish was refused. Conversation was as heavy as the meal—who had been at church that morning, and who had not; who was sick on the surrounding farms and who was not.

After dinner Father Weber excused himself, saying that he had a little work to do outside. Elaine sat there, feeling stuffed.

"Could we take a walk?" she asked Frank. "It's so beautiful—"

He seemed not to hear, and Mother Weber hastily began to talk of something else, and she knew that she had blundered. When Mother Weber went to the kitchen for a moment, Frank explained.

"You don't take walks on Sunday," he said, "especially with a young man. You finish up your work as fast as you can, and go to your room and meditate."

Mother Weber took her through the house after dinner, rather proudly, tapping a wall here, a stair rail there to show the solid construction. Elaine was relieved to see that Frank's room was a little brighter than the others. And there were books on his big desk—agricultural textbooks mostly, and a beautifully illustrated, well known history by a distinguished scholar. Elaine reached for it automatically, as she would have reached out to an old friend. But before she could open the cover it was removed from her hands, gingerly put in place by Mother Weber.

"You don't want to see that," she said gravely. "A school friend of Frank's sent it to him, and we all started to read it, and were pleased with it. And then we saw a picture in the newspaper of the man who wrote it. He was at dinner—and there were wines on the table at his plate."

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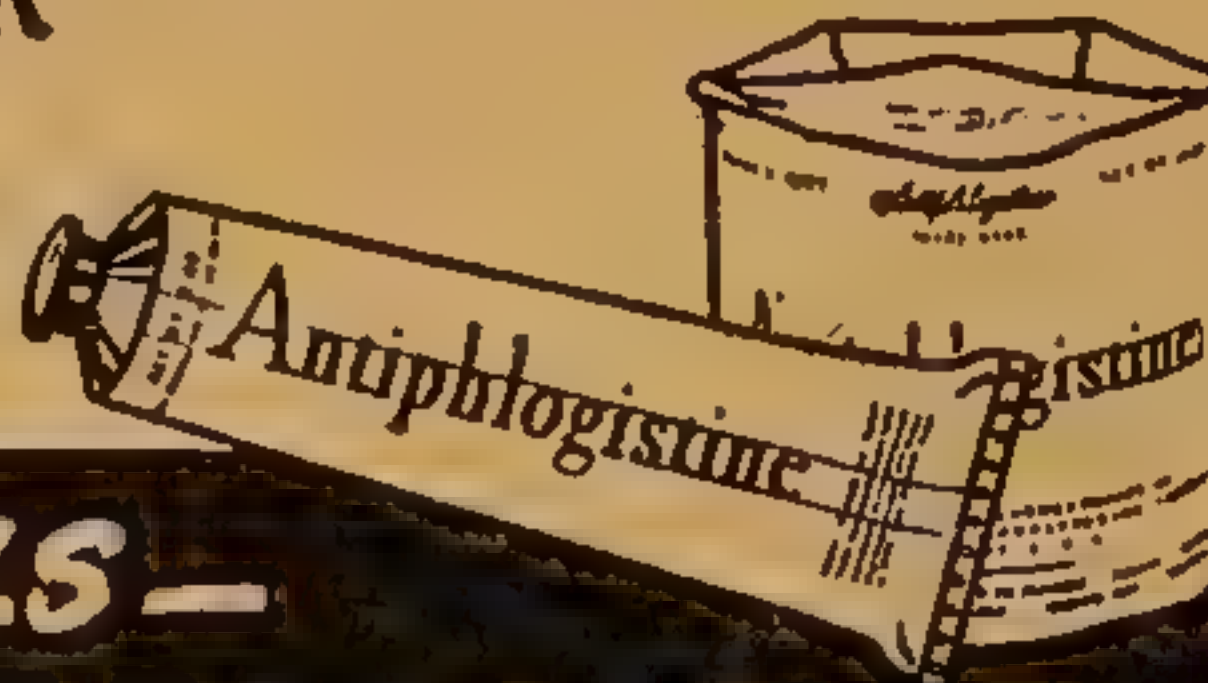
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Elaine was sick, more shocked than she could ever shock Mother Weber. There would never be common ground between the Webers and her.

"Why don't they throw it out?" she asked Frank bitterly, when they were driving away from the house.

He didn't reproach her. It hurt to see his rueful, patient, understanding smile. "Good money was paid for it. And it's wrong to destroy things."

"But we're destroyed," she thought.

He turned the car into the hills, stopped on a promontory that overlooked the valley, exquisitely peaceful under the low sun. He said, "Well—" awkwardly, and she said nothing. There was nothing to say. He turned on the radio; she was aware of music, voices—without hearing any of it.

"There's still the house on the edge of town," she said.

"Do you want it?" A leaden question.

SHE didn't, now that she faced it squarely. It was sordid. But it was the only thing left. And they loved each other.

It was then that the third voice spoke, the understanding voice, as clear as if the speaker had been with them . . .

In truth we might have known it from the start,

This path would have its turnings; there would be

No real alternative for you and me, Fashioned of honest earth, except to part.

Whether the blow were mine to deal, or whether

Yours the swift blade by which this bond were sundered,

The hearts must bleed, because the feet have blundered

Into a way we may not walk together.

For it were surely treachery most base

To risk the sully of so proud a shield;

To chance a single stain upon the face

Of what we bear in honor from the field,

Worthy to keep untarnished through the years,

Though polished daily by what meed of tears!

So I shall nevermore behold your face,

Nor look for heaven at your fingertips,

And all my ordered goings shall attest

How I have set mine honor in its place—

Albeit by the wormwood on my lips,

Albeit by the ashes in my breast!

Then the announcer's voice, saying heartily, "Thank you . . ."

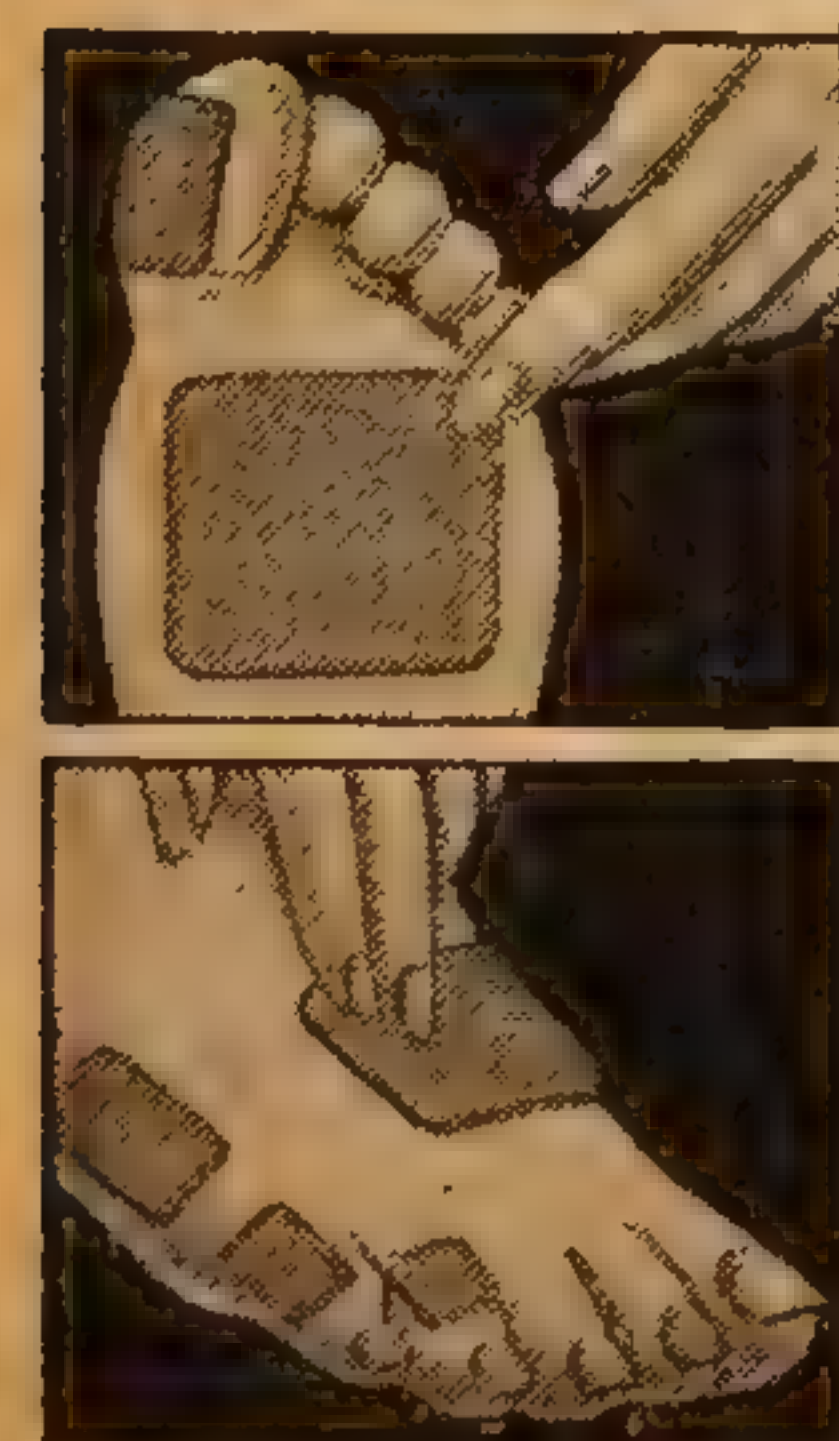
"Thank you," Elaine echoed silently.

At least, the voice had spared them their saying it to each other. The voice had spoken for both of them.

She never remembered what they talked about on the way home—if they talked about anything. Their parting was different from the other partings—no clinging together now, in the summer dusk. It was hurried, almost awkward, as if, now they were set upon their separate "ordered goings," it was uncomfortable to be together.

In the morning there was much to do, and only one way of doing it—to

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leave her emotions tied in the hard knot that had taken the place of her heart, to act without thinking. She told Mr. Gail that she was quitting the office, going back to New York... told him with such a set, forbidding face that his request that she remain to break in a new girl died on his lips. The office was established, running smoothly; there were plenty of girls. She stopped at the railroad station, bought a ticket to New York. She went back to the boarding house, packed, keeping her hands moving, shutting out thought.

This was the jumper she'd worn yesterday—don't think about it. This was the hat she'd worn the first night he'd taken her to dinner with Mr. Gail—don't think about it. Pay no attention to the car stopping outside the house. It sounds like his, but it can't be his. He knows you're doing the only thing you can do. Those steps on the stairs aren't his, either. Nor is the landlady saying, "It's the room on the right, Mr. Weber. But Mr. Weber, we don't allow visitors—"

He wasn't—he was inside the room, shutting the door behind him.

"I'm leaving," she said without looking up. "And you're not going with me. Please, Frank. You can't live anywhere else, and I can't live there."

"Elaine, listen—I had it out with Mother and Dad last night. I told them we wanted to be married, and that we wanted a place of our own. And they said they'd give me title to the land by the grove. It won't be easy—but oh, Elaine, will you try?"

ELAINE didn't return to her job. There was too much to do, to plan, to buy. In her spare hours she commandeered the landlady's kitchen to learn cooking and canning—things she would have to know. She spoiled—and finally triumphed over—cucumber pickles, cherry conserve, grape jelly. Her masterpiece was a green tomato pickle, and she gave Frank two jars to take to his mother. He thanked her in an odd voice, and kissed her, very tenderly.

She didn't expect the pickles to make peace, but she was curious about Mrs. Weber's reaction. When a week passed and Frank said nothing, she asked him about it.

He hesitated. Then he said, "Mother hasn't seen the pickles. She hasn't been home for a month."

"Hasn't been home—" She was stunned.

"She's with her sister, up in River-ville. Don't worry, sweetheart—she'll come back. Even Mother has to show her temper once in a while. She'll get over it."

She would have liked to believe him. But after he'd gone, the more she thought about it, the more terrible it seemed. Not only had she come between Frank and his family, she had separated Mother and Father Weber. And Frank had kept it from her, trying to protect her... how many more times would he be torn between his parents and her?

She tried to call him the next morning, but there was no answer. Of course—both he and his father would be working outside. She borrowed her landlady's car and drove to the farm. She had no very clear idea of what she was going to do, but she knew that something had to be done.

As she turned into the yard, the main house was as silent, as empty, as

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ever. Neither Frank nor Mr. Weber were anywhere insight. She hesitated a moment. Perhaps she could still go away—settle things that way. Go, without seeing Frank again, for she knew that she couldn't bear another parting. The Webers needed more help on the land—they could rent the house to tenants, couldn't they? She looked toward the grove and saw—it couldn't be, but it was—a square figure, long skirts whipping about sturdy ankles, gesturing with the hat that was just a hat, directing the carpenters.

Elaine went forward as if drawn by wires. Mother Weber turned; her voice rose wrathfully.

"What kind of house is this, I ask you? Where is the furnace? Where are the pipes? Are you going to have coal stoves like us old folks? Where is the root cellar?"

Elaine wanted to turn and run. Never, since she had been caught caricaturing her teacher in second grade, had she known such panic. Then she was saying firmly, "There isn't any furnace, and there are no pipes. It's a new kind of heating system. The warm air circulates under the floor. Our company insured several experimental houses like this before the war, and they've proved very satisfactory—"

"Under the floors!" Mother Weber snorted. "In a country like this? Do you know our winters—"

"Let me show you." She started into the house—and Mrs. Weber followed. Mrs. Weber listened while Elaine explained the serpentine circuit of air under the room, the auxiliary forced-air system for ventilation and mild-weather heating.

"It will never work," she insisted, but the ring of conviction was gone. And she was looking at Elaine—well, much as Father Weber had looked at her that first day they'd met, when he'd talked about her job. With respect.

And suddenly Elaine knew that that was key to everything. Not in paying lip-service to the Weber ways, not in trying to make herself over to please them. But in mutual respect—there they had a beginning. After that

would come honest understanding, honest liking. There would still be differences and difficulties—but they had a foundation now as solid as the foundation of her house.

"But the root cellar," Mother Weber protested. "Where is it?"

"I'm afraid we forgot—"

"Of course! Two men and a city girl—! But Father should have known, with his appetite..." She was bustling out toward the kitchen. "Look, you can add a back porch, and the cellar beneath—" She stopped. She had forgotten her manners. "The green tomato pickles," she offered almost shyly, "were very good."

For the first time in her life, Elaine was perfectly, exquisitely happy.

She wanted to tell someone about it. In the golden, late-summer days before she moved into her new house she felt often the urge to tell someone the whole story, how happy she was, how narrowly she had missed the disaster of the house on the edge of town. Not Frank—he knew it all; he was as close to her as a second self. Not Mother and Father Weber, although she was beginning to confide in them, and they in her. Not Mr. Gail, good friend though he was. Not—not ever—her friends back in New York. They might misunderstand; they might laugh at the Webers.

Then one morning she was listening to the radio, to a program of poetry, little human interest stories about people, a little bit of everything. And when the program was over, she sat down and wrote a letter, a long letter, beginning, "Dear Ted Malone—"

That's how we know Elaine Carter. For I was a guest on a radio program that Sunday afternoon. It was my voice that Elaine and Frank heard, reading the poem that brought their situation to a crisis, that forced a decision—the right decision—on them.

That's how we here in the Ted Malone office know others like Elaine—people whose lives have been moved and changed by a poem, a word, a song. That's why, whenever I listen to the radio and whenever I go on the air, I wonder...

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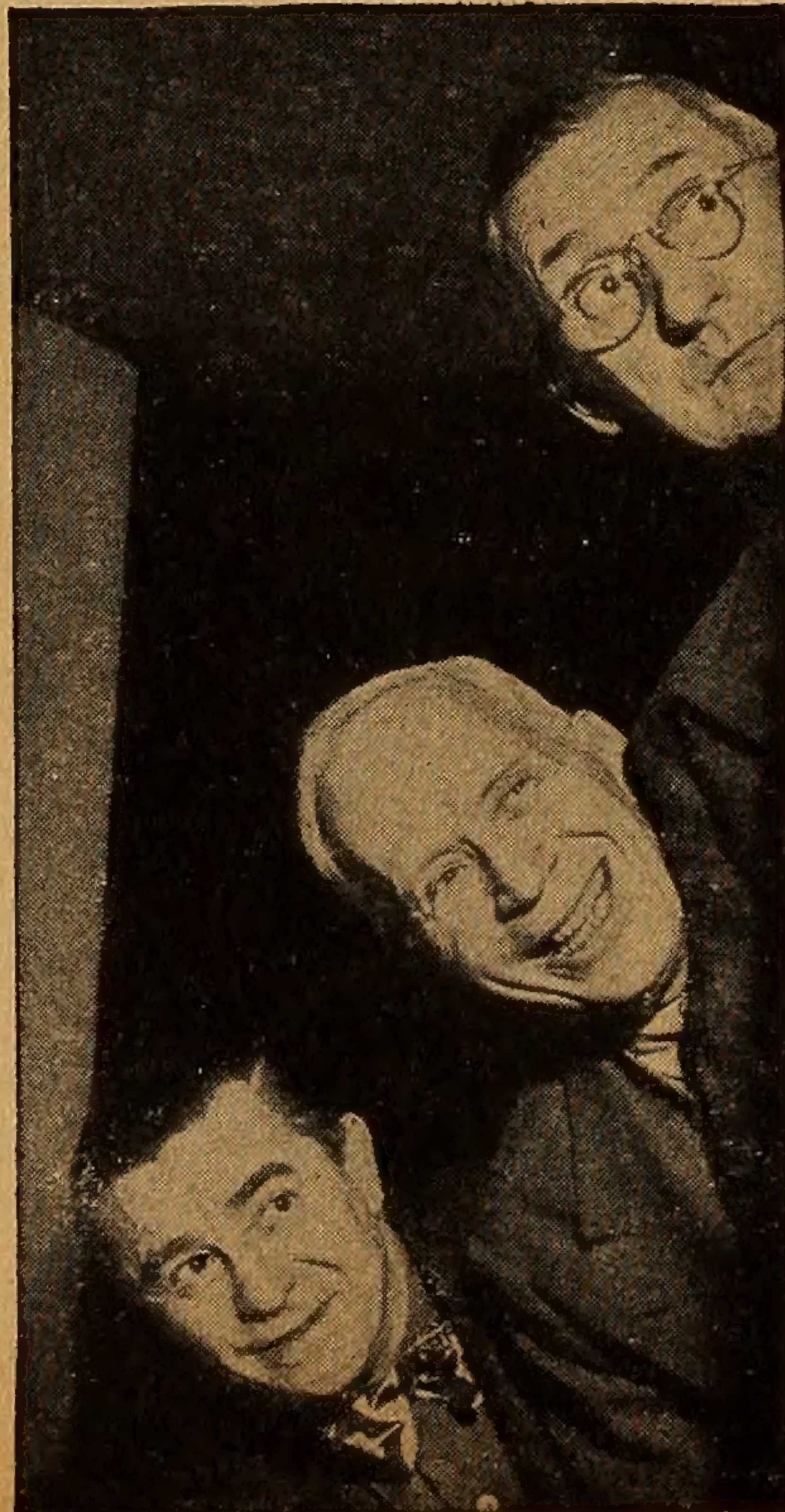
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Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS**
than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organiza-
tions asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they
smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.